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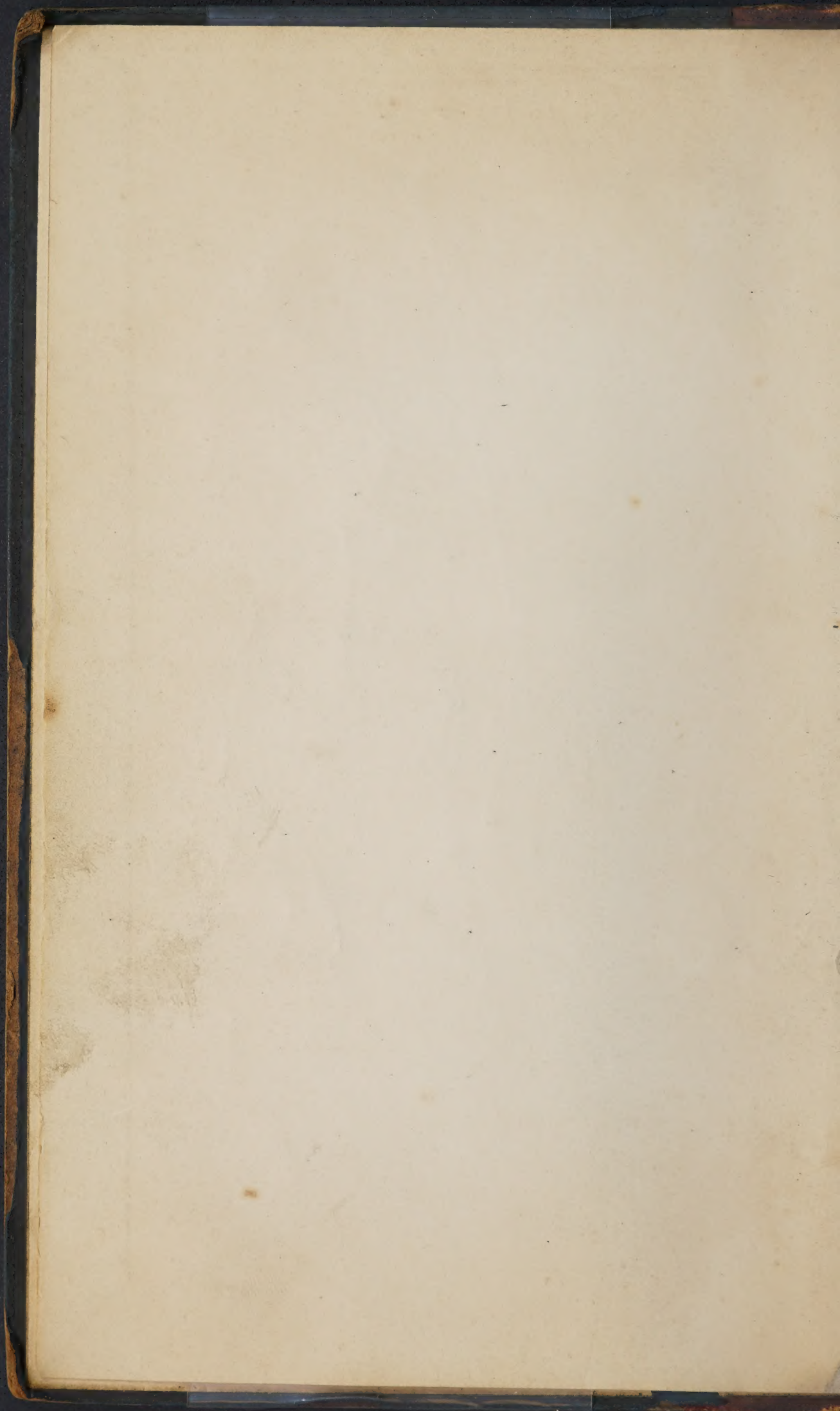
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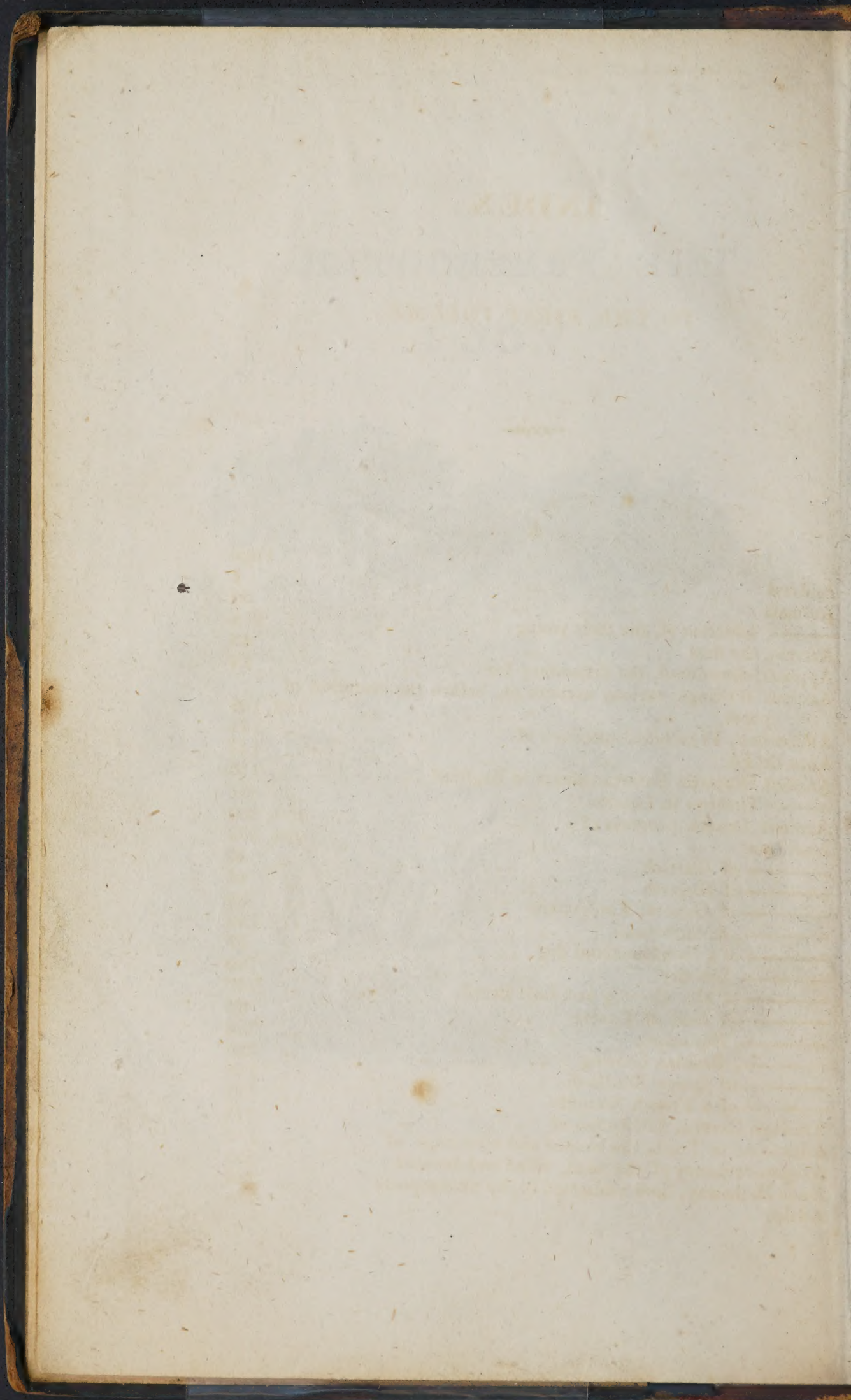


THE FREEBOOTER.

VOL. I.



LONDON 1824.



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THE FREEBOOTER.

It may be necessary to state, that this little work was undertaken, more for the sake of beguiling the tediousness of a vacant hour, than in anticipation of literary fame, or expectation of profit; and the original intention of the Editor, to have confined its circulation to private subscribers, will, it is presumed, sufficiently explain the reason, why no intimation of the Freebooter's issue from the press has hitherto been intruded upon the public.

The patronage, however, which the first Volume of the Freebooter, thus *unannounced*, has experienced, and the necessity of reprinting many of the early numbers, is a proof, as flattering as unexpected, that the labours of the Editor have attained some small share of public approbation.

It is the intention of the Editor, to throw the succeeding volume of the Freebooter into a more systematic form than the publication has hitherto assumed—to appropriate a large proportion of his pages to the following departments of literature,—

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCH,	HISTORY,
THE ARTS AND SCIENCES,	NATURAL HISTORY,
BIOGRAPHY,	VOYAGES AND TRAVELS,

And to devote the remaining pages of the work, under the Title of THE MISCELLANY; to the reception of

ESSAYS, MORAL AND HUMOROUS,	JEU D'ESPRITS,
ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE,	AND MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION POSSESSING WIT,
ANECDOTES,	MERIT, OR INTEREST.

A distinct department will be allotted to Poetry.

The Lithographic Views will be continued by the same able artist, and will consist of such scenes as are best calculated for illustration, and at the same time most likely to prove interesting to our readers.

To explain more minutely the nature and tendency of our work, would be needless. Our design is to amuse, and, as far as we are able, to instruct. Trifling, we shall endeavour as much as in our power to avoid; and the least tendency to immorality or profaneness we absolutely and in the strongest terms, reprobate and disavow. Not that we mean to exclude every thing of the light or humourous kind—on the contrary—The mind must sometimes be relieved from the severity of its stricter studies, and “descending from the sublimer heights of speculative thought, deign to bend to inferior objects, and participate in less refined gratifications.”

Does any one ask from whence we are to collect materials for our undertaking? or from whence we can have acquired a fund of knowledge, sufficient to pursue our arduous plan?—Our materials are copious; the whole range, the inexhaustible fund of topics, which every event in life, every passion, every object have presented, lie before us for selection. Add to these the stores which history, reading, and morality, or the Muses can supply, combined with the topics of the moment, or those which our peculiar situation can *command**, together with the hints which those who think the correspondence of the FREEBOOTER worth their attention, may casually contribute—survey all these, and can we for a moment complain of a dearth of matter or call our subject a barren one. In the number and variety of the subjects, we may occasionally touch upon, it is impossible but that our readers may discover errors, into which we may have fallen. Yet feeling persuaded, that a mind unbiassed by prejudice is too susceptible of generous sentiments to be unfavourable to those whose only aim is to please and amuse their readers, we anticipate their indulgence. If however, they should admit that our subjects are tolerably well selected, correctly stated, properly combined, and sufficiently instructive and entertaining as in any degree to answer the purpose intended, we shall rest abundantly satisfied with the success of our efforts.

* See our Frontispiece.

THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex rapto vivens.

No. I.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1823. [PRICE 2d.



Drawn on Stone by J. Baker.

Printed by Chater & Co. 33 Fleet Street.

THE RESIDENCE OF IZAAK WALTON, 1624.

ADDRESS.

THE insignificant light in which Publications of this description are generally held by the *litterati*, will spare us the necessity of a more formal preface to this little paper. Without further comment, therefore, we throw ourselves upon the good-nature of our readers, (if what we write should ever meet a reader's eye) for lenity in criticism, where they disapprove, and for candour in approbation, should the following pages in any wise

promote their entertainment, or add to their information: trusting, at the same time, that we shall not have enlarged the catalogue of the numerous works of this description, without having also contributed to their improvement. Should our humble efforts succeed in any degree to extend the sources of intellectual gratification, the consciousness that our labours have not been *wholly* in vain, will prove our highest reward.

IZAACK WALTON'S RESIDENCE.

To every intellectual mind, the contemplation of scenes enriched with classical recollections affords an inexpressible delight. But the "honest angler," in his pilgrimage through the metropolis, no longer enjoys those pleasurable recollections, those interesting associations, *once* awakened by the sight of the only relic spared by the all-destructive hand of time to the memory of his amiable preceptor. He *now* vainly looks for the house which was the residence of one of the pleasantest and most simple hearted men that ever painted a picture of himself, and left it for the delight of posterity. Shame on that thirst of lucre which prompted some narrow minded citizen to demolish the roof under which thy head, honest Izaak Walton, once sheltered itself! While peace, and contentment, and quiet happiness, have any charms for mankind, the dwelling of gentle Piscator should have been sacred. When the spirits were ruffled and troubled with the world's vexations, it would have been as though oil were cast on the troubled waters, if we could have entered a dwelling which the tranquil memory of Izaak Walton still filled. Surely upon such a scite should have been established "The Angler's Repository," and the hallowed place of Walton's sojourning have been distinguished by all the *indicia* of the art; the glazed pike's head, the prickly perch, the silvery minnow, the treacherous frogs, "the beetle with enamell'd wings,"

———"The well dissembled fly,
The rod fine tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,"

and all the "slender watery stores" ought here to have been displayed in their endless variety.—What

pleasing recollections would such a memorial have inspired!

Sir John Hawkins, in his life of Walton prefixed to the *Complete Angler*, (8vo. 1780,) positively asserts, that his *first* residence in London, as a shopkeeper, was in the Royal Burse, in Cornhill, built by Sir Thomas Gresham, and finished in 1567; and that he continued there till sometime before the year 1624; but Sir John, and Dr. Zouch, seem to have forgotten that Sir Thomas Gresham died in 1579, fourteen years before Walton was born: and though much has been said of the economy observed in the construction of the shops over the Burse, which scarcely allowed him elbow room, being but seven feet and a half long, and five feet wide, there does not appear to be any conclusive evidence that he ever did occupy a shop at the Exchange.

Tradition, at best a dubious authority, has not even hinted at the period when Walton might be supposed to have first settled in London. A deed, bearing date 1624, formerly in the possession of Sir John Hawkins, but no longer extant, (being destroyed by fire, with Sir John's library and residence, in Queen's Square, Westminster, in 1770) stated him to be then following the trade of a linen-draper, in a house which it further appeared by the deed was jointly occupied by him and John Mason, Hosier, "whence," observes Sir John "we may conclude, that half a shop was sufficient for the business of Walton." Major, in his introductory essay to his last edition of the *Complete Angler*, contends that Sir John is by no means warranted in drawing such a conclusion; but, in unison with the tradition in his family that he was "a wholesale linen-draper, or Hamburg merchant," would much rather infer,

that Izaak Walton (it is to be observed that his name is mentioned first in the said deed) had let part of his house to the said John Mason, his own business not requiring the public exposure of his goods. It is no improbable conjecture, however, that *here* was Walton's first outset in life, as there is evidence to prove his marriage in or about 1624, when, possibly, unwilling to incur the expence attendant on keeping the whole house, it was equally proportioned between Mason and himself. The deed expressly describes Walton's residence to have been "on the north side of Fleet Street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the Harrow." The curiously decorated house at the west corner of Chancery Lane, said to have been the oldest building in Fleet Street, being erected in the reign of King Edward VI. for an elegant mansion at a time when there were no shops in that part of the city, was long distinguished by the sign of the Harrow. Queen Elizabeth, on a visit to Sir Thomas Gresham, 28rd January, 1570, was complimented by the descent of several cherubs from the top of this house, who from thence, by a contrivance of the students in the Temple, flew down, and presented her majesty with a crown of laurels and gold, together with some verses. The fourth cherub delivered the following—

"Virtue shall witness of her worthiness,
And Fame shall registrate her princelie deeds.
The world shall still praie for her happiness,
From whom our peace and quietude proceeds."

Report says "the Queen's Highness was much pleased therewith." This house was pulled down to widen the entrance into Chancery

Lane, in May, 1799. The scite of Walton's residence must, therefore, have been where Thomas's magazine for bonnets, muffs, and other lady-like paraphernalia, now stands.

We have the pleasure of presenting our readers with a genuine view of the house rendered so truly interesting as the dwelling of Piscator. The curious in London topography will recognize the corner house in the prefixed print, at the south west end of Chancery Lane, Fleet Street, as it appeared till within about the last five and twenty years. The *third*, west from the corner, is considered as the identical house of Walton; whilst the view, at the same time, contains a glance of the curious old houses up Chancery Lane, in one of which Walton some years afterwards resided, for, in 1632, Sir John Hawkins finds "him living in a house in Chancery Lane, a few doors higher up on the left hand." Our frontispiece is a faithful copy from the print in Major's last splendid edition of the *Complete Angler*, which print is probably the only correct one extant of Walton's house, having being engraved by Mr. Smith, of the British Museum, whose superiority in topographical delineation is so well known, from a drawing taken by himself on the spot in the month of May, 1794.

In our next number, we hope to present our readers with a short account of a manuscript in the British Museum, containing some particulars of the *early* life of Walton which appears to have escaped the anxious researches even of those who have devoted their most vigorous talents to preserve his memory and illustrate his writings. C. L.

IRISH TOURS.—NO. I.

THE DARGLE.

THE Dargle is a deep, dark,

wooded glen, whose opposite sides are so close, that there is only a passage left for the torrent, which appears to struggle through with difficulty and interruption: both hills are thickly wooded with oak from bottom to top; through these, paths are cut in an irregular and picturesque manner, and the wild rustic road which ran from end to end, was extremely beautiful and appropriate; this, however, has been sadly altered by the present noble proprietor, Lord Powerscourt, in order to permit his Majesty's carriage to drive through, which could not have been done with safety along the old road; and this great sacrifice of part of the romantic beauties of the Dargle did not afford the expected gratification, as time would not permit his Majesty to visit this delightful scene. One path leads along the brow of the hill, through a thick grove of oak trees, and winds irregularly along, while various others conduct to the river in the bottom of the glen, where the scenery is of the most romantic description. The grouping of rock, wood, and water, in one particularly picturesque passage, is peculiarly beautiful, and has employed the pencil of the artist repeatedly: here the opposite sides of the glen seem to have been originally connected, and separated by some convulsive shock of nature, the rock, which was their bond of union, appearing to have been rent asunder, and a chasm of a few yards only spared through which the torrent bursts its way: the fall is not of any considerable height, but the quantity of water is sufficient to produce the effect of grandeur: the rocks at either side are lofty, overhanging, and crowned with foliage, while in a recess beneath the brow of the northern hill, is a little plot of ground, of which

the river's breadth has been defrauded, where parties of citizens, from Dublin, enjoy their rural banquets. It is not unusual here to see a cloth spread upon the bank, and dinner laid for twenty or thirty persons; and during the summer months, the road near the Darglegate, presents more the appearance of a country fair, than the vicinity of one of the most romantic glens in the world.

From this little inartificial banquetting-hall, we pass to an eminence near the river, upon which stands a pretty moss-house; from this there is only a contracted view of rich sylvan scenery, the pleasing effect of which is much heightened by the uninterrupted roar of the continually falling waters. The channel of the river is not only extremely confined, but is full of large shapeless blocks of granite, apparently denuded by the torrent which forces its passage through the dell, and which seem fixed, as if they could, in lapse of time, overpower the course of the river.

————— at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis
œvum.

The Moss-house has been, for some years, much neglected; the number of persons of all ranks admitted indiscriminately to the indulgence of whiling away their moments of leisure and relaxation, necessarily exposed it to the defacing hand of the still more uncultivated intruder; but, fortunately, the beauties which the Dargle possesses are of such a character, that the destroyer can mutilate but little, unless he change the very face of nature; for such a combination of mountain, wood, and water, cannot be much influenced by the adventitious acquisition or removal of a grotto or a cottage.

From the Moss-house the path,

or rather road, winds through the woods up the side of the glen, until you reach an opening amongst the trees upon your left; passing through this, you find yourself upon a projecting platform of rude shapeless rock, elevated above the summit of the trees on either side, and projecting into the very centre of the glen; from this elevated station, called the Lover's Leap, the distant view is both rich and romantic, while the contemplation of nearer objects is connected with feelings of an awful and terrific character. The sudden elevation of the rock on which you stand, and the extreme perpendicularity of its sides, enable you to look directly down into the very bottom of the glen, which is here darkened by the approaching opposite woods, and whose horrors are increased by the solemn rolling of the brown and angry torrent which foams beneath them. Tradition states, that a disconsolate and forlorn lover cast himself down this awful precipice into the abyss beneath, but, unlike the fortune of the ill-fated but admired Sappho, the memory of the deed has survived his name.

A second commanding elevation lies some short distance from the Lover's Leap, the view from which is rather different: it commands, on the one side, the wide extended prospect of Tinehinch and Powerscourt demesnes, with the lofty mountain of Kilmalin in the back ground—and on the other, a considerable sweep of the glen itself. We are now arrived at the extremity of the Dargle, about one mile from where we entered, and passing through a rustic gate we find a few neat cottages on a sloping bank, commanding a view down the glen. Mrs. Grattan's cottage is seen upon the opposite hill, and beneath, the beautiful vale in front of Tinehinch-

house, with the river winding silently along, and finally disappearing at the entrance of the narrow glen, as completely as Virgil's Velino at its sudden fall.

At these cottages, parties carrying provisions with them are accommodated with exceedingly neat apartments to spread their frugal fare; and the industrious citizen, who has devoted the six preceding days to the laborious accumulation for the evil hour, and the present provision for his numerous dependants, devotes part of the seventh here to innocent and wholesome recreation. So great is the partiality for this species of rustic fête, that when the cottages are occupied, the disappointed party content themselves with the green turf upon the bank, nor does any thing seem wanting to their happiness; so that even those who condemn the appropriation of any part of the Sabbath to mirth, however innocent, cannot avoid feeling gratified at seeing so many of their fellow-creatures apparently perfectly happy.

The only places in the county of Wicklow, which we can compare to the Dargle, are the Devil's Glen and Dunran. In the first, the river is quite inferior in magnitude and fall, and the surrounding scenery by no means comparable to the pleasing entrance of Fassaroe, or the egress at the fruitful vale of Tinehinch; besides, the Devil's Glen denies that advantage the tourist so much enjoys in the Dargle, viz. the practicability of walking and climbing through the trees along the sides of the glen. In one point only has the Devil's Glen any advantage over the scenery of the Dargle, that is in the magnificent waterfall at the head of the glen. Dunran is at once placed out of competition from the want of water, and leaves the Dargle in sole possession of

the fame of being the most beautiful scene of the kind in the whole range of Wicklow beauties.

We now leave the Dargle behind, and passing through a few fields, arrive at the Tinehinch road: on the right, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile, is the village of Enniskerry, close to which is the principal entrance to the rich demesne of Lord Viscount Powerscourt, which, with our reader's permission, we purpose noticing in our next.

ROSALIE.

A WELCH TALE.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?"

GOLDSMITH.

By the decreasing light of a summer's sun a young English officer of dragoons was pursuing his route of pleasure and romance along the wood-fringed banks of the Southey. The twilight surprised him in his excursion, and he had just attained the extreme borders of a little copse when a deep darkness stole over the scene. Ignorant of his road, he determined to push boldly onwards, and in a short time crossed the river over a bridge of rude construction. On looking round to see if any lodging could be procured, he discerned a light glimmering faintly in the distance; he hastened towards it, and arrived at a cottage door just as the inhabitants were preparing their simple repast. On entering he was cordially received by the party, and consented to their proposal of joining the family circle, which consisted of a venerable looking person and his son. A beautiful girl was stationed at the bottom of

the table, and by her winning smiles and rich vivacity appeared to interest in no inconsiderable degree the little rustic assembly. The old man addressed her by the name of Rosalie de Voisin, and by the animation of his eyes when bent upon her, it was evident that she was his favorite child. The young stranger, however, fatigued with the labours of the day, lent no particular attention to the company, but having paid his parting devoirs requested to be shewn to his chamber.

On entering the breakfast-room the next morning, he perceived that it was empty, and concluding that his host and family had not yet left their apartments, sauntered into the cottage garden till the hour of repast should arrive. While he remained in admiration of the mountain scenery that environed him, he heard a light step pass beside him; he turned, and discovered the features of Rosalie. She inquired with an air of grace and tenderness how he had spent the night, paid the passing salutations of the morning, and then paused in expectation of reply. Colonel Mortimer, however, (for such was the name of the young stranger) was too much struck with his fair companion to make any immediate answer. If he had before considered her pretty, she now assumed the appearance of loveliness; her countenance, symmetrically speaking, was incorrect, but the expression that flashed from her bright blue eyes, the smile that played round her lips, the delicacy that sat on her feminine features, gave a tone of feeling to her face, which the poet or sculptor would vainly endeavour to rival. She was attired in the simple garb of a cottage girl; a small mantle, thrown negligently over her shoulders, hung in graceful folds upon her

person; and her luxuriant tresses, partially concealed by a light straw bonnet, peeped out from beneath their covering. "I scarcely know," said Mortimer, when he had recovered from his surprise, "whom I have the honour to address, but am desirous of declaring my gratitude for the kindness I have experienced. Hospitality is amiable even in a repulsive form, but when recommended by grace and beauty is resistless." Unused to compliment, Rosalie could make no reply; but, blushing as she accepted the proffered arm of her companion, moved on to a little arbour erected at the extremity of the garden.—"Here," she exclaimed, in answer to the admiration evinced by the Colonel, "is my favourite summer residence: the jessamine and the honeysuckle that twine their tendrils around it were all planted by myself, and I watch them as I would any thing that I was associated with." Her brother at this instant joined them, and they hastened to the cottage, where the old man awaited their arrival.

On the conclusion of the repast, Rosalie was persuaded to sing, and in a mellifluous tune warbled a beautiful Cambrian melody. The Englishman was enraptured: in the polished circles of the metropolis he had seen every thing that bore the stamp of merit or of novelty; but now the sweet voice of a pretty country girl exceeded all the science to which he had ever listened. He had often coldly argued on the beauty of professional performers, but now felt the sense of music in his heart. In the excess of enthusiasm he bent over the graceful form of Rosalie; and, when the song was concluded, ventured to ask how such proficiency had been attained. Her father,

who was a widower, she observed in reply, was of noble French extraction, but having been ruined by the revolution, left his native country to seek, in the solitude of Wales, the happiness which was no longer to be realized in France; but the seeds of her education were sown in Paris, among fashionable and accomplished nobility, while the retirement of Carrick Southey matured them. On almost every topic that the talents of Colonel Mortimer enabled him to discuss, he found in Rosalie the warm admirer of genius; and his callous breast, which had so long resisted the smiles of female blandishment, was now bowing before the beauty of a simple cottager. He resolved, however, to struggle for the recovery of his freedom, and, after spending a few more days at Carrick Southey, continued his excursion to North Wales.

The ensuing week again saw him entering the cottage garden of De Voisin: the daughter met him at the door, and a glow of pleasure suffused her countenance as she recognised him. He was received with the same cordial welcome by the rest of the family; and, before he retired to rest, had settled the point with his own conscience, that he either was, or ought to be, most desperately in love. Such was the way in which the hours were consumed; and while every visit imprinted the remembrance of the Englishman on the susceptible heart of Rosalie, her beauty was as indelibly impressed on his imagination. De Voisin, meantime, unaccustomed for many years to the etiquette of society, discovered no cause for apprehension in the intercourse of the lovers, but permitted the one to continue his visits to the other, until both felt an af-

fection for each other, which neither time nor absence could eradicate.

On calling one day at the cottage, he was surprised to find Rosalie in tears; she was leaning in a melancholy mood on her harp, and playing at intervals the song that had been so much admired by Mortimer. The tenderness of the lover instantly took the alarm, and he inquired, with a look of anxious solicitude, what had happened to occasion her distress? She informed him that De Voisin, desirous of her future welfare, had determined on sending her to England, where her education might be completed: with these words she held out her hand as if to bid eternal farewell. "You are going, Colonel Mortimer," she exclaimed, "to the haunts of fashion, and in the bustle of other scenes will soon forget the vale of Carrick Southey. The woods, through which we have together roved will then forego their attraction, and Rosalie, forgotten by all, will be as one who had never been."—"Never," replied Mortimer with emotion; "there are ties, my sweet girl, so firmly entwined round the heart, that it must break ere we can sever them. From this hour, then, let us vow a changeless affection, unshackled by the ties of matrimony; let us ridicule the heartless principles of the world, and when infirmity bows us to the tomb, let love, sobered into friendship, soothe our declining passage to the grave. You speak not, love, and yet I die with emotion! Answer me, dearest girl; say, shall it indeed be so?" Rosalie could make no reply: overcome by intense feeling, she looked fondly in his face, and then sunk half fainting on his bosom. Respect was now absorbed in agitation;

Mortimer clasped his victim in his arms, kissed her glowing cheek and inhaled each sigh that heaved her palpitating bosom. "Leave me, for God's sake leave me," she said, gazing wildly round, "I am faint even to death; I doubt not your attachment, but every feeling of my soul commands me to quit your presence." Vain was the struggle; and unnerved became every sense, of reflection. Need the sequel be related—love triumphed over opposition.

When modesty is once violated, self-respect ceases, and Rosalie was doomed to suffer. Her father marked the gradual change in her character with the greatest solicitude; and as he saw the lustre fading in her eye, the rose withering in her cheek, he confided his cares to Mortimer, and mistook the compunctions of remorse for the excess of sensibility. But the time was now approaching when he should return to his duties as an officer. A war with the continent was daily expected; and the fire of patriotism, which had so long laid dormant, was roused with its wonted energy. He accordingly endeavoured, but in vain, to procure a secret interview with his mistress; and, after promising a speedy return, hastened to resume his long-neglected military pursuits.

(To be continued.)

A DESCRIPTION OF THE STRAITS, BAY, AND ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

WE now changed our course from south to east, and stood into the Mediterranean, after a surprisingly quick passage. From twelve o'clock yesterday to twelve o'clock this day, we have run two hundred

and forty-nine nautical miles and a half. In the preceding twenty-four hours we ran two hundred and forty-four and a half, which makes, I believe, as near as may be, five hundred and seventy-three and a half English miles in forty-eight hours, about twelve miles an hour all the way. This is prodigious sailing; I had no idea that any vessel could move at such a pace. I thought that a swift vessel in a gale might *drive* ten knots an hour; but our's is fair sailing, without any thing like a storm. I had heard that the Straits of Gibraltar were among the finest things to be seen in Europe, and I can well believe it. It was about two o'clock when we passed between Cape Spartel and Cape Trafalgar, which form the entrance, or gorge, of the Straits. The day was delightfully fine, and the view highly grand and interesting. The Straits lay directly before us like a dark defile ramparted by hills. Those on the Spanish side are lofty and irregular, and if seen alone would be thought highly striking; but the Barbary mountains are much higher, their faces exceedingly dark, and their ridges running up into an endless variety of peaks and precipices. In front of them all, towards the further end of the Straits, but forming a principal object from its magnitude and decided character, stands Apes Hill, a bare and lofty mountain, breasting the waters, from which it rises almost perpendicular. Behind this, at a considerable distance, rise some very elevated mountains, which stretch away to the south-east till they become invisible. These, I understand to form part of the western extremity of Atlas, but I do not feel quite sure of the fact. On the opposite side, and also at a considerable distance, the

highest point of the rock of Gibraltar was just visible, peeping over an intervening promontory. I am a bad landscape-painter at best, but, in order to form any idea of the scene I describe, you must observe, that at the point of view from whence the picture is drawn, that is, between the Capes Spartel and Trafalgar, there is a breadth of (I suppose) from thirty to forty miles at least, the average breadth of the Straits being from ten to fourteen, or thereabouts. Thus we entered this celebrated pass, and the hour of dinner being arrived, I left the deck and went below. Some short time before sun set we came up again. We were now in the midst of the Straits, having passed Tangier, and a little island and town called Tariffa, of the last of which I had a very good view. Ceuta was in view, a promontory in position not unlike Gibraltar, to which it is nearly opposite, being united to the continent of Africa by a neck of low land; but its elevation is not in appearance a fourth of that of our noble rock. This grand fortress was now clearly visible and amidst many striking objects undoubtedly the most striking. It stands out directly in front of the Straits, which seem there to take a little bend to the south-east, and the beams of the setting sun were resting upon it. Till this time the day had been remarkably clear and brilliant. The sun now sank in the ocean directly behind us, and we were fortunate in coming just at that period of the year when every thing conspired to give effect to the noble scenery around us. It is obvious that there can only be a small space of time during which a sunset could be seen through the Straits, in the ocean, the hills on each side obstructing the view during the greater part of

the year. The wind, which had been gentle since our entering the Straits, now fell almost entirely, and the moon, which was nearly full, gave a new and softer character to the objects around us. It was a peculiar advantage to be able to see the triple effect of clear day-light, a setting sun, and full moon, upon this romantic defile; I think the last was the most interesting. You will observe, that when I speak of the height of hills, distances, and the positions of towns, capes, or mountains, I speak of things *as they appeared to me*. It is very likely that if you look into charts and gazetteers you may find that the facts do not accurately correspond with my descriptions; but do not therefore conclude that my narrative is incorrect, for I profess only to tell what I see; and he must be a more skilful traveller than I, who has learned to correct all the errors of vision, and to make the usual allowances of parallax and refraction. The next morning, upon going on deck, I found our frigate safe at anchor abreast of the rock, nearly opposite the governor's house, at a distance most favourable for viewing both the rock and the bay—rather less than half a mile. I shall fatigue you if I go on with minute descriptions, but Gibraltar bay is indeed worthy of the Straits of which it forms a part; I think it altogether the finest thing I have seen. It is a direct contrast to the bay of Cadiz, where every thing is *riant* and highly brilliant. Here, on the contrary, you find yourself almost shut in by mountains, the rock itself forming a noble rampart to the east. Opposite, across the bay, is Algeziras, with a chain of high hills rising behind it and encircling the bay: the sun shone full on their bare sides, and gave them a very fine appear-

ance. To the north is St. Roque, on a hill, and a still loftier mountain rises beside it: these are places very celebrated during the siege. Apes Hill seems to shut in the bay on the south, and the Barbary mountains seen in a new position range into the horizon behind. The town and fortifications of Gibraltar were so near us, that I believe we could not possibly have seen them better without going on shore: the former of these we surveyed pretty minutely, for, lying on the side of the hill, it is exposed to the view. It is closely built, and said to be one of the most populous towns in Europe for its size, but the number of inhabitants I do not accurately know. The town is built neither in the Spanish nor the English fashion, but has a mode of its own, and that a bad one. The houses are roofed like our's, and generally with tiles, the fronts white and long, with large windows to the top, and apparently the largest at the top; but I cannot speak very confidently, having only surveyed them through a glass. The fortifications, of course, could not be seen in any perfection, without going on shore; which was impossible, for, having touched at Cadiz we are subject to quarantine, and they are very strict; however, I got such a view and description of the defences as gave me a pretty good idea of them, and very formidable they are—I fancy impregnable. They have been added to in every direction since the siege, and I am told above a thousand pieces of cannon are now mounted on different sides of the fortress. The rock itself is a noble object, absolutely perpendicular on the Mediterranean side, and a very abrupt declivity, with occasional precipices, on the other; it is like a half wedge. The highest point,

which is towards the south, is one thousand four hundred and seventy feet above the level of the sea; from thence runs a sharp ridge to the northern point, which is a little, though only a little, lower.—*Bowdler's Journal*, 1810.

ON CHESS.

NO. I.

INVENTION OF THE GAME OF CHESS.

THE invention of this highly celebrated game has been eagerly disputed. Marinieri, who wrote a paltry work on various games in the beginning of the 17th century, expresses his wonder that the quarrels excited by this question did not end in bloodshed. Some have ascribed it to Palimedes, who lived in the time of the Trojan War; others, to a Diomedes, who lived in the reign of Alexander the Great; others, not contented with this degree of antiquity, have carried it back to the time of a King of Babylon, whose minister, Serses, they name as its inventor. Sau-maise ascribes it to the Greeks; and many find it in practice among the Romans, though it obviously bears the oriental stamp. The errors of these writers have arisen from their confounding chess with the *πεσσος* of the suitors of Penelope, which is totally dissimilar to it, and with the *ludus latruncularum* of the Romans, which is akin to the Grecian game; and it must be confessed that striking passages may be adduced from ancient authors, if the identity of these games with chess were admissible. Marinieri, above mentioned, gives it to one Ringhier, who published in Italian a number of games of his own invention, because he printed with them an account of chess, though he had previously

been desirous of ascribing the honour to be the French; "for," he observes, "this warlike people, who more than once brought the Roman Empire to the brink of destruction, may well be supposed to have invented such a game."

That tabular games, or games played with appropriate boards, were in use among the Greeks and Romans, is indisputable; but chess is of oriental origin. The Persians and Chinese borrowed it from the Hindoos, and to these it was unknown before the 5th century, if we may credit the Arabian authors, (see their names in Hyde, *de ludis orientalium*,) who give the following account of its invention:—

Behub, a young King of Hindostan, tyrannised over his subjects: the men of probity who approached his throne, and told him truths, in order to open his eyes, were rewarded with imprisonment and death. Hence, no one would venture to approach the royal beast of prey; and his subjects wore the iron yoke of despotism, till, at length, feeling their natural rights, the voice of revolution began to murmur through the state. The Brahmin Nassir, bewailing the miseries of his country, resolved to hazard every thing to restore the tyrant to his reason. Accordingly, he invented the game of chess, in which the king acts the part of a feeble personage, while his officers and men do every thing to defend him from the attacks of the enemy; in which the meanest men, properly treated, are of great importance to his protection, and the loss of a single one often occasions the king to be check-mate, (*Shah Matt*) "a dead king." It appears to have been the opinion of the inventor that a king should never suffer himself to be taken prisoner;

but, if he be overpowered, and cannot escape, should die bravely fighting in the field, or fall by his own sword or that of one of his faithful subjects. We find this principle often acted upon by the orientals, from the time of Saul down to that of the Mameluke of Buonaparte. The king soon heard of the game, which, being well adapted to the great propensity for bodily rest in the eastern nations, had spread very quickly. Nassir, the son of Daher, was sent for to instruct him in the game. He taught it to the young tyrant, and in explaining the pieces and moves, introduced the principles of governing wisely, in such a delicate yet striking manner, that the king was touched, convinced, altered the mode of his conduct, and regained the love of his subjects. Highly gratified with the change, the monarch pressed the wise Brahmin to ask some reward, even to the half of his dominions. Nassir humbly prostrated himself before his sovereign, and said, "Behold, O king, the board of my game has sixty and four squares: if thou wilt overpower me with thy bounty, let the servants in thy granaries lay upon the first square a grain of wheat, on the second two, on the third four, and so on, placing on each succeeding square twice as many as on that preceding it." The monarch was angry with the inventor for his childish request, called him a fool, and required him to ask for something better. Nassir, however, adhering to his demand, the king unwillingly assented to it, and issued his orders accordingly. It was not long before the overseer of the granaries appeared to acquaint his majesty with the wonderful result. Previous to calculation they knew not what they had to do;

but they had not proceeded half way before they found the number so great that the whole kingdom did not contain wheat sufficient to satisfy half the Brahmin's demand; and after they had finished, it appeared that the whole earth, from the time of its creation, had probably never borne so many grains, for they amounted to 18,446,744,073,709,551,615:—so that, if every one of 16,350 cities contained 1000 granaries, each granary 172,260 measures of wheat, and each measure 32,760 grains, these would not make quite a two-hundredth part of it. The king then sent for Nassir, embraced him, and kept him with him as a friend and a brother.

From the Persians and Arabs it came into the west, chiefly, it may be presumed, by means of the crusaders. The Persians, according to Chardin, name it *schetrery*, that is, "a hundred thoughts or cares," the Arabs *al xadrez*. No game has spread so widely, as it is known from Ochotzk to Lisbon, from Iceland to the Deserts of Africa, and is no stranger to the other hemisphere.

In a subsequent number we hope to present our readers with some amusing anecdotes of this interesting game.

CHARLES CHECK, Esq.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM ***
TO HIS HAMPSHIRE FRIEND, R.B.
S—.

The following, my dear Dick, is an attempt to describe that annual display of civic revelry y'clept "The Lord Mayor's Ball." Having obtained, through the interest of our friend Alderman C., a ticket of admission to this "high festival of once a year," I considered myself eminently fortunate in falling in with a few "choice spirits" who

were bound the next night for this scene of festivity, and who hailed my accession to their party with a boisterous welcome.

We did not (as *you* would naturally suppose) array ourselves on this occasion in all "the pomp and circumstance" of a full ball dress, but adopted a costume well calculated to sustain, without fear of deterioration, the vicissitudes of the night, yet evincing at the same time some little regard for personal appearance. And (strange as it may sound in *country* ears) being well aware how liable our hats would be to be crushed to pieces, or, if of value, borrowed or exchanged, in a crowd of the description we were about to encounter, we took our precautions accordingly: I mounted an old dragoon forage-cap; G— a hat of antique and dubious mold; R— a tiger-skin cap; V—, his friend, (a Mynheer just arrived in England), a chapeau bras, nearly the size of the round end of a mahogany dining-table, which, as he was very diminutive in figure, had a truly singular effect; and his little person swelling out and expanding with ideal importance and borrowed magnitude, and surmounted withal by this tremendous cap, presented a ludicrous specimen of fancied superiority. Thus equipped, our appearance, like that of Mr. Coleridge's Christabelle, was "wild and singularly original and beautiful;" and your humble servant (of whom it doth not become me to speak) looked as elegantly conspicuous as an author on short commons, a servant on board wages, or an officer on half pay. Some time elapsed before we could meet with a coach, in such requisition were the *Jervies* on this "immortal Monday." It would have made you laugh heartily to have heard the jokes that were cracked at our expense as we scoured the streets in search of one. The little Dutch-

man's unwieldy chapeau drew forth so many sarcastic observations from passing wags, that he became almost furious, and not a little pleased did he appear, to hide at once his chapeau and chagrin in a coach which we at length procured. We soon fell into the line of carriages which were creeping slowly towards the Mansion House; but finding that we made little or no progress thither, we prevailed on our Jehu to break the ranks, and drive us as near to the portico as he could approach. He carried our orders into effect in most gallant style, and, notwithstanding the volleys of oaths and imprecations which poured in upon him from all quarters, brought us within a very short distance of the spot.

Honest Jervis was scarcely dismissed, (with a *douceur*, of course, on account of his achievement) and left to finish a little innocent, but slightly vociferous confabulation with his rival charioteers, some of whom appeared possessed of a notion that a slight application of the whip would be useful, than a constable approaching us with all the consequence of office, and whirling round his baton of office, to convince at once ourselves and the shoulders of the by-standers of his authority, offered his assistance in procuring us a passage through the crowd which separated us from the portico. We put ourselves under the protection of this important personage, and, by dint of authoritative interposition, and vehement and repeated exclamations on our behalf, he at length succeeded in placing us beneath the temporary awning erected round the door, and under which we found a number of *ladies* and "*gentlemen*" struggling for admission. We were soon engaged in the heat of the contest, and having gained an entrance into this apparently im-

pregnable fortress, and produced our passports to the inspecting alderman, followed, with very little difficulty, the crowds of visitors flocking into the *Entrance-hall*. This noble room we found crowded to excess by a brilliant assemblage of the thriving tradesmen, the livery, the freemen, and the citizens of London, with their buxom wives and pretty daughters, whose respective sleek rotundity and beautiful proportions were the theme of our frequent admiration. But who shall describe the flaunting majesty of their holiday suits? Oh, never! never from the day that Belshazzar gave his last Lord Mayor's feast at Babylon, to the hour when our own Henry espoused his eighth wife, was there seen such a parade of grandeur! Such a profusion of satins and silks! Such a tossing of plumes! Such a glitter of gems!

We could not help feeling that our "sober guise" made but an unworthy appearance among these "fierce vanities," more especially as we fancied our dishabille (If I may so term it) was the subject of remark, if not of scorn with certain young ladies of the towering plume. But the consciousness of our comparative insignificance soon ceased to give us any concern, and ere the evening closed, we found ourselves almost upon an equality with the gayest. We now proceeded to take a more minute survey of the company, and soon found ample reason to rejoice at our foresight, as we perceived the guests at present stationary here, were for the most part, occupied in arranging their finery from the disorder it had been thrown into by the pressure of the crowd on entering, and undergoing sundry reparations preparatory to their appearance in the ball room, to cut a conspicuous figure in which all seem-

ed animated by the like ambition—long strings of belles and beaux, some endeavouring to regain that serenity of temper which it was very evident had been equally ruffled with their dresses—others in dutiful attendance, until the old lady and gentleman were sufficiently renovated to undertake a second expedition of so formidable a nature were here promenading. In one corner might be seen a portly dame, fat as the Princess Ol-e, just emerged from the crush, gasping for breath; her cheeks glowing with heat and indignation; perspiration, like drops of rain upon the windows, streaming from her forehead; and supported by the united strength of her whole party, railing, at intervals, at the "rudeness" of her neighbours in the fray, and vehemently protesting against the barbarous treatment she had experienced.—Here and there an Ophelia glided through the throng with flowing hair and streaming ringlets.—Here was summoned in haste a privy council of misses, to consult upon the speediest and most effectual mode of bringing under subjection a refractory petticoat, and which, indignant at being eclipsed by its spangled rival, had already emerged from its obscurity and threatened, greatly to the annoyance of the fair wearer, an immediate *debut*—to consider of the best substitute for lost garters or the recovery of a kid glove. Beaux as well as belles exhibited to the minute observer the same symptoms of personal derangement. Torn cravats, crushed and shapeless hats, soiled waistcoats, ripped pantaloons, and fractured silks, presented a woeful appearance, and the *vultumque demissus* of the unfortunate wearers completed the picture.

Having gratified our curiosity and love of fun by what we had seen below, we ascended, with infinite labour, the staircase leading to the ball-room, gained the landing, and at last obtained a place in the gallery, overlooking the Egyptian Hall, where, with your permission, we will pause a moment, and contemplate the scene beneath us. The walls of the hall were tastefully lighted with gas, which blazed forth at the head of the room in a splendid "G. R. IV.," and at the bottom displayed a crown of dazzling brightness. Many of the jovial guests had not yet quitted the table, nor did they seem inclined to desert the foaming champagne, the prime old Burgundy, and the ruby claret, which sparkled in a plentiful profusion upon the hospitable board. The exhilarating effects of the Rosy God soon became apparent; speech followed speech without intermission, save where the orator's discourse was broken in upon by the cheers of his auditors. Half stifled with the heat of the gas, and satiated with civic eloquence, we forced (for we found that nothing was to be done without putting shoulders to the wheel) our way step by step into the ball-room, and at length arrived in the presence of the Lady Mayoress herself, under whose protection I must leave you for the present, as G.'s tilbury is now waiting for me at the door,—and on my return from the Park, I may, perhaps, resume my description. C. L.

THE MISCELLANY.

"Rebus et ordine dispar."—HOR.

A CAUTION TO THE BEARERS OF
WALKING-STICKS.

IN — Reports, Michaelmas

Term, A. D. —, an action appears to have been brought by Caleb Cyclops, a street fidler, against Peter Parthy, for injury done to the said C. C. by the end of the cane of the said P. P., whereby the said C. C. lost an eye, *per quod* he was put to great expense, was damaged by loss of time and of the profits of his occupation.—The declaration, in this case, contained several counts, some stating the loss of the right eye, some of the left, and one alleging the loss of two other eyes. On plea of, not guilty in manner and form, &c., the defence was; that C. C. was well known to have been blind many years before the day on which the injury was stated to have happened — was known in the streets by the name of Cab Sightless, *alias* Cyclops, *alias* Blinking Joey—was led by a brindled cur, had a fiddle with only two strings, chaunted a ditty with only two notes, of which the only audible words were, "Have pity on the poor and blind." Several bystanders, who were present and saw the encounter of the fidler's face with Mr. Parthy's cane, declared, that the end of the cane entered the mouth and not the eye of the fidler; this, however, was positively contradicted by others, but all agreed that the poor man's face was covered with blood. The King of the Beggars was now produced in court on the part of the plaintiff. He stated, that he was president of a friendly association, consisting of several thousand members, that he was duly elected at a general meeting; that his qualifications were, the loss of two legs and a nose, and his success in training a pigeon to fly from his head to the open window of a house or coach, with a petition lightly tied to its neck, to receive

money in its beak, and fly back immediately to its station on his head; that the members of this association were either beggars in eyre, (i. e. wanderers) or stationary; that stationary beggars were limited to certain districts, or parts, of large towns, for determinate periods of time; that they considered themselves as performers of monodrames for the gratification of the public, particularly of those who hope to compound for petty sins by the gratuitous distribution of base copper; that the plaintiff was not indeed blind, either before or subsequent to the time when, &c.; that the district assigned to him was the most profitable of any in London, extending from Temple Bar to St. James's, including the Haymarket; that he obtained more money than any one of the fraternity, by the exertion of certain muscles of the eye, which, by long practice, had acquired the power of so changing the position of that organ, as to conceal the pupil in the upper part of the socket; that Mr. Parthy's cane had, in fact, *put out* his eyes from the position by which he acquired his living, and had deprived him of the use of them in that profitable district, as he C. C. had, in the unguarded moment of pain, brought his eyes to their natural position, in order to identify the person by whom he believed himself to be attacked. The counsel for the plaintiff insisted that this was, in law and in fact, a putting out of the plaintiff's eyes, and a deprivation of the use of them; and that he was entitled to a verdict upon the

third count, which set forth that defendant's cane or stick, &c. was so placed as to endanger the eyes, noses, cheeks, mouths, &c. of his Majesty's subjects being in and using the public highway, street &c. and that the face, to wit, eyes, nose, and mouth of plaintiff, were much injured by the said stick, &c. placed as aforesaid; and that the plaintiff's eyes were thereby put out, and that he then and there lost the use of them. It was contended, on behalf of defendant, that this was not a legal putting out of eyes to entitle plaintiff to a verdict: whereupon the jury returned a special verdict in favour of the plaintiff, with forty shillings damages, subject to decision of the court upon an argument, whether this should be intended a legal putting out and deprivation of the use of plaintiff's eyes? And after a solemn argument, in the term above mentioned, it was decided to be a putting out and deprivation of use within the meaning of the terms in the declaration.

POET'S CORNER.

———"neque est ignobile carmen."
VIRG.

NONSENSE.

Good reader, if you ere have seen
When Phœbus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids with their tresses green
Dancing along the western billow—
'f you have seen—at twilight dim
When the lone spirits vesper hymn
Floats wild along the distant shore;
If you have seen all this and more—
God bless me what a deal you've seen.

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THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex raptō vivens.

No. II.]

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THE CITY AND CASTLE OF EDINBURGH.

THE origin of Edinburgh is lost in the remote antiquity of barbarous times; and the indistinct notices respecting it which occur in early history, only supply materials for fanciful conjecture. The Castle is said to have been built during the Christian era, and to have been called *Castell Mynid Agned*, importing, in the language of the Britons, the Fortress of the Hill of

Agnes, and the hill itself *Mynid Agned Cathregonion*, i.e. the Hill Agned, nigh the Fortress. In an after age the Castle, affording a safe residence to the daughters of the Pictish Kings until their marriage, was called *Castrum Puellarum*, and the town at the same time obtained the name of Edinburgh. Some derive this name from Eth, a King of the Picts;

others from Edwin, a Saxon Prince, who built the Castle in 626, and gave the town the name of Edwine's burgh; while there is a third hypothesis, deriving the name from *dun edin*, two Gaelic words, signifying the "face of a hill." The first historical fact preserved concerning the Castle is, that in 1093, Queen Margaret, the widow of Malcolm Canmore, died in the Castle some days after her husband was slain; and that Donald Bane, uncle to Malcolm's children, and the usurper of his throne, besieged the Castle in which the heir to the crown resided, who contrived, however, to escape, and fled to England. In 1128, David I. granted a charter to the abbey of Holyrood House, in which the town is styled Edwine's burg. About the year 854, according to the accounts of the earlier historians, Edinburgh was a town of some note. In 1215, a parliament was assembled here for the first time. In 1437, the kings of Scotland usually resided in it, and held regular parliaments; and about the year 1456, it was considered the metropolis of Scotland.

The city is surrounded on all sides, excepting on the north, where the ground declines gently towards the Firth of Forth, by lofty hills. On the east, in the immediate vicinity of the city, are the abrupt and rocky elevations of the Calton Hill, Arthur's Seat, and Salisbury Crag, which last are part of the same eminence, and rise to the height of 800 feet above the level of the sea; on the south are the hills of Braid and the Pentland hills; and on the west the hill of Corstorphine. Salisbury Crag forms a continued range of naked and perpendicular rocks, which rise like a wall from the summit of the hill to a great height, and in a distant view present a singularly wild and romantic object, the interest of which is heightened by the contrast of the

great and splendid city in the neighbourhood of which they are placed. The town stands on high and uneven ground, being built on three eminences, which run in a direction from east to west. The central ridge on which the city was originally built, is terminated on the west by a precipitous rock on which the Castle is placed; while to the east it gradually inclines to the plain, from which rise the lofty elevations of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crag, and the Calton Hill. The valley to the north of this ridge, which was formerly filled with water, has been since drained, and is now a marsh nearly dry in summer. On the rising ground to the north of this valley, stands the *New Town* of Edinburgh, and on the intervening space, as far as the Firth of Forth, and more especially towards Leith, there are now so many houses as almost to form one continued town. The ravine on the south of the central ridge is also wholly covered with buildings, as well as the southern eminence; and beyond the immediate precincts of the town, in this quarter, numerous villas have of late years been erected, which are chiefly occupied by the more opulent class of citizens. In a great proportion of the *Old Town*, the buildings are crowded and irregular, and the houses, in some parts, rise to the unusual height of eleven stories. The principal street, which is 5570 feet, or somewhat more than a mile, in length, and is, in some parts, 90 feet in breadth, occupies the top of the central ridge, and extends, under different designations, nearly in a straight line, from the Castle on the western extremity to the Palace of Holyrood on the east. Both sides of the ridge occupied by this street are covered with buildings crowded together in the closest array, and descending from the principal or High Street, chiefly

in narrow lanes, which are seldom broader than six feet, and which, consisting of high houses on each side, are inhabited by numerous families, with little regard either to health or cleanliness.

In the bottom of the valley, on the south side of the High-street, and parallel with it, runs a narrow street called the Cowgate. This street communicates, by streets and narrow lanes, with that part of the town built on the southern eminence, which is much more spacious and pleasant in its appearance than the centre of the city, and contains several elegant squares. Of these the principal is George's-square, which is a fine open space planted with shrubs, and containing an area of 665 feet by 510.

Here are also St. Patrick's, Nicolson's, Brown's, and Argyle's, squares, and, in the neighbourhood the meadows, a large tract of level ground, intersected by walks which are shaded on each side by rows of trees. The two ridges on which the Old Town is built are also connected by an elegant bridge which crosses the low street, called the Cowgate, at right angles. On each side of this bridge, with the exception of the central arch which overlooks the Cowgate, houses are ranged; and thus an elegant, spacious, and nearly level street is formed, notwithstanding the inequalities of the ground, which, crossing the High Street at right angles, is still further prolonged to the northern ridge on which the New Town stands, by means of the North Bridge, which, southward of the same street, extends, under the name of Nicolson-street, to the southern boundaries of the town.

The New Town is built on the lower and northernmost of the ridges, parallel with the Old Town, with which it is connected

by the North Bridge already mentioned, and by the Earthen-mound. The Earthen-mound is an immense collection of rubbish chiefly brought from the foundations of the new houses that have been built since the year 1783. It forms, about a quarter of a mile to the west of the North Bridge, a remarkable road across the valley, formerly filled with the water of the North-loch; and though at least one half of it has at different times sunk, there are still above the surface 300,000 cubical yards of earth. The ground on which the New Town is built was added to the Royalty in 1767, and since that period a succession of streets and squares have been constructed on it, in elegance and regularity equal to those of any other city in the world. The part of the New Town then planned is a parallelogram, 3900 feet from west to east, and 1090 from south to north. The streets on its longest sides, namely Prince's-street and Queen's-street, consist each of only one row of houses, and thus form two beautiful terraces overlooking the declivities to the south and north.

Parallel to these, a magnificent street called George's-street, 115 feet in length, passes through the centre, and terminates in St. Andrew's-square on the east, and in Charlotte's-square on the west. In the same direction run two intermediate streets, of inferior architecture, and only 30 feet wide; and these parallel streets are intersected by seven spacious streets, which cross them at right angles. In even a superior style of architecture, an extension of the city is now making on the inclined plane on the north. Into this extended plan, a mixture of straight and incurved streets are tastefully introduced; and, facing a small interval between the two

districts, a very elegant street and crescent are already formed, while several parallel and retiring streets are in considerable progress. The eastern part of the New Town inclines both to the north and east, and therefore in forming it the same plans were not followed; but several of its streets are finished in a very elegant style, and the two squares which it contains are tastefully decorated.

Of the public works and buildings in Edinburgh, the castle, with a distant view of which the reader is presented, is the most remarkable. It is situated at the western extremity of the Old Town, on a rugged rock which rises on three sides from a level plain to the height of 150 or 200 feet. In some parts, towards the north more particularly, the precipice is perpendicular, and even overhangs its base. The summit is crowned with military works, which, being contrasted with the sublime and rocky scenery beneath, give an aspect to the whole inexpressibly grand and romantic, and heighten the effect of this natural ornament of the city far beyond all the embellishments of art. The castle, with its works, occupies an area of seven English acres, and is separated from the town by an open space nearly 300 feet square. The entrance is protected by an outward barrier of palisades, a dry ditch over which there is a drawbridge, and a gate flanked by two batteries. On the other side, the rock on which the castle is built, being inaccessible, forms a natural defence. Before the invention of fire-arms, this fortress was considered a place of great strength, but as there are points within the range of artillery from which it may be commanded, it would now be speedily reduced. It is now used as a station for soldiers, of whom it

has accommodation for about 3000. The royal apartments, in which James VI. was born, have been converted into barracks for officers. A new range of barracks has also been erected, but on a plan so injudicious and inconsistent as greatly to detract from the striking and warlike appearance of this ancient fortress. In one of the apartments, called the crown room, the regalia of Scotland were deposited at the union. For a long period it was generally believed that these had been removed: but in February, 1818, the chest in which they had been placed was broken open by a royal warrant, and was found to contain the crown, the sceptre, the sword of state, and a silver rod of office, with a copy of the deposition.

IZAACK WALTON.

THERE is a manuscript in the Lansdowne collection of the British Museum which throws some light upon the early life of Izaak Walton. By whom it was written, and at what precise date, does not appear; but the hand-writing is evidently of about the time of the Revolution, and in it the author speaks of Walton as "not long since deceased, to the great grief of all his loving friends."

Sir J. Hawkins and Dr. Zouch having fixed Walton's birth in 1593, entirely lose sight of him until "some time before 1624, when he dwelt on the north side of Fleet-street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery-lane." The MS. in question refers very much to this interval; it fixes the place of his education at Stafford, where he was born, and from whence he removed to London, where he was regularly apprenticed to one Holmes, "a sempster,"

with whom he lived until he was twenty-two or twenty-three years old. Sir J. Hawkins conjectures that he married about 1632, but on what ground it is difficult to discover: now the author of this MS. asserts, that Walton "took a wife" before he was twenty-four years old, and while he held a shop near the Exchange. The date of his removal into Fleet-street is not supplied with precision, but it is clear that it was at least as early as 1618, and after his marriage; but the document is written in a rough, sketchy style, and consists generally rather of biographical hints and anecdotes than of regular details of events relating to any of the persons mentioned in the volume, of which the notice of Walton forms a very small part.

All the known productions in prose and poetry by Walton are enumerated by Sir J. Hawkins; but it is material to state, that the author of the MS. speaks of him as a "very sweet poet in his youth, and more than all in matters of love." None of these verses have reached us, and probably they will never be recovered.

Connected with this subject, it may be mentioned, that there exists a printed poem, dedicated as early as 1619, to Izaak Walton, or, as he constantly subscribed himself, Iz. Wa. It bears the following title:—"The Love of Amos and Laura: written by S. P. London, printed for Richard Hawkins, dwelling in Chancery-lane, neere Sergeants Inne." It is remarkable that the bookseller (or stationer, as he was then called) was probably, in 1619, a very near neighbour to Izaak Walton. Who the author, S. P. was, it is, perhaps, vain to inquire; but his dedication is in these stanzas,

where he speaks of the verse of Walton:

"To my approved and much-respected friend,
Iz. WA.

"To thee, thou more than thrice beloved friend,

I too unworthy of so great a blisse,
These harsh-tun'd lines I here to thee commend.

Thou being cause it is now as it is:
For had thou held thy tongue, by silence might
These have been buried in oblivion's night.

"If they were pleasing I would call them thine,

And disavow my title to the verse;
But being bad I needes must call them mine,

No ill thing can be clothed in thy verse.
Accept them, then, and where I have offended,

Rase thou it out, and let it be amended.
S. P."

"The love of Amos and Laura" is a poem merely of "the tender passion," but neither very musical nor interesting.—ED.

IRISH TOURS.—NO. II.

POWERSCOURT HOUSE AND WATER-FALL.

THE demesne of Powerscourt has long and deservedly been celebrated for its beauty; it extends over a space of about 1400 acres, 700 of which are about the mansion, 500 in the waterfall-glen, and the remainder in the side of the Dargle belonging to his Lordship.

On the summit of Enniskerry hill stands a lofty and magnificent gateway of cut stone, at the extremity of a broad and shady road: this is the chief entrance to the demesne. The grounds are naturally disposed in the most pleasing and picturesque manner. On the

right, from the entrance to the house, is a tolerably level expanse reclaimed from the mountain, while, on the left, hill and dale succeed in endless variety. The lawn, in front of the house, is a continued inclined plane, terminated at its base by the Glenisloreane River, which, flowing from the waterfall through the deer park, divides the demesnes of Lord Rathdown and Lord Powerscourt, and, passing on through the Dargle, falls into the sea below Bray. The extent of wood in this vicinity is very considerable, the whole demesne of Powerscourt being richly clothed. The demesne is joined by Charleville, the seat of Lord Rathdown, likewise well planted with forest timber. Beyond the river are the woods of Ballyornan, the seat of William Quin, Esq. and in the valley those of Tinehinch: such an union of favourable circumstances, as the conflux of so many little wooded glens, all adorned with seats of nobility and gentry, and kept in a high state of cultivation and improvement, produces a most luxuriant and splendid scene.

Powerscourt House stands on the summit of a hill sloping towards the river, in a very commanding situation, and presenting its front to such an extent of country, that, in travelling from Bray to the waterfall, whenever you catch a view of the house, you think at that moment you are directly in front of it: this curious effect is partly produced by the equality of distance at which the road is always kept, so that, if we suppose the house to be the centre of a circle, the line of vision is the radius of a large circle, of which the traveller in motion describes the semi-periphery. This singular property of Powerscourt, being immediately discover-

ed by every tourist, seemed to require some explanation.

The house is a large and nearly square building, the design of Mr. Cassels, architect of the National Bank, and of Rusborough House, the seat of the Earl of Miltown, in the west of this county: it is built entirely of cut stone, and is rather substantial than beautiful. The hall is a large area of 80 feet by 40, but the height disproportioned, having double arcades on either side decorated with stucco work: the ceiling is divided into square compartments, each division being enclosed in shell-work of stucco, and the same pattern being continued round the heads of the arches on each side. In the parlour at the end of the hall are two admirable paintings, the Rape of the Sabines, and Mutius Scevola, holding his hand in the flame in the presence of Porsenna: the artists names are not known. On this floor is a suite of apartments laid out in very elegant taste, and commanding a most unrivalled prospect. In the next story is the grand ball-room, of the same dimensions as the hall, but double the height; on each side a row of eight fluted pillars support a gallery ornamented with triple arches, with intervening screens; at the angles are placed pilasters corresponding; the floor is of walnut wood, disposed in diamonds and lozenges. It was in this princely apartment that Geo. IV. was entertained at dinner by the present Viscount, on the day of his embarkation at Kingstown, after his visit to Ireland in August, 1821. The suite of apartments on this floor communicates with the great saloon by a large gate at the end; here a series of elegant apartments splendidly furnished succeed, and in one of the

pavilions, at the extremity of the range, is an octagonal room entirely lined with cedar. These are the principal objects of curiosity or interest likely to attract attention in the house of Powerscourt; but the visitor must not imagine they are subjected to his view at all hours, and without permission. By a regulation, dated 10th of June, 1822, the public are informed, that his Lordship has withdrawn the permission formerly granted of visiting the Dargle and waterfall at all times; and that in future the privilege is allowed upon Mondays and Thursdays only, and that no visitors will be allowed on Sundays; but the applications of foreigners, or perfect strangers in the Country, are at all times sure of meeting a polite reception from his Lordship's agent, Captain Sandys.

The constant residence of the present Viscount at his seat of Powerscourt is, indeed, a noble example to the Irish absentees. The parish of Powerscourt is inhabited by a happy and contended tenantry, remarkable for their attachment to their Lord. In the unfortunate rebellion of 1798, the late Viscount experienced an extraordinary instance of the fidelity of his tenantry. When all the nobility and gentry fled to the capital for shelter and protection, Lord Powerscourt, with the true spirit of his great ancestors, continued to inhabit his house, and fortified it for a defence. Upon the roof, which is flat and sheeted with lead, his faithful tenantry kept constant guard; and with one hundred of these trusty and attached adherents he succeeded in preserving his family and property, while other parts of Ireland teemed with blood.

We shall now conduct our readers to the celebrated cascade,

called Powerscourt Waterfall, along a road overshadowed with lofty ash, beech, and elms, and discovering at intervals a delightful view of the Great Sugar-loaf and Little Sugar-loaf.

Passing Charleville, the road now winds round the demesne, and turning to the right, about a mile further, enters the deer-park. At the gate the tourist should pause, and contemplate the bold, sublime, and truly grand prospect which the valley of Glencree presents, being an uninterrupted view of four miles in length, through a most wild and desolate pass, overhung by rugged mountains on either side. At the most remote extremity, rises Kippere Mountain, an elevation of 2527 feet; beneath this is the crater-like excavation of Lower Lough Bray, 1492 feet above the level of the ocean, from which a stream issues, and waters the entire valley. About one hundred feet below Lough Bray are seen Glencree Barracks, commanding an entire view of the glen, and looking more like some lordly mansion stripped of its woods than what is to be found on a nearer survey.

Entering the deer-park, the road crossing the river lies through a great forest of oak, which clothes the sides of two lofty mountains up to their very summits. The glen called the deer-park, is in the form of a semi-circle, the mountains on each side, as you enter the vale, meeting at the end. After a drive of nearly one mile, in a direct line towards the mountain blocking up the end of the glen, the waterfall is perceived issuing from the top of the overhanging cliff, which is a completely perpendicular rock, and falling from a height of three hundred feet into a natural reservoir below. At a distance, the upper part of the fall appears a conti-

nued stream of frothy foam, gliding slowly down the face of the mountain, while the lower part is occasionally seen through a group of pretty trees, moving with greater velocity. Advancing close to the fall to seek a solution of the phenomenon of the different degrees of velocity with which the waters appear to fall in different stages, it will be found that the rock in some places presents sloping superficies inclining from the perpendicular descent, and these being covered with moss, the stream of foam is arrested and retarded in its progress through the mossy bed, and appears to glide slowly on to the extremity of that stage, whence it is precipitated to a second inclination, and so on to the bottom: while the water, which appears to adhere to the moss-grown rocks, moves with impeded velocity, another and greater quantity falls almost from the very top to the very bottom without interruption, so that two different degrees of velocity are observed at the same time in the falling of the water. In dry seasons it rather trickles than falls; but in winter, or after a quantity of rain has fallen in the valley above the cascade, the torrent rushes over the brow of the hill with the greatest impetuosity, projecting masses of rock and earth to a considerable distance, and falls into the river without the least interruption. Near the bottom of the fall, a pretty wooden bridge is thrown across the river, leading to a banquetting-room belonging to Lord Powerscourt. From the centre of this bridge, which is executed with much taste, a natural rainbow may be distinctly seen in the falling spray, about half-past five or six o'clock on summer mornings, the colouring of which is extremely vivid.

The front of the hill on each side of the fall is exceedingly steep, and almost impracticable to ascend. There is a dangerous path on the right, by which skilful climbers frequently ascend, and reach the origin of the fall. About four years ago a young gentleman, who attempted to outstrip his companions in agility, and attain the summit sooner, having turned from the path, reached a spot from whence all advances or retreat were attended with imminent danger. The presence of mind and manly courage he exhibited, appeared to have entitled the unhappy adventurer to a better fate, for, perceiving his awful situation, he deliberately took off his shoes and stockings, and threw them from him, in order to catch a more tenacious hold of the rocks; but the ill fated lot was cast, and the next step hurled him to destruction.

ROSALIE.

(Continued from our last.)

AFTER the departure of Mortimer, Rosalie relinquished each favorite occupation with a sigh; the scenery which had before delighted now became insipid, and, disgusted with every memorial of her past guilt, she cheerfully accepted the proposal of visiting England. The parting was affecting in the extreme, and the warm-hearted girl, as she clung to the neck of her father, imprinted a thousand kisses on his cheek. "Farewell!" she sobbed out, "and should we never meet again, let every thing that reminds you of Rosalie be precious in your sight. I feel a presentiment, indeed, that this separation is doomed to be eternal, and that the vale of Carrick Southey will never more greet my eyes." On con-

cluding, she caught the hand of her brother, who accompanied her, and stepped hastily into the vehicle. As the scenes she loved faded in distance, her sense of desolation increased, and when she could no longer behold the mountains which she had so often ascended with Mortimer, she sunk into a despondency which continued till her arrival at the house of Madame S—, her relation.

Having seen his sister comfortably settled at Reading, Eugene returned to Carrick Southey, to cheer the drooping spirits of his father. Rosalie, meantime, attracted by the gaiety of the town, and the diversity of objects that surrounded her, seemed to receive a new existence. She even affected a cheerfulness foreign to her nature, and, feeding her mind with the hope of a speedy intelligence from Mortimer, indulged in the pleasing idea of their union. Sometimes, however, when a thought of her disgrace and its probable consequences rushed over her mind, remorse would drive her to despair.

Her relation, too devoted to the gaieties of society, was but an indifferent companion; and she would often retire to weep in secret, while her cousin was attracting the notice of crowded assemblies. As the novelty of the scene wore off, the dejection of Rosalie increased; and Madame S—, perceiving that she was of little service either as a friend or associate, soon betrayed symptoms of dissatisfaction, that ultimately subsided into indifference. Again, therefore, she had recourse to her books and harp; and, while she was warbling the plaintive airs of chidhood, her mind resumed its native elasticity.

Man may feel the sentiment of love in the full vigour of its inspi-

ration, but it is woman only that can receive it in all its delicate characteristics, and die the victim of her affection while modesty enjoins concealment. Such was the case with Rosalie; in every thought, every action, every pulse of her frame, she felt the power of that passion which was entwined with life; but still preserved an appearance of apathy that amounted almost to contentment. But her studious endeavours to conceal the anguish that now embittered her existence proved of little avail, for her strength gradually diminished, and the hectic flush of decline overspread her countenance. Weeks and months thus rolled on, and still found her the victim of an incurable melancholy. It was evident to all that she was dying; but so progressive was her decay, and so linked with sweetness was the malady which consigned her to the tomb, that she appeared to sink into the embraces of death like an infant hushed to repose on the bosom of its parent.

As she was playing one evening on her harp, Madame S— abruptly entered the apartment. "I am come," she said, "to hurry you off to the assembly: my husband is elsewhere engaged, and you know that I cannot go alone." Rosalie soon found that all expostulation was vain, when it had been previously determined that she should go; and, though painful to her feelings, accompanied her lovely cousin to the ball. Her beauty immediately procured her partners, and the admirers of her graceful movements formed a complete circle round her. While paying slight attention to the compliments that were lavished on her person, the name of Mortimer was indistinctly pronounced. With the utmost anxiety she listened to the

mention of that unfortunate name, and the following conversation ensued between two officers at her elbow. "'Tis a foolish business, Ned; and faith I don't know how Mortimer will rid himself of the incumbrance. I did not, however, hear of the amour from himself, for his confidential lacquey discovered and acquainted me with the circumstance. He is now with the army on the continent, completely moped to death with the remembrance of the girl he seduced. Did you ever see her?" "No," replied the other; "but I have heard," fixing his penetrating eyes on Rosalie, "that she was not unlike this lady." "If so," was the reply, "I should be inclined to plead guilty myself; but how will his intended relish such a libertine husband?" "Husband! what is he married then?"

"Married!" exclaimed Rosalie, in a tone of voice that alarmed the company; "gracious heaven! is he married?" and, with a countenance of unutterable anguish, sunk senseless on the floor. Her cousin hastened to her assistance, every restorative was administered without success, and the insensible girl was conveyed home. On recovering from her delirium, she found herself surrounded by Madame S— and her domestics; and when made acquainted with the circumstances of her indisposition, she besought them to seek no explanation, as the secret must be guarded with existence. The agitation of her mind, with the knowledge of her approaching confinement, produced a renewal of delirium, which lasted for a considerable period; and when the fever had somewhat abated, the unhappy girl was delivered of a son. No father's blessing, no mother's caresses, welcomed the birth of the little one; it was

conceived in disgrace, heralded by ignominy, and viewed with detestation and contempt.

The intelligence was speedily disseminated through the family, and Monsieur S—, more tenacious of his own character than apprehensive for his invalid, attacked her, as she lay helpless and weeping on her bed, with the bitterest imprecations. Her disgrace hurt his peace—not so much for the effect it produced on the sufferer, as for the ignominy with which it sullied her relations. Attentive, therefore, to his own considerations, he strictly enjoined his family to conceal the transaction, and was with difficulty prevented from turning Rosalie, weak and unprotected, into the street. The only domestic, meantime, that was allowed to assist the poor victim in her illness, was an elderly woman, in whose countenance the traces of habitual cunning were discernible, and who daily assailed her with the most cruel reproaches.

She was roused one morning from sleep by the unexpected entrance of Monsieur S— and his wife. "Woman!" he exclaimed, with a look of infuriated passion, "you have destroyed the offspring of your disgrace; the child has been missing since yesterday, and you are suspected by the whole household." "I am innocent, indeed I am innocent," replied Rosalie; "O, Edward, dearest Edward, by the happy days we have spent together—by the close link of affinity that binds us to each other, I entreat you to restore my child: though it is the herald of my ignominy, I can never survive its death." "I disbelieve your assertions," answered the brutal relative, "and the circumstance of your innocence or guilt remains yet to be proved:—follow me,

Emma," he continued to his wife, who remained lingering at the bedside, "you shall have no connection with guilt while I can prevent it." With these words he seized Madame S— by the arm, and pushing her rudely to the door, closed the apartment. A renewed indisposition was the consequence of this unexpected accusation, and though one source of uneasiness was removed in the absence of the woman who had hitherto attended her, Rosalie was frequently heard by the other domestics, in the intervals of delirium, to acknowledge herself the destroyer of her child. Such attestations of guilt, perpetually recurring to the weak imagination of the servants, appeared a confession of the fact, and they no longer hesitated in branding her as the murderer. Rosalie, however, endured their reproaches with resignation: she felt that she had not long to live, and wished to die in charity with all.

When enabled to leave her room, the story had obtained considerable circulation, and, reaching the ears of justice, it was deemed expedient that the circumstances attending the loss of the child should be legally investigated. So powerful was the statement of the domestics, that the mother was incarcerated for the wilful murder of her son. In this state of utter desolation, without one friend to succour her, or one heart to lament her end, the unhappy girl beguiled the hours of misery by an affecting appeal to her seducer.

"I mean not, Mortimer, to upbraid you with my ruin; this letter, the last you will ever receive, is merely intended to convey my forgiveness, and to request that from respect to my memory you will make every exertion to recover our lost child. Should he ever be found,

be kind to him when I am gone, for he has now no protector but yourself; and should his pretty smiles recall the image of Rosalie in her happier days of innocence, teach him sometimes to lisp her name, and dwell on her memory with fondness.

"Show him the haunts I loved; and when, warmed with filial piety, he climbs a parent's knee, pray that he may be happier than his mother. My father, too—be a son to his old age, and amid the woods of Carrick Southey talk sometimes to him of his child. But tell him not to weep—tell him that we are separated to be again united in a land 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' For myself, I am dying, Mortimer: but you! oh, may you be happy, when the heart that loved you is cold, and when all that remains of Rosalie is the memory of her sufferings! But I can say no more, the prison clock has just tolled the hour of midnight; and as to-morrow is appointed for my trial, I must offer up my last orisons to my Maker, in whose presence I am so shortly to appear. Farewell! ROSALIE."

(To be continued.)

DESCRIPTION OF THE
FRANCISCAN CONVENT AT AJUDA,
RIO DE JANEIRO.

THE nuns who dwell in this convent are of the Franciscan order, and an apartment is appropriated for the admission of their friends, to converse with them through an iron grating. This convent possesses an antiquated organ, coeval with the establishment, and the hand of man had not been allowed for many years to harmonize the discordancy occasioned by the de-

teriorating lapse of time. An English professor of music was engaged, under considerable penalties to keep the peace, and presented with a *carte-blanche* to visit the convent for the purpose of thoroughly renovating this instrument, which, on accomplishing, he declared was as fine a toned organ as he had ever heard. I was permitted to accompany this gentleman, upon one occasion, under the garb of a servant. We approached a door in the corner of a small inner square which the outer entrance leads to. A respectful knock produced the opening of a small shutter within the door, when the fine face and black eyes of the watchful portress were presented at the iron grating. After a parley of a few minutes, during which, at intervals, she examined me with rather a scrutinizing eye, the bolts were withdrawn, and, on entering, we found ourselves at the foot of a flight of spacious stairs, which she ascended with us. At the top we were joined by two other nuns, apparently about the age of forty, who conducted us along a passage, or avenue, one of them continuing to sound a bell the whole way, with the view of announcing to the sisterhood that Man was within the precincts of the building, whose sight they were thus cautioned to avoid. Our three companions were extremely affable, and conversed with much animation. We arrived, after passing through a considerable part of the building, at the apartment where the organ stood, which was also a place of devotion, and ornamented with the figures of various saints. Creolean slaves soon came to assist in the operations upon the organ, in which I was an equally awkward performer. Those slaves, unnaturally destined also to be here immured

for life, were young, and some of them very handsome. At intervals many other nuns came to the door, and looked in by stealth. Some gradually overcame their shyness, entered the room, offered up their devotions, repeated their "Ave Marias," and, by degrees, approached the organ, with which our attention *appeared* to be absorbed. Nature so triumphed over superstitious habits, that many of them became very familiar and lively. One of them sung part of an English song which my companion had translated into Portuguese, he playing upon the organ as an accompaniment; the others appeared quite delighted, and shouted out "Viva, viva." Upon some of them perseveringly urging me for an air, I gave them a verse of "God save the King," which, on others coming into the room, I was obliged to repeat. The governesses joined in these occasional bursts of vivacity, and at other times took their stations in different parts of the room, apparently in the posture of devotion, and so situated that they could observe all that was passing. Upon all occasions of their coming into or leaving the room, they bent the knee to the figure of Jesus. One of them directed my attention to the beautiful quality of the silk which constituted the vestments on the figure of St. John, and observed, several times, that he appeared *mu-ito trialo* (very sad) that morning. I did not think proper to dissent from this romantic discovery; but I was a little astonished to find that she carried her superstition so far as to imagine that an inanimate figure could actually change its aspect, and, consequently, that it was endowed with vital feeling and thought. She next showed me a *menino Jesu* (child Jesus) richly dressed, with a silken band around

the waist, from which was suspended an embroidered bag containing, she said, a piece of the real bone of our Saviour. I ventured here not wholly to conceal my doubts; but she assured me it was so, and that the queen, whose remains were deposited in the garden of the convent, brought it from Lisbon, and presented it to them; this was conclusive. No doubt they regarded us as pitiable heretics, one of them taking great pains to teach me *Padre Nosso*, *Ave Maria*, *Sainta Maria*, all which I was instructed to write in my book, and then compelled to repeat several times to the rest who seemed very much pleased at my promising symptoms of Catholicism. A very fine girl, about ten years of age, had just entered the convent. I expressed my surprise and regret, to one of the governesses, that so young a child should be shut up here for life; she replied, that it was infinitely better than being exposed to the wickedness of the world. They are involved in great ignorance, but, apparently, not only comfortable, but happy, and great cleanliness pervaded that part of the convent that we saw.—*Henderson's Travels in South America.*

SUPERSTITION.

IN what manner are we to account for the difference between that noble wildness found in the tales of superstition handed down to us by our Celtic ancestors, and the uninteresting insipidity of all the ghost and witch stories which the latter ages have produced? Perhaps the cause may be found in that universal allowance of præternatural visitations, which, in former times pervaded every rank of society, and, of course, encouraged

the greatest and most fanciful wits of the time to busy themselves in inventing, and recounting, picturesque relations; while in modern days since the belief of such events has been confined wholly to the ignorant, the poor, and the superannuated, neither genius nor imagination are at hand to raise the tale one degree above a white sheet, or a pair of saucer-eyes, nor to supply the spectre with any language more expressive than that of scratching, knocking, or fluttering.

Let us, for example's sake, recount one out of a hundred stories told by the ancient northern writers. Asuithus and Asmundus were heroes and companions in arms. They had fought and conquered together during many years, and their friendship was spoken of as a pattern to the warriors of the north. At length the one, after a desperate conflict, was slain in battle. The survivor, after causing a spacious vault to be constructed for his friend's body, and after having seen his arms, his horse, and his favourite dog (as was the mode of the times) placed within his reach, besides a large store of provisions, entered the cavern armed as he was, and, in consequence of a mutual vow which had passed between them, insisted on being closed in with his deceased comrade. The orders of such a man were not to be disputed. The soldiers walled up the opening of the vault, heaped over the whole the usual mound of earth, and departed, lamenting the loss of two such leaders. It chanced that, a century afterwards, Eric, a Swedish prince, marching with his army near the scene of this awful event, was incited, by the hopes of finding some vast treasure, to violate this asylum of the dead. His pio-

neers instantly levelled the hillock, and the arch of the vault soon gave way; when, instead of the expected solemn stillness of the tomb, the ghastly figure of the surviving hero rushed forth, all covered with blood, and deprived of half his visage.

The tale he told to the Norwegian was frightful as his own appearance. As soon, he said, as the tomb had been closed, a hungry and cruel spirit had taken possession of the body of his slaughtered friend, and had, without ceasing a moment, employed all the force and arms of the deceased, in order to conquer and devour the buried survivor. He added, that the spectre had so far prevailed, as to have feasted on the horse, the dog, and half the face of the wretched narrator, but that he had at length, by the exertion of his old prowess, overpowered the spectre, and beheaded and buried the possessed carcase.

Here the story ends, and perhaps one of the most singular parts of it is, that it was told to the Norwegian prince in extempore verse.* A circumstance which, in the mouth of a man who had been one hundred years fighting with a goblin, and who had but half a face left, seems uncommon.† But such effu-

sions of poetry were usual, in former ages, in all remarkable occurrences. The modern vampire has strong traces of descent from the above quoted gothic phantom.

THE MISCELLANY.

“Rebus et ordine dispar.”—HOR.

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

THE last time that Garrick was at Paris, Preville invited him to his villa. Preville was reckoned the most accomplished comedian of the French theatre. Our Roscius, being in a gay humour, proposed to travel in one of the hired coaches that go to Versailles, on which road Preville's villa was situated. When they got in, he ordered the coachman to drive on, who answered he would do so as soon as he got his complement of four passengers. A droll whim immediately seized Garrick, and he determined to give his brother player a specimen of his art. While the coachman, therefore, was attentively plying for passengers, Garrick slipped out of the door, went round the coach, and by his wonderful command of countenance, a power which he so happily displayed in Abel Druggier, palmed himself upon the coachman

we may believe tradition, on an occasion almost as unpromising for a bard. He was benighted, half frozen, and on the point of perishing, when with the point of his sword he wrote, with his horse's blood, this testamentary distich:

“Whoever finds, and brings me to my tomb—

“The land of Plimstock—that shall be his doom.”

The Monks of Ford Abbey are said to have gained the estate so bequeathed, by throwing a temporary bridge over a river which separated the body from their burial ground; and a bridge near the ruins of that religious house, still is reported to bear the name of Guile Bridge.

• Quid stupetis, qui relictum me colore cernitis?

Obsolescit nempe vivus omnis inter mortuos.

Nescio quo Stygii numinis ausu,

Missus ab inferis, spiritus Assuiti,

Sævis alipedem dentibus edit,

Infandoque canem præbuit ori.

Nec contentus equi nec canis esse,

Mox, in me, rapidos transtulit ungues,

Discissâque genâ, sustulit aurem.

Ilinc, laceri vultus horret imago,

Emicat, inque fero vulnere sanguis.

Haud impune tamen monstri ferit egit,

Nam ferro secui, mox, caput ejus,

Profodique nocens stipite corpus.

† A Mr. Child, of Plymstock, in Devonshire, was inspired by the muses, if

as another passenger. This he did twice, and was admitted each time as a fresh passenger, to the astonishment and admiration of Preville. He whipped out a third time, and addressing himself to the coachman, was answered in a surly tone, "that he had already got his complement," and would have driven off without him, had not Preville called out, that as the stranger appeared to be a very little man, they would, to accommodate the gentleman, contrive to make room.

A LETTER FROM COWPER.

My very dear Friend,

I am going to send what, when you have read, you may scratch your head, and say, I suppose, that nobody knows whether what I have got be verse or not: by the tune and the time, it ought to be rhyme; but if it be, did you ever see, of late or of yore, such a ditty before? I have writ for charity, not for popularity, but as well as I could, in hopes to do good; and if the reviewer should say, to be sure the gentleman's muse wears methodist shoes; you may know by her face, and talk about grace, that she and her bard have little regard for the taste, and the fashion, and ruling passion, and hoydening play, of the modern day. And though she assume a borrowed plume, and now and then wear a tittering air, 'tis only her plan to catch, if she can, the giddy and gay, as they go that way, by a production, or a new construction; she has baited her trap in hopes to snap all who may come with a sugar-plumb. His opinion in this will not be amiss, 'tis what I intend my principal end; and if I succeed, and folks should read, and a few are brought to a serious thought, I shall think I am paid for what I have said, and

what I have done, (though I have run many a time after a rhyme, as far as from hence to the end of my sense,) and by hook or crook, write another book, if we live and are here another year.

I have heard before of a room with a floor laid upon springs and such like things, with so much art, in every part, that when we went in we were forced to begin a minuet pace, with an air and a grace, swimming about, first in and then out, with a deal of state, in a figure of eight, without pipe or string, or any such thing: and now I have writ, in a rhyming fit, what will make you dance, and, as you advance, will keep you still, though against your will, dancing away, alert and gay, till you come to the end of what I have penned; which that I may do ere madam and you are quite worn out by jiggling about, I take my leave, and here you receive a bow, profound, down to the ground, from your humble me, W. C.

POET'S CORNER.

———"neque est ignobile carmen."

VIRG.

ON SEEING, IN A LIST OF NEW DANCES,
THE "WATERLOO WALTZ."

I.

A moment pause, ye British fair,
While pleasure's phantom ye pursue,
And say, if sprightly dance or air
Suit with the name of Waterloo.

Awful was the victory,
Chastened should the triumph be:
'Midst the laurels she has won,
Britain mourns for many a son.

II.

Veil'd in clouds the morning rose,
Nature seem'd to mourn the day
Which consign'd, before its close,
Thousands to their kindred clay.

How unfit for courtly ball,
Or the giddy festival,
Was the grim and ghastly view
Ere evening closed on Waterloo.

III.

See the Highland warrior rushing,
Firm in danger, on the foe;
Till, the life-blood warmly gushing,
Lies the plaided hero low.
His native pipes' accustom'd sound,
'Midst war's infernal concert drown'd,
Cannot sooth his last adieu,
Or wake his sleep on Waterloo.

IV.

Chasing o'er the Cuirassier,
See the foaming charger flying;
Trampling in his wild career
All alike the dead and dying.
See the bullets in his side,
Answered by the spouting tide.
Helmet, horse, and rider too,
Roll on bloody Waterloo.

V.

Forbear, till time, with lenient hand,
Has sooth'd the pang of recent sorrow;
And let the picture distant stand,
The soft'ning hue of years to borrow.
When our race has pass'd away,
Hands unborn may wake the lay,
And give to joy alone the view
Of Britain's fame at Waterloo.

A GERMAN TALE.

How bleak blew the wind, and how dark
was the night,
Nor the moon shed her lustre, nor stars
gave their light,
When across the dark moor, and the
heath's wintry waste,
And along the wild wood-side brave Leo-
pold pass'd;
'Twas the time when the murd'rer sheds
innocent blood,
And the wolf roams for prey from the
den in the wood;
'Twas a night only fit for the work of
despair,
And the spirit that hurled the storm in
the air,
And the wind whistled mournfully over
the heath,
And the bittern was heard from the valley
beneath,
Still onwards he pressed, for the brave
know no fear,
When once, twice, and thrice, a groan
struck on his ear.

All was hush'd, and the storm seem'd to
listen in vain,
All was silent awhile, then the sounds
came again;
Brave Leopold tore from the scabbard
his sword,
And in doubt and uncertainty onwards
explor'd.
"Ah, whence (he exclaim'd) is the voice
of distress?
Are thy wrongs what the arm of the brave
can redress?
Has the midnight assassin for plunder
way-laid thee?
Or has beauty, soft beauty, to ruin be-
tray'd thee?"
He ceas'd, and a groan still was heard in
reply;
Ah, can it be? yes, 'twas a hog in a sty.

AN IRISHMAN'S OPINION OF
PARIS.

Oh, what a quare place is this city of
Paris,
And he is a grand sot who long in it tar-
ries;
Not a soul on 'em here can spake English
plain,
An oak branch they call it a *rammer de*
chain,
I laugh when I think of the blunders they
put on,
For every live sheep, they say it is *mutton*;
They call'd a *mad muscle* each nate pretty
maid,
And when a man's ugly, they say he is
laid,
A *mason's* a house, and a *pool* is a fowl,
And a capering frog they call a *green owl*.
O let me get back to sweet Ireland's na-
tion,
And leave Paris and parley-vous bother-
ation;
Pat will ever prefer, while life's ocean
he sails,
Magnifique Tipperary to pauvre Ver-
sailles.

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THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex raptō vivens.

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VIEW OF THE EXIT FROM DOVEDALE.

A SHORT distance to the west of Ashbourn is Thorp Cloud, a vast hill rising to a great height, and formed like a truncated cone, at the foot of which is the valley called Dovedale, a narrow winding glen, situated among a variety of hills, rocks, and hanging woods, which are extremely various, and the hills in particular of a very

D

bold and striking character, spreading on all sides in vast sweeps, inexpressibly magnificent. The rocks are grey, of a wild and grotesque appearance, rising in various shapes from banks of hill and wood, and forming an assemblage of really romantic objects. About a mile from the entrance, the dale suddenly contracting its dimensions, is

scarcely wider than the rocky channel of the river; and on each side the rocks of grey limestone, abrupt and vast, rear their grotesque forms, covered with moss, lichens, yew-trees, and mountain ash. Of the several caverns in this vale, one particularly deserves attention, having a perforated crag rising just before it, in the form of a magnificent arch; its height is about forty feet, and its width eighteen; in shape it nearly approaches to the sharply-pointed Gothic; this leads to a remarkable cave, called Reynard's hall, and to another called his kitchen. The rocks continue some distance beyond this, and are then lost by degrees, shooting to a very considerable height, in the most fantastic shapes, those on the left being diversified with wood. "The river (says Mr. Whately) is never less than ten, nor so much as twenty yards wide, and generally from three to four feet deep, and transparent to the bottom, except where it is covered with a foam of the purest white, under waterfalls which are perfectly lucid. These are very numerous, but very different; in some places they stretch straight across, or aslant, the stream; in others they are only partial, and the water either dashes against the stones, and leaps over them, or, pouring along a steep, rebounds on those below: sometimes it rushes through several openings between them, and at other times it is driven back by the obstruction, and turns into an eddy. In one particular spot, the valley almost closing, leaves hardly a passage for the river, which, pent up and struggling for a vent, rages, and roars, and foams, till it has extricated itself from its confinement. In other parts the stream, which, though never languid, is often gentle, flows round a little desert island, glides

between aits of bulrushes, disperses itself among tufts of grass and moss, bubbles about a water-dock, or plays with the slender threads of aquatic plants, which float upon the surface." "Below Mr. Cotton's house," says Walton, "this delicate river takes a swift career betwixt many mighty rocks, much higher and bigger than St. Paul's church before it was burnt."

The Editor, feeling how totally unable the artist would be to do justice to the splendid scenery of Dovedale in the minute drawings to which the space allotted for the frontispiece necessarily confines him, has selected, from the many romantic views which Dovedale at every turn and every step presents, the Exit from the Dale, as the one best capable of illustration. The view is taken looking up the stream, the great stone on the left being the boundary of the Ilam estate.

ON ANIMALS.

IN 1468, the Parisians were, by an order of their king, Louis XI. deprived at once of all their domestic animal-favourites, their tame deer, goats, kids, and, above all, of their jays and magpies. That prince had been exasperated by the very great imprudence of those citizens, who had taught every thing that could be made to speak or squall to repeat the word "Per-rone," in ridicule of Louis, who had been shamefully overreached at that town, through his own want of caution, and the craft of the Duke of Burgundy. Cruel as the character of Louis was known to be, it seems astonishing that he contented himself with a species of revenge, which is rather vexatious than barbarous.

Procopius acquaints us with the

most uncommonly ridiculous species of divination, used by Theodatus, a perfidious and cowardly king of the Italian Goths, at the period when Justinian attacked his dominions. Three divisions of hogs, styled Goths, Romans, and Greeks, were, according to the advice of a Jewish magician, shut up in different styes, for a certain portion of time, and from their state when that time had expired, the fate of the war was to be judged. The event of this rational experiment being adverse to the Gothic pigs, Theodatus, despairing of success, suffered his troops to be repeatedly vanquished, and at length was deposed and put to death by his own people.

When Charles V. failed in his attempt on Algiers, in 1541, his fleet and the troops which were embarked on board his ship, suffered hardships almost incredible. Brantome, who heard the relation from the mouth of a sufferer, says, that although the officers were obliged to throw overboard their cloths, baggage, and valuables, yet nothing distressed them so much as the parting with their horses, which were in general fine Spanish and Neapolitan jennets and coursers, so well chosen, so gallant-spirited, and so high-prized, that there was not a heart which could defend itself from feeling anguish, and the deepest pity, at seeing these fine horses struggling in vain to save themselves by swimming through the raging ocean. And the sight was the more distressing, as the poor animals, despairing to reach the land, it being so far off, followed with their utmost powers, as long as their strength lasted, the ships and their masters, who stood on the decks piteously lamenting the fate of those noble creatures

whom they saw perish before their eyes.

The following story commemorates a most striking instance of sagacity in animals, it is told by an Italian author of credit, and is affirmed to be strictly true.

A French officer, more remarkable for his birth and spirit than his riches, had served the Venetian republic with great valour and fidelity for some years, but had not met with preferment adequate by any means to his merits. One day he waited upon an "Illustrissimo" whom he had often solicited in vain, but on whose friendship he had still some reliance. The reception he met with was cool and mortifying; the nobleman turned his back upon the necessitous veteran, and left him to find his way to the street through a suite of apartments magnificently furnished. He passed through them, lost in thought, till, casting his eyes on a sumptuous sideboard, where stood, on a damask cloth, as a preparation for a grand entertainment, an invaluable collection of Venice glass, polished and formed to the highest degree of perfection, he took hold of a corner of the linen, and turning to a faithful English mastiff, who always accompanied him, said to the animal, in a kind of absence of mind, "There, my poor old friend! you see how these scoundrels enjoy themselves, and yet how we are treated." The poor dog looked up in his master's face, and wagged his tail, as if he understood him. The master walked on, but the mastiff slackened his pace, and laying hold of the damask cloth with his teeth, at one hearty pull, brought all the sideboard in shivers to the ground, and deprived the insolent noble of his favourite exhibition of splendor.

ROSALIE.

(Continued from our last.)

THE next morning, the heavy clank of chains and the unusual bustle of the prison announced the removal of the culprits for trial. The sound struck like a death-knell on the agonized frame of the captive, and hardly could she collect her senses by devout aspirations to her God. In an instant or two, the door of the cell grated slowly on its hinges, and the jailer entered, leading in a man completely muffled in a large cloak. On the departure of the turnkey, the stranger threw off his disguise, and discovered himself to be her father. The interview was solemn and affecting: no reproaches escaped the parent, no sighs responded from the overcharged heart of the daughter; but they remained clasped in each others arms until the officer on duty re-entered the dungeon. "I am come to lead you to your trial," he exclaimed; "the other prisoners have been condemned, and it is now your turn to be examined." With difficulty he was enabled to tear the child from the embraces of the parent. "Come, come," he continued, dashing a starting tear from his eye, "it is useless to cry, my poor girl, if you are innocent, the fact will soon appear, and it will then be time enough to tell your story." A long fit of insensibility succeeded this removal, and when somewhat restored, Rosalie discovered herself leaning on her father, in a public court of justice. When the indictment was read, a shudder of horror pervaded the assembly: but when they saw the meek sufferer, bowing like a lilly to the violence of the tempest, a thorough conviction of

her innocence escaped them. The trial meantime proceeded, and the sudden loss of the child, the repeated acknowledgment of the prisoner, and the unequivocal testimony of the domestics, were more or less commented on, according to the facts necessary to be proved. When the examination of witnesses on either side was concluded, Rosalie was asked by the judge what she had to urge in her defence. The audience earnestly awaited her reply, and hoped some plea would be advanced that might tend to mitigate the severity of the punishment. She looked up but for an instant, and in a low tone, with her hand pressed convulsively to her heart, repeated her innocence of the crime. Such tacit disavowal was by no means considered as conclusive and the judge arrayed himself in all the awful insignia of justice to award the punishment of death. An intense horror pervaded the court at this instant: all hearts, all eyes, were kindly fixed on the wretched culprit, and the convulsive sobbings of the few who were unable to repress their sympathy alone interrupted the general silence.

At this instant a loud noise was heard at the further end of the hall; the crowd divided on each side, and a woman rushed forward, bearing in her arms an infant apparently a month old. "Can you forgive me, madam," she exclaimed, turning to Rosalie, who recognized the attendant who had so often insulted her distress, "I have been guilty, but if any expiation can atone I here willingly offer it." Then turning to the judge, "Mademoiselle Voisin, my lord, is innocent; this is the child supposed to have been murdered, but which, at the express desire of Monsieur

S— I ventured to conceal. But since that hour have I never known happiness, nor shall I be at ease till due punishment is awarded for my transgression."

She ceased; the court rung with acclamations; the cry of "She is innocent, she is innocent," resounded through the hall, and scarcely could the officers of justice restrain the joyful ebullitions of the populace. "Rosalie," exclaimed De Voisin, when his transports had in some degree abated, "look up, my child, you are innocent; bless then your father with one smile, and we shall yet be happy." Rosalie did look up, and, with an expression of ineffable tenderness, pressed her clay-cold lips to the hand of her parent, and then making a last, a dying effort, to embrace the infant, who stretched out his little arms towards her, bowed her fair head, and sunk broken-hearted on the bosom of her parent. The old man said nothing, his soul was full to bursting; he raised his tearless eyes to heaven, and was borne senseless from the hall. Unable to endure the presence of England, after the catastrophe of his daughter, he abruptly quitted the kingdom, and, accompanied by her infant, returned once more to his favourite cottage at Carrick Southey.

Mortimer, in the mean time, distracted with remorse, but unconscious of the death of his victim, took the earliest opportunity of removing from the scene of war to the more peaceful habitation of his beloved. It was on a fine evening in July that he reached the cottage where he had passed so many days of happiness. It was empty; the neat garden, which had so often attracted his admiration was overrun with weeds, and every thing bore the stamp of decay. Amazed at the desolation that reigned around

him, he moved instinctively towards the harbour, the scene at once of his happiness and guilt.

An old man was seated at the entrance, gazing intently on the beautiful portrait of Rosalie that graced the interior of the room. The harp that she once loved was placed by the window, and the breeze, as it sighed among the chords, gave a melancholy expression to the moment. The remembrance of the past pressed upon the overcharged feelings of the Englishman, and he gave vent to his affliction in tears. He looked around him; here stood the little wooden bridge he had so often crossed with Rosalie—there was the primrose-bank on which they had seated themselves in the long summer twilight, and in the distance were the dark blue hills from which she loved to gaze on the surrounding landscape.

As he surveyed these mute memorials of vanished happiness, a sigh, the herald of a broken heart, escaped him. De Voisin turned round at the sound, and to his amazement beheld the author of his misery standing beside him. "Away, wretched man," he exclaimed, "this is no sanctuary for guilt: yet stay; for my daughter's sake I forgive you, and may your last end be as peaceful as hers. Poor girl, did she deserve her death from you? Could no hand be found but the one that had been fed at her board, and cherished in her smile, to consign her to the tomb? But now she is dead, and her last moments were spent in prayers for you. See to what wretchedness you have reduced me: the child who should have smoothed my passage to the grave is gone before, and, like a buoy tossed upon the wave, I am alone and helpless in my age. I have little to

add: this letter was given to me by Rosalie, that I might present it to you when an opportunity occurred." Mortimer hastily seized the letter, and, wild with the violence of contending emotions, rushed from the offended parent of his victim. He had not been long absent when the report of a pistol was heard. Guided by the sound, De Voisin hastened to the spot, and discovered Mortimer stretched dead upon the ground with the fatal writing in his hand.

DESCRIPTION OF THE
BAY AND TOWN OF CADIZ.

WE entered the Bay of Cadiz, on Monday, Nov. 5, about noon, and anchored in the harbour, about a mile from the town, before three P.M. being a few hours less than a week from the time of our having left Spithead. The approach to Cadiz is very striking, and we had, for the purpose of observing it to advantage, a delightful day, and the sea as smooth as glass. The coasts, though rather flat when you approach nearer, are, at a distance, mountainous and picturesque, running out to Cape Trafalgar on the south-west, and Cape St. Vincent towards the north. Behind, at a great distance, are rude and very lofty mountains, and in the centre the city of Cadiz appears floating on the waters, and adorned on the harbour side with a variety of shipping of all sizes, from the admiral's flag-ship down to the latine-rigged fishing-boats, which come out in numerous groupes, and add much to the beauty of the scene. The town of Cadiz is by far the most beautiful thing of the kind I have ever seen. I speak of its appearance towards the ocean, on which side its princi-

pal face (and, indeed, the other is little inferior) is composed of very handsome houses, regularly built, of a remarkably brilliant white stone, with flat roofs, full of turrets. There is a spacious rampart before them, the base of which is washed by the ocean. These residences must be delightful. Soon after our arrival, my uncle and I went ashore with some of our messmates. We were landed at the market-place, which is a handsome and spacious opening, though not large enough to claim the title of a square, where was assembled the most motley group of mortals I ever beheld. I could have spent half a day there with great satisfaction. We stayed there about a quarter of an hour. In that time I saw friars black and white, and very striking they were. The black friars wore a very long black deep scalloped hat, and a full black robe covering them from the neck to the feet. Their appearance to a stranger is rather gloomy and awful. The white friar was of the order "*des Carmes dechaussés*." His robe, therefore, which was of white cloth, or other woollen substance, did not reach his feet, that the nakedness of his legs might be apparent, and he wore a round full hood, instead of the large scalloped hat. His appearance was curious, but to me less striking than that of his dark brethren. There were ladies walking about, generally in black, with a coloured or black velvet, or silk mantle, thrown over the head, instead of a cap or hat. They were all brunettes, very small, and none handsome. Presently passed what I was informed was a gentleman: he was driving himself in a tawdry, painted, gingerbread whiskey, his horse covered with tassels and bells. Then came a coach and four, such a thing as one

has seen in pictures of processions in Queen Anne's time. Around were all sorts of people, of a very peculiar physiognomy, which I should have been glad to have had a longer time to contemplate, and some of them wore a cockade and sort of regimentals; but those whom I saw in a military dress were miserable looking creatures, their legs like thin spindles, and their faces indicating nothing firm or great; a stout English blue-jacket would eat up half a dozen of them. I understood that all the *regulars* are of the same cast. The peasantry, who are a fine race, will not enter into the army, and I do not wonder at it. In the part of the town we passed through, the houses appeared good, but the streets, though clean and decently paved, are rather narrow. The next day we took a boat, and sailed along the principal fronts of the town, so near that we could see and admire all their beauty, which was very great. The defences of the town on the land side are said to be pretty strong, but towards the sea there is only a wall of thirty feet or thereabouts, with small old brass cannon upon it. The mouth of the harbour is commanded from the opposite shore, for we were within reach of the shot where we lay, and in order to get out we were obliged to go considerably nearer; so that whenever the French undertake the siege of Cadiz, they will pretty effectually exclude all large vessels.

Bowdler's Journal, 1810.

THE WHITE PATIENT.

IN the reign of Louis XV. Isissé was the fashionable surgeon of Paris. One morning he received a note, directing him to attend in the

Rue Pot de Fer, near the Luxembourg, at six o'clock in the evening. This professional *rendezvous* he of course failed not to keep, when he was encountered by a man who brought him to the door of a house, at which the guide knocked. The door, as is usual in Paris, opened by a spring, moved from within the porter's lodge; and Isissé, when it again closed upon him, was surprised to find himself alone, and his conductor gone. After a short interval, however, the porter appeared, and desired him to mount "*au premier*." Obeying this order, he opened the door of an antechamber, which he found completely lined with white. A very handsomely dressed and well-appointed *lacquais*, white from head to foot, well powdered and frizzed, with a white bag to his hair, held two napkins, with which he insisted on wiping Isissé's shoes. The surgeon in vain observed, that having just left his carriage, his shoes were not dirty; the *lacquais* persisted, remarking that the house was too clean to permit of this operation being omitted. From the antechamber Isissé was shewn into a saloon, hung like the antechamber, with white, where a second *lacquais* repeated the ceremony of wiping his shoes, and conducted him into a third apartment, in which the walls, floor, bed, tables, chairs, and every article of furniture were white. A tall figure, in a white night cap and white morning gown, and covered with a white mask, was seated near the fire. As soon as this phantom perceived the surgeon, he cried, in a hollow voice, "I have the devil in my body," and relapsed immediately into a profound silence, which he continued to observe during more than half an hour, that he amused himself in pulling off and on six pair

of *white* gloves, which lay on a table beside him. Isissé was greatly alarmed at this extraordinary spectacle, and at his own reception; and his apprehension was not diminished on perceiving that fire-arms were placed within the reach of the *white* spectre. His fears became at length so excessive, that he was compelled to sit down. By degrees, however, he gained sufficient courage to ask, in a trembling voice, "what were Monsieur's commands?" remarking that "his time was not his own, but the public's; and that he had many appointments to keep." To this the *white* man only replied, in a dry cold tone, "As long as you are well paid, what does that signify to you." Another quarter of an hour's silence then ensued, when at last the spectre pulled a *white* bell rope, and two *white* servants entered the room. He then called for bandages, and desired Isissé to draw from him five pounds of blood. The surgeon, frightened still more by the enormous blood-letting thus enjoined him, asked the figure, in an anxious tone, who had ordered the remedy? "Myself," was the short answer. In too great trepidation to venture on the veins of the arm, Isissé begged to bleed from the foot, and warm water was ordered for the operation. Mean time, the phantom took off a pair of the finest *white* silk stockings, and then another, and then a third, and so on to the sixth pair, which discovered the most beautiful foot and ankle imaginable, and almost convinced Isissé that his patient was a woman. The vein was opened; and at the second cup the phantom fainted: Isissé, therefore, was proceeding to take off the mask, but he was eagerly prevented by the servants. The foot was bound up, and the *white* figure having reco-

vered its senses, was put to bed; after which the servants again left the room. Isissé slowly advanced towards the fire, while he wiped his lancets, making many reflections within himself upon this strange adventure. All of a sudden, on raising his eyes, he perceived, in the mirror over the chimney-piece, that the *white* figure was advancing towards him upon tip-toes. His alarm became still more violent, when, with a single spring, the terrific spectre came close to his side. Instead, however, of offering violence, as his movements seemed to indicate, he merely took from the chimney-piece five crowns, and gave them to the surgeon, asking at the same time if he was satisfied. Isissé, who would have made the same answer had he received but five sous, said that he was. "Well, then," said the spectre, "begone about your business." The poor surgeon did not wait for a second order, but retreated, or rather flew, as fast as his legs could carry him, from the room. The two servants, who attended to light him out, could not conceal their smiles; and Isissé, unable longer to endure his situation, asked what was the meaning of this pleasantry? But their only reply was, "Are you not well paid? Have you suffered any injury?" and, so saying, they bowed him to his carriage. Isissé was at first determined to say nothing of the adventure; but, he found on the ensuing morning, that it was already the amusement of the court and city, and he no longer made any mystery of the matter. The "*mot d'enigme*," however, was never discovered, nor could any motive be imagined for the mystification, beyond the caprice and idleness of its unknown perpetrator.

New Monthly Magazine.

HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF
CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

CHELSEA HOSPITAL is a very noble edifice, forming three sides of a quadrangle, and was built after a plan designed by the great Sir Christopher Wren; it is of brick, except the quoins, cornices, pediments, and columns, which are of free-stone. Opposite the front of the building is a very large garden that extends to the River Thames, and commands a beautiful prospect of the county of Surrey. In the centre of the edifice is a pediment supported by four columns, over which is a handsome turret, and through this part is an opening that leads entirely through the building. On the left side of this entrance is the chapel, to which the furniture and a rich service of plate were given by King James I. and the organ was the gift of Major Ingram. On the other side is the hall, where all the pensioners dine. In this hall is the picture of King Charles II. on horseback, presented by the Earl of Ranelagh. The altar-piece of the chapel is ornamented with a painting of the Ascension, by Sebastian Ricci; and both the chapel and hall are ornamented with black and white marble. The whole length of the principal building is seven hundred and ninety feet.

The wings which extend east and west join the chapel and hall to the north, and are open towards the Thames on the south: these are three hundred and sixty-five feet in length, and about eighty in breadth, and between them is a very spacious and handsome square. In the front of this square is a colonnade extending along the side of the hall and chapel, over which, upon the cornice, is the following inscription in capitals:—

*“ In subsidium et levamen emeritorum senio,
Belloque fractorum, condidit Carolus II.
Auxit Jacobus II. Prefecere Gulielmus et
Maria, Rex et Regina, MDCXC.”*

In the centre of the square is the statue of King Charles II. in the ancient Roman dress, somewhat larger than the life, standing upon a marble pedestal; it was given by Mr. Tobias Rustat, and is said to have cost five hundred pounds.

There are several other buildings adjoining, which form two other large squares, and consist of apartments for the officers and servants of the house, and for old maimed officers of horse and foot, and an infirmary for the sick.

To the north of the College, as it is very frequently styled, from the original building having been of that description, is an enclosure of about thirteen acres, planted with avenues of limes and horse-chesnuts. The whole of the premises occupy about fifty acres.

The number of invalids received in this establishment, and called pensioners, is three hundred and thirty-six. Unless under particular circumstances of bodily injury, or disability, they must be sixty years of age, and have been twenty years in his Majesty's service before they can be admitted. These are provided with an uniform dress of red, lined with blue, lodging, and diet, and have an allowance of eightpence per week. The College being a military establishment, the pensioners mount guard, and perform other garrison duty, for which purpose they are formed into eight companies, under officers having the nominal rank of captain, lieutenant, and ensign, who are chosen from the most meritorious old sergeants, and have an allowance of three shillings and sixpence per week; they have also the proper complement of non-commissioned officers and drummers, whose allow-

ance is proportionate to their rank.

Besides these, there is an unlimited number of out-pensioners, who are allowed seven pounds, twelve shillings and sixpence per year, and are dispersed all over the three kingdoms, exercising their various occupations; they are, however, liable to be called upon to perform garrison duty as invalids in time of war.

To the west of the Hospital is the botanical garden, commenced by the Apothecaries' Company in the year 1673. When Sir Hans Sloane, who had studied his favourite science there, about the time of its first establishment, purchased the manor in 1721, he granted the freehold of the premises to the Company, on condition that they should present annually to the Royal Society fifty new plants till the number should amount to two thousand. In 1733, the Company erected a marble statue of their benefactor, by Rysback, in the centre of the garden. On the north side of the garden is a spacious green-house, one hundred and ten feet long, over which is a library, containing a large collection of botanical works, and numerous specimens of dried plants. On the south side are two cedars of Libanus, of large growth, and very singular form. They were planted in 1685, being then three feet high; and in 1793 the girth of the larger, at three feet from the ground, was twelve feet eleven and a half inches, and that of the smaller twelve feet and one quarter of an inch.

CHESS.

(Continued from No. I)

WE now present our readers with a few anecdotes of this game, which, we hope, will be found not uninteresting. The Arabs and Per-

sians are contented with chessmen rudely formed, and a piece of cotton woven in squares of two colours instead of a board. In the Abbey of St. Denis, in France, was a very celebrated chess-board, with large ivory men, said to be a present to Charlemagne from an eastern prince; it is very improbable, however, that Charlemagne knew any thing of chess. Dón John of Austria, the son of Philip IV. had a large chess-room, in which living men were employed as the pawns and pieces. A singular occupation for them! perhaps some reader will exclaim; but is not war a serious game at chess, on a larger scale, in which men are less innocently moved about as mere machines?

In an old romance, a knight, named Galleret, arrives at the castle of the fairy, Floribella. A lady appears, and challenges him to a game at chess; he accepts it, is sumptuously entertained by Floribella, and after dinner is conducted to a magnificent hall, exhibiting a chess-board, single in its kind. The pavement was chequered with black and white marble; the men were on one side of ivory, and on the other ebony, as large as life; their weapons were of gold, their garments covered with pearls and precious stones; the splendour of the kings and queens dazzled the eyes; the bishops, then termed standard-bearers, were magnificently armed, and bore in their hands superb flags of two different colours, with mottoes on them wrought in gold and pearls; the knights were mounted on golden horses caparisoned in the richest style; the rooks were towers supported by elephants of gold; the pawns were foot soldiers armed with battle-axes; but this was nothing to the magic by which the men were set in motion. If the players had been

obliged to move the men with their own hands, it would have been a toilsome game of bodily exercise; but this was not the case: they were moved from place to place by the touch of an enchanted wand without any exertion. The knight was astonished at this magnificent sight; and shuddered when Floribella proposed to stake the castle and all it contained, herself included, on the event of the game, provided, that if he were vanquished, he should be her eternal slave. He summoned up his courage, however; for, it was an established rule, that no knight could decline an adventure, however rash, that would call in question his honour and courage. The contest began, the wands set the men in motion, and Galleret was checkmated before he was aware of it. He demanded his revenge, and won the second game; but he lost the third, and was thus reduced to a state of slavery. In this we shall leave him—though the old romance writer continues, in the course of his narrative, to set him again at liberty.

Robert and Henry, the sons of William the Conqueror, being on a visit to Philip of France, in 1061, are said to have been playing at chess with his son, Lewis, though it was more probably draughts, when a quarrel arose, and Henry would probably have cleft the skull of Lewis with the board had he not been prevented by Robert. This is said to have given rise to the wars that were almost continually disturbing the peace of France and England for four centuries.

In our days Von Kempelen's automaton chess-player excited much attention; it was a wooden figure, actuated by internal mechanism, that moved the pieces with as much precision as a man could do, nodding its head once whenever

it gave check, and twice when it gave check-mate. The most astonishing part of the business was, that it would play against any stranger, and consequently could not have its motions regulated beforehand, so that each move appeared to proceed from a determination of the will at the moment. It was at length discovered, however, that the moves were guided by a person concealed in the table at which the figure sat. This did away every thing marvellous in the performance, though still the contrivance of the mechanism must be allowed great merit.

CHARLES CHECK, ESQ.

THE FIRST ACTRESS.

It is well known, that in the time of Shakspeare, and for many years afterwards, female characters were represented solely by boys or young men. Nashe in a pamphlet published in 1592, speaking in defence of the English stage, *boasts* that the players of his time were "not as the players beyond sea, a sort of squirting bawdie comedians, that have wh—s and common curtizans to play *womens'* parts."

It might perhaps be supposed, that Prynne, who so vehemently inveighed against men's representing female characters on the stage, would not have been averse to the introduction of women in the scene; but sinful as this zealot thought it in *men* to assume the garments of the other sex, he considered it as not less abominable in *women* to tread the stage in their own proper dress; for he informs us, "that some Frenchwomen, or *monsters* rather, in Michaelmas term, 1629, attempted to act a French play at the play-house in Blackfriars," which he represents as "an impu-

dent, shameful, unwomanish, graceless, if not more than w——ish attempt.”

Soon after the period he speaks of, a regular French Theatre was established in London, where without doubt women acted. They had long before appeared on the Italian as well as the French Stage. When Coryate was at Venice, [July 1608,] he tells us, he was at one of their play-houses, and saw a comedy acted. “The house (he adds) is very beggarly and base, in comparison of our stately play-houses in England; neither can their actors compare with us for apparell, shewes, and musicke. Here I observed certain things that I never saw before; for I saw women act, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath been some times used in London; and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever is convenient for a player, as ever I saw any masculine actor.”

The practice of men’s performing the parts of women in the scene, is of the highest antiquity. On the Grecian Stage no woman certainly ever *acted*. From Plutarch’s life of Phocian, we learn, that the performance of a tragedy at Athens was interrupted for some time by one of the actors, who was to personate a *queen*, refusing to come on the stage, because he had not a suitable mask and dress, and a train of attendants richly habited; and Demosthenes mentions Theoderus and Aristodemus as having often represented the Antigone of Sophocles. This fact is also ascertained by an anecdote preserved by Aulus Gellius. A very celebrated actor whose name was Polus, was appointed to perform the part of Electra in Sophocles’s play; who in the progress of the drama ap-

pears with an urn in her hands, containing, as she supposes, the ashes of Orestes. The actor having been some time before deprived by death of a beloved son, to indulge his grief, as it should seem, procured the urn which contained the ashes of his child, to be brought from his tomb; which affected him so much, that when he appeared with it on the scene, he embraced it with unfeigned sorrow, and burst into tears.

That on the Roman Stage also, female parts were represented by men in tragedy, is ascertained by one of Cicero’s letters to Atticus, in which he speaks of Antipho, who performed the part of Andromache; and by a passage in Horace who informs us, that Fusius Phocæus being to perform the part of Ilione, the wife of Polymnestor, in a tragedy written either by Accius or Pacuvius, and being in the course of the play to be awakened out of sleep by the cries of the shade of Polydorus, got so drunk, that he fell into a real and profound sleep, from which no noise could rouse him.

The same practice prevailed in the time of the Emperors, for in the list of parts which Nero, with a preposterous ambition, acted in the public theatre, we find that of Canace, who was represented in labour on the stage!

This ancient usage of men’s performing women’s parts, prevailed in England from the infancy of the stage: and the prejudice against women appearing on the scene, continued so strong, that till near the time of the restoration, boys constantly performed female characters; and, strange as it may now appear, the old practice was not deserted without many apologies for the *indecorum* of the novel usage. In 1659 or 1660 in

imitation of the foreign theatres women were first introduced on the scene. In 1656, indeed, Mrs. Coleman, the wife of Mr. Edwd. Coleman, represented *Ianthe*, in the first part of D'Avenant's *Siege of Rhodes*, but the little she had to say was spoken in recitative. The first woman, says Mr. Malone, that appeared in any regular drama on a public stage, performed the part of Desdemona; but who the lady was he states himself to be unable to ascertain. Mrs. Hughes performed the part of Desdemona in 1663, on the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, on which occasion the Red Bull company obtained the title of the King's servants, but whether she previously performed with them, while the company played at the Red Bull, or in Vere-street, near Clare Market, has not been ascertained — perhaps, Mrs. Saunderson made her first essay there, though she afterwards was enlisted in D'Avenant's company. The received tradition is, that she was the first English actress.—The following verses which were spoken by way of introducing a female to the audience, were written by Thomas Gordon, and are quoted by Malone, “as being only found in a very scarce miscellany.”

“A Prologue, to introduce the first woman that came to act on the stage, in the tragedy called the *“Moor of Venice.”*”

I come, unknown to any of the rest,
To tell you news; I saw the lady drest:
The woman plays to-day: mistake me not,
No man in gown, or page in petticoat:
A woman to my knowledge; yet I can't,
If I should die, make affidavit on't—
Do you not twitter, gentlemen? I know
You will be censuring: do it fairly though.
'Tis possible a virtuous woman may
Abhor all sorts of looseness, and yet play;
Play on the stage,—where all eyes are
upon her:
Shall we count that a crime, France calls
an honour?

In other kingdoms husbands safely trust
'em;

The difference lies only in the custom—
And let it be our custom, I advise;
I'm sure this custom's better than th'
excise

And may procure us custom: hearts of
flint

Will melt in passion, when a woman's
in't.

But gentlemen, you that as judges sit
In the star-chamber of the house, the
pit,

Have modest thought of her; pray, do
not run

To give her visits when the play is done,
With ‘damn me, your most humble ser-
vant, lady;’

She knows these things as well as you, it
may be;

Not a bit there, dear gallants, she doth
know

Her own deserts,—and your temptations
too.—

But to the point:—in this reforming age
We have intents to civilize the stage.

Our women are defective and so siz'd,
You'd think they were some of the guard
disguis'd,

For, to speak truth, men act, that are be-
tween

Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen;
With bone so large, and nerve so incom-
pliant

When you call DESDEMONA, enter GIANT.
We shall purge every thing that is un-
clean,

Lascivious, scurrilous, impious, or ob-
scene;

And when we've put all things in this fair
way,

BAREBONES himself may come to see a
play.

*The Epilogue, which consists of but twelve
lines is in the same strain of apology:*

And how do you like her? Come, what
is't ye drive at?

She's the same thing in public as in pri-
vate;

As far from being what you call a wh—e;
As Desdemona, injured by the Moor;
Then he that censures her in such a case,
Has a soul blacker than Othello's face.

But, ladies, what think you? for if you
tax

Her freedom with dishonour to your sex,
She means to act no more, and this shall
be

No other play but her own tragedy.

She will submit to none but your com-
mands,

And take commission only from your
hands.

From a paper in Sir Henry Herbert's hand-writing, it appears that *Othello* was performed by the Red Bull Company, - (afterwards his Majesties servants) at their new theatre, in Vere Street, near Clare Market, on Saturday, December 8th, 1660, for the first time that winter. On that day, therefore, concludes Malone, it is probable that an *actress* first appeared on the English stage.

In D'Avenant's Company, the first actress that appeared, was probably Mrs. Saunderson, who performed *Ianthe*, in *The Siege of Rhodes*, on the opening of his new theatre, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in April, 1662. It does not appear from Downes' account, that while D'Avenant's company performed at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane, during the years 1659, 1660, and 1661, they had any female performer among them, or that *Othello* was acted by them at that period.

THE MISCELLANY.

"Rebus et ordine dispar."—HOR.

ANECDOTE OF HOGARTH.

A nobleman, who was uncommonly ugly and deformed, sat to him for his picture. It was executed with matchless skill, but the likeness was rigidly observed, without the necessary attention to compliment or flattery. The peer, disgusted at this counterpart of his dear self, never thought of paying for a reflector, that would only insult him with its deformities. Some time was suffered to elapse before the artist, who at that time had no need of a banker, applied for his money, but afterwards many applications were made without success. At length, however, the painter hit upon an expedient which he knew must alarm the nobleman's pride,

and by that means answer his purpose. It was couched in the following card: "Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord —: finding he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is again informed of Mr. H.'s necessity for the money; if, therefore, his Lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail, and some other little appendages to Mr. Hare, the famous wild beast man; Mr. H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition picture on his Lordship's refusal." This intimation had the desired effect: the portrait was sent for, and committed to the flames.

JEAN ROY.

In the parish of Knochadow, in the county of Elgin, died in the summer of 1812, a very eccentric character, best known in the narrow circle of her acquaintance, by the nick-name of Red Jean, but whose real name was Jean Roy. Having in early life conceived an implacable aversion to her sex, considering it not only as the last, but even as the least of the Creator's works, she resolved to abandon it for ever, and become a man! And as a previous step towards effecting her masculine enterprise, commenced the operation of shaving; but where Nature has done nothing, the application of art must succeed very ill. However, equipping herself with a Tartan Philibeg, short coat, and blue bonnet, she exhibited the appearance of a flashy young man, and following the occupation of a day-labourer, could perform her work with man-like celerity: and the most effectual means her employer could adopt, for securing a continuation of her service, was to pretend jealousy of her, and his wife; jokes of this kind she always

considered as the highest compliment. This extraordinary character was the subject of much derision and merriment to the young people of both sexes, by whom she was often very rudely treated: their treatment, however, she keenly resented, taking care never to let slip an opportunity of retaliating on her aggressors, by inflicting corporal punishment, she being no mean proficient in the heroic art of pugilism. What contributed to render this piece of biography still more interesting, is that (if her strange desire of being thought a man, be excepted) she seemed to possess the free use of all her mental faculties, could reason accurately, joke sarcastically, and possessed no inconsiderable volubility of language. A little before her death (about the age of seventy) being seriously asked, what her motives were for observing a conduct of so strange singularity, she replied, in a serious tone, "that it was the effect of a bad education."

DESCRIPTION OF A HEROINE.

A heroine is a young lady rather taller than usual, and often an orphan, at all events possessed of the finest eyes in the world. Though her frame is so fragile, that a breath of wind might scatter it like chaff, it is sometimes stouter than a statue of cast iron, blushes to the tops of her fingers, and when other girls would laugh, she faints. Besides, she has tears, sighs and half-sighs, at command, lives a month on one mouthful, and is addicted to the pale consumption.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

At the commencement of the gallant action which took place between the Nymph and Cleopatra, in the last war, there was a large

Newfoundland dog on board the former vessel, which, as soon as the firing began, ran from below deck, in spite of every exertion of the men to keep him down, and climbing up in the main chains, there kept up a continual barking, and exhibited the most violent rage, during the whole of the engagement. When the Cleopatra struck, he was among the foremost to board her, and walked up and down her decks, as if he participated in the glorious victory obtained by the English.

RIDICULOUS INSTANCE OF VANITY.

M. C—, a very excellent French musician, and a man of elegant appearance and fashionable manners, marred all his good qualities by an excess of vanity and ostentation. Not content with aspiring to the honours of a gentleman, he assumed the rank of a nobleman. He drove a carriage, drawn by two miserable half-starved horses, and two footmen were stuck behind in effigy, and made of straw! Being at a public place with this vehicle and attendants, and the carriages, as usual, following one another at a slow pace, the horses of the carriage behind M. C— ate up the leg of one of his footmen. On seeing this, a person called out "Take care, coachman, or your horses will devour my lord's footmen."

POET'S CORNER.

"neque est ignobile carmen."
VIRG.

LINES FROM LE LIVRE DE VOYAGEURS, *Found in the Hospice Grimsel, Switzerland.*

Whilst over mountain and valley we roam,
And experience the foul and the fair,
How sweet when far distant from home,
To think on the friends that are there.

When the mirth of the temperate board,
And the intercourse fraught with de-
light,

By the magic of fancy restored,
Seem yet to dwell full on the sight—

When her artifice seats us, by stealth,
Unseen at the social repast,
And we hear the warm toast to our health,
Wherever our lot may be cast.

Oh! how sweet at the Christmas fire-side
To rejoice by a bound of the heart,
And to think, with a traveller's pride,
We may there play a primary part.

When the marvellous tale hath gone
round—

When enigmas have puzzled the wise,
And the poppies of slumber profound
Shake their dews o'er each reveller's
eyes.

To recal from the portal of rest,
To repaint every beautiful scene,
To excite a warm wish in each breast,
A strong passion to be where we've
been.

To retrace, on the accurate chart,
Every step of our wandering way,
Where the mountain is drawn like a wart,
And an inch is the march of a day.

Here we say the snow reached to our
knees,
Here men wrought in fetters, like
slaves;
Lo! here we were bitten by fleas,
And every where bitten by knaves.

Here the fig and the vine tree wove bowers
To shelter our path from the heat,
Here we scattered a handful of flowers
O'er genius that slept at our feet.

O'er a picture, with sympathy's tear,
In this place we delighted to bend,
Here we heard sweetest music, and here
Far sweeter encountered a friend.

Here religion's delight we enjoyed
'Neath the solemn cathedral's dome,
Here, by filth or by folly annoyed,
Cried we manage things better at home.

And now, at the end of our route
O'er this spinning terraqueous ball,
We'll remain where at first we set out,
For "*Old England's the place after
all.*"

PARODY ON HAMLET'S SPEECH, "TO BE, OR NOT TO BE."

To dance, or not to dance, that is the
question;—

Whether 'tis better in an awkward fellow,
With gait uncouth and toes turned in, to
stand

A mere spectator, or with hand presump-
tive,

To lead out a partner. To dance—chassée,
No more;—and, by effort, say we end
The mauvaise honte, and all the atten-
dant fears

That bashfulness is heir to—'twere a deed
Devoutly to be wished. To dance—to trip,
To trip! perchance to stumble; ay, there's
the rub;

For by this luckless fall what laugh may
rise,

When we have scrambled scarce through
half the room,

Must give us pause. Thus the respect
That makes a musty student in some cor-
ner lurk,

Picking his fingers; for who else could
bear

The coxcomb's sneer, the proud belle's
contumely,

The taunts of frolic widows, and the scorn
Which patient rustics of proud misses take,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a mere caper? Who would fiddles

hear,

Yet sweat and groan under the fear of
dancing;

But for the dread of some unlucky blun-
der,

Some unforeseen mistake. Oh direevent,
Which time can ne'er efface—puzzles the
will,

And makes us rather sit to hide our faults,
Than dance to publish them.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. G. must excuse our insertion of his
Poetry; the thoughts are good, but the
verse requires mending.

We beg to inform "A Reader of the
Freebooter" that his note has been trans-
mitted to the proper quarter, and that the
required reference will, we trust, be fur-
nished in our next.

We thank J. Jones for his "selection"
and letter, and hope very shortly to insert
his communication, and "W. A. G."
"C.F." and "Αξιολογος" for their con-
tributions.

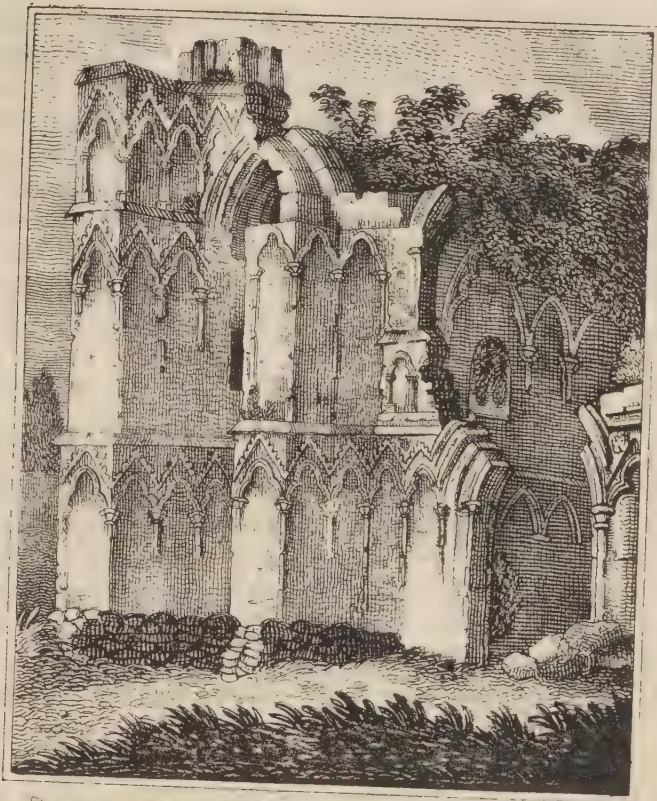
THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex ripto vivens.

No. IV.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1823.

[PRICE 2d.]



PART OF ST MARYS ABBEY YORK.



ENTRANCE TO ST MARYS ABBEY YORK.

AMONGST all the religious houses in and near York, the ruined Abbey of St. Mary, next to the Cathedral, merits the greatest attention. This once magnificent edifice is situated under the walls on the north side of the city of York. It was built in 1089, and suffered in the general conflagration which burnt down the Cathedral in 1137. It lay in ruins till 1270, when it was begun to be rebuilt by Simon de Warwick, then Abbot. There is no place about the city which can boast of a more agreeable scite; being on a gentle slope, declining to the Ouse, the aspect south-west, and covering nearly a square plot of ground, from the north road to the Ouse, and from the city wall to Marygate. The whole circumference, by an exact mensuration, is 1280 yards. Of this once noble structure, there now remains only a small part of the Abbey-church, or Cloister, of which the divisions appear, from an accurate measurement, to have been 371 feet in length, and 60 in breadth. At the north-east corner of the walls, was a tower, called St. Mary's Tower, in which all the records, taken out of the religious houses on the north side of the Trent, at their dissolution under Henry VIII. were deposited, under the care of the lord president. Mr. Dodsworth had but just finished his laborious transcripts of these valuable remains, when the tower was blown up, in the siege of York, 1644, and most of the original records were destroyed. The annual revenues of this wealthy monastery at its dissolution were computed at 1550*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.* by Dugdale, and at 2085*l.* 1*s.* 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* by Speed. Nor were its privileges less distinguished. The mitred abbot had a seat in parliament, and when the Yorkshire barons were summoned

to war, his commissioner bore the standard of St. Mary in the royal army. In number and splendour his retinue scarcely yielded to that of the archbishop, and he possessed various and magnificent country houses, for occasional retirement. When, upon the dissolution above referred to, it was converted to civil uses, the manor-house, constructed out of its ruins, became the residence of the lords presidents of the north; and it is now held by lease under the crown, by Lord Grantham, as representative of the family of Robinson. From the manor shore on which this Abbey is situated, may be seen an octagon tower, unquestionably a Roman structure.

THOMAS CROMWELL, EARL OF
ESSEX.

THOMAS CROMWELL, afterwards Earl of Essex, was the son of a blacksmith at Putney, where he was born some time in the reign of Henry VII. He went as a common soldier in the army of Henry VIII. during the war with France; and at the conclusion thereof, it appears that he did not choose to return to England, but enlisted in the French army, in which he served without any commission in 1527.

What education he received in England is not recorded, only that during the time he was abroad he made himself master of several modern languages, and when he left the army became clerk or agent to the English factory at Antwerp. In this station his genius began to display itself; for, having negotiated some matters of importance for the merchants, Cardinal Wolsey was so much taken with his fine address and excellent parts, that he took him into his family, and appointed him solicitor.

At this time a storm was gathering over the Cardinal, who had long governed England in the most arbitrary manner; and as this minister was greatly afraid of the commons, he procured a seat in the house for Cromwell, where he managed the defence of his master's conduct with such strength of judgment, and elegance of expression, that all present were amazed at his abilities, and the king immediately took him into his service. Cromwell, among many other virtues, had one seldom found in courts, namely, gratitude to his generous benefactor, the cardinal, even after he was disgraced and banished from the court. Soon after he had been in the service of the king, he was sworn one of the privy council, made master of the jewel-office, clerk of the hanaper, and chancellor of the exchequer. About two years afterwards, he was appointed principal secretary of state, and master of the rolls.

In 1535 he was appointed visitor of the abbeyes, which he dissolved, and brought their rents into the exchequer. The papal power being now abolished, and the supremacy declared to be in the king, Cromwell was appointed vicar-general over all the temporalities of the clergy, and the next year advanced to the dignity of lord privy-seal. He was likewise created a baron of England, and constituted chief justice itinerant of all the forests beyond the Trent.

Preferments still continued to flow upon him, for in 1537 he was created a knight of the garter, and soon after made constable of Carisbrooke-castle, in the Isle of Wight, besides obtaining several grants of lands and manors. In 1540 he was created Earl of Essex, and constituted lord high chamberlain of England.

Being thus raised to the highest honours that a subject could attain, it is pleasing to relate that no man who enjoyed so great a share of a tyrant's favour, ever behaved with so much moderation. He was the patron of learning, virtue, and religion; no man being appointed to a place under him whose manners were not pure, and his character irreproachable. As the government of the nation was committed to him, there is no wonder he did every thing in his power to support himself in his office, knowing that he had many enemies, and if he fell under his royal master's displeasure, his fall would cost him his life.

He studied the king's temper, and as his third queen, Jane Seymour, was dead, he thought if he could procure him a first-rate beauty, he would be sure of his confidence to the last; but this brought about his utter ruin: for the Howards, who were his sworn enemies, procured a false picture of Anne, daughter of the Duke of Cleves, which being presented to Cromwell, he shewed it to the king, who was so pleased with its beauty that Cromwell hastily concluded the match, not imagining he had been imposed upon. The princess was sent over, and the king, eager to see his new queen, went to meet her at Rochester. But what was his surprize when, at first sight of his bride, he cried out that they had brought him a great Flanders mare. His resentment was the more encreased when he found that she could not speak any other language than Dutch, which he did not understand.

Cromwell and Cranmer, and such of the courtiers as favoured the reformation, told the king that the marriage would be attended with great advantages, as it would

secure an alliance with the German princes. Accordingly he yielded to their persuasions, and the ceremony was performed; but the next morning he sent for Cromwell, and told him that he would never more lie with his queen. The conduct of Anne on this occasion does her much honour, for she freely consented to live quietly on a pension, but would not return to her own country.

About this time, the king, who had placed his affections on Catherine Howard, was privately married to that lady, which made the ruin of Cromwell inevitable. It was the practice in this cruel reign, when a minister's disgrace was resolved, not to indict him at common law, but to bring in a bill of attainder, which deprived him of the privilege of making his defence.

Cromwell was arrested at the council table, by the Duke of Norfolk, and committed to the Tower, where he shared the fate of all discarded ministers; namely, to be forsaken by all his friends, who all, except honest Cranmer, looked upon him as a dead man. That prelate did all in his power to save the life of his friend, and spoke learnedly against the bill in the upper house.

The bill, however, passed through the house of peers in two days; but it met with more opposition from the commons, where it remained ten days, and was only passed by a small majority. The bill having thus passed both houses, it received the royal assent by commission, and a warrant was made out for beheading Cromwell, on the 28th July, 1549, six weeks after his commitment, which was executed with particular circumstances of barbarity.

Thus fell this great minister,

who had raised himself merely by the strength of native talent. In his highest elevation he was obliging to all his former acquaintance, and so charitable, that two hundred poor people were relieved at his house in Throgmorton Street, twice every day.

ON DUELLING.

It is the opinion of Mr. Granville Sharp that no man can give or accept a challenge to fight with weapons, on any private difference whatever, without being guilty of wilful murder if he kills his antagonist.

The learned Mr. Justice Foster has laid down that words of reproach, how grievous soever, are not a provocation sufficient to free the party killing from the guilt of murder; neither, he continues, are indecent provoking actions, or gestures expressive of contempt or reproach, without an assault upon the person. Mr. Sharp, however, goes still further: he adds, that even an assault upon the person is not a provocation sufficient to free the party killing from the guilt of murder; and he is borne out in what he advances by Bracton and Staunford, the former remarking, that "*Distinguendum est utrum necessitas illa fuit evitabilis, vel non—si, autem evitabilis et evadere posset absque occisione, tunc erit reus homicidii;*" and the latter, that "the necessity ought to be so great that it ought to be inevitable;" so that the whole matter consists in the inevitable necessity, without which killing is by no means excusable.

From the strictness, however, of these opinions, the learned judge considerably differs, when he insinuates, that an assault upon the

person is a provocation sufficient to free the party killing from the guilt of murder.

Mr. Granville Sharp argues, at considerable length, upon the true distinctions to be drawn between murder and manslaughter; and contends, that where the fatal blow is given by a weapon, unless *ex necessitate*, the perpetrator of the act incurs the guilt of murder, the design of killing being by the weapon rendered obvious and express.

I see no reason, says Mr. Hawkins, in his *Pleas of the Crown*, why a person, who, without provocation, is assaulted by another in such a manner as plainly shews an intent to murder him by discharging a pistol, or making a pass at him with a sword, &c. may not justify killing such an assailant as much as if he had attempted to rob him; for, is not, he asks, the man who would attempt to murder me more injurious than he who attempts to rob me? And can it be more justifiable to fight for my goods than for my life? And it is not only highly agreeable to reason, that a man in such circumstances may lawfully kill another, but it seems also to be confirmed by the general tenor of our law. Still, however, this "specious argument," as he terms it, does not shake the conviction of Mr. Sharp that an assault (even of so desperate a nature as the one we have just quoted) is not provocation sufficient to free the party killing from the guilt of murder.

As all the ancient writers agree that nothing short of inevitable necessity, and the defence of life and property, can justify the sacrifice of a human being, it would appear that a false idea of mercy and consideration, in cases of death ensuing from a duel, prevails in our courts of justice; and, from what has been advanced, we may con-

clude it was their unanimous and decided opinion, however they might differ as to what degree of provocation would justify homicide, that the plea of necessity never can be admitted in the favour of the man who accepts a challenge, or who draws his sword in sudden anger merely to revenge an affront. In opposition to this conclusion, we must not omit to subjoin the opinion of the celebrated Selden on the subject.

A duel, says Selden, may still be granted in some cases by the law of England, and only there; that the church allowed it anciently appears by this. In their public liturgies there were prayers appointed for the duellists to say. The judge used to bid them to go to church and pray, &c.; but whether (asks he) is this lawful? If you grant any war lawful, I make no doubt (he answers), but to convince it, war is lawful, because God is the only judge between two that is supreme. Now, if a difference happen between two subjects, and it cannot be decided by human testimony, why may not they put it to God to judge between them by the permission of the prince? Nay, what if we should bring it down, for argument's sake, to the swordsmen. One gives me the lie; it is a great disgrace to take it; the law has made no provision to give remedy for the injury (if you can suppose any thing an injury for which the laws gives no remedy), why am not I, in this case supreme, and may therefore right myself? Rank, he considers, to possess no exemption from the claims of injured honour for satisfaction, for, he continues, a duke ought to fight with a gentleman. The reason is this: the gentleman will say to the duke, it is true you hold a higher place in the state than I; there is a great distance between

you and me, but your dignity does not privilege you to do me an injury : as soon as ever you do me an injury you make yourself my equal ; and as you are my equal I challenge you, and in sense the duke is bound to answer him. This principle he attempts further to illustrate by the case of a quarrel between a prince and his subjects. The subjects are bound to obey their prince according to their contract, yet he hath no power to do them an injury ; in which case they think themselves as much bound to vindicate their rights as they are to obey his lawful commands, nor is there any other measure of justice left upon earth but *arms*.

But let us now consider the arguments of a more modern writer on this subject, viz. those which the "Great Unknown" addresses by the pen of Arthur Mervyn, Esq. to Colonel Mannering. They are as follows :—Wise men say, that we resign to civil society our natural rights of self-defence only on condition that the ordinances of law should protect us. Where the price cannot be paid the resignation takes no place. For instance, no one supposes that I am not entitled to defend my purse and person against a highwayman, as much as if I were a wild Indian, who owns neither laws nor magistracy. The question of resistance must be determined by my means and situation ; but, if armed and equal in force I submit to injustice and violence from any man, high or low, I presume it will hardly be attributed to a religious or moral feeling in me, or in any one but a Quaker. An aggression on my honour seems to me much the same : the insult, however trifling in itself, is one of much deeper consequence to all views of life than any wrong which can be inflicted by a depredator on the highway ; and redress is much less in the

power of public jurisprudence, or rather it is entirely beyond its reach. If any man chooses to rob Arthur Mervyn of the contents of his purse, if he has not means of defence, or the skill and courage to use them, the assizes at Lancaster or Carlisle will do him justice by tucking up the robber. Yet who will say I am bound to wait for this justice, and submit to being plundered in the first instance, if I have myself the means and spirit to protect my own property ? But if an affront is offered to me, submission to which is to tarnish my character for ever with men of honour, and for which the twelve judges of England, with the chancellor to boot, can afford me no redress, by what rule of law or reason am I to be deterred from protecting what ought to be, and is so infinitely dearer to every man of honour than his whole fortune ?

"Who steals my purse steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

But to return to our letter : of the religious views of the matter I shall say nothing, until I find a reverend divine who shall condemn self-defence in the article of life and property. If its propriety in that case be generally admitted, I suppose little distinction can be drawn between defence of person and goods, and defence of reputation. That the latter is liable to be assailed by persons of a different rank in life, untainted, perhaps, in morals, and fair in character, cannot affect any legal right of self-defence. I may be sorry that circumstances have engaged me in personal strife with such an individual, but I should feel the same sorrow for a generous enemy who

fell under my sword in a national quarrel.

We conclude this paper, observing, in the words of the great novelist we have quoted, that what we have written will not avail either the professed duellist, or he who is the aggressor in a dispute of honour. We only presume to exculpate him who is dragged into the field by such an offence, as submitted to in patience, would forfeit for ever his rank and estimation in society.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BURIAL
GROUND OF MOUNT SAINT LOUIS;
OR OF THE PERE LA CHAISE.

THE churchyard of Mount Louis, in which stands the now deserted house of the famous Pere la Chaise, the confessor of Louis XIV. is the most picturesque and advantageous of those points of view with which the neighbourhood of Paris abounds. The vast city displays itself from this silent, but thickly peopled, field of the dead, bearing an aspect of magnificence, which it can scarcely be said to present when regarded from any other position. The stranger, who is brought here as to one of the curiosities worthy of his attention, while he finds himself surrounded by marble monuments, arbours of willow and cypress, garlands of sad herbs and flowers, hung over recording stones or religious crosses, has his eye challenged from the scene of funereal interest, to the proud spires and prouder domes of the French capital. A distant line of trees marks to his recognition the gay sweep of the crowded Boulevard, where pleasure, dissipation, and bustle, of every kind, form a noisy and dazzling vortex, in which the senses are confused and lost. The aspiring head of the column in the Place Vendôme is conspicuously visible, and sug-

gests the conquests and reverses of this active and indefatigable people, in whom the principle of life seems to be almost inextinguishable. The white standard is seen waving over the palace of the king. The towers of Notre-Dame, the cupola of the Institute, all vie with each other to swell the splendor of the city; thus claiming, by its trophies, pomps, and institutions, the admiration of the observer. At his feet, however, are its *tombs*; and between these and all the gaiety and grandeur at a distance, there is a close and ceaseless connection.

It is now pretty generally known that this *field of repose* has been so arranged, under the influence of national feeling and habits, as to present a scene of at once imposing and touching beauty, highly ornamented with all the usual representations and symbols of separation and of grief, and displaying an exterior of the most successfully planned effect. The public embellishments in France, though perhaps they do not indicate the existence of any high degree of original and pure national taste, are all nevertheless carefully watched over by authority, and regulated on the principles of those fine models which the ancients have left for our instruction. Thus we are seldom or never shocked by barbarous or extravagantly inappropriate ornaments in this country: they always bear a classical air of correctness; and this may be said of the general appearance of the monuments and the plantations in the noble burial-ground of Mount Saint Louis.

The most agreeable, and at the same time the most affecting circumstance attending its embellishments, however, is the token which with a very few exceptions, they give of the constant and unwearied interference of private hands.

The flowers are watered, the shrub is pruned, the cross is decorated, during the often repeated visits of friends and relatives; and Sunday is a day peculiarly set apart for family pilgrimages to the graves of those who have left chasms in family circles. The visitor whom curiosity only has led to wander among the graves, will often have his sympathy excited by perceiving female drapery mingling among the branches of the mourning plants, where wives and mothers take their seats to abide for hours, and commune with the lost object of their affections. Sometimes little children may be seen, taught by their parents to kneel, and repeat their prayers on the sod under which a brother or sister sleeps in death. In November, what is called the *fête des morts* takes place, and on this day Mount Saint Louis is crowded by those who come on such pilgrimages. The Catholic faith inculcates a more familiar intercourse between the living and the dead than the reformed religion authorises; and the pleasing effect of the observances which are prescribed by the former, cannot fairly be denied by any one, whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the soundness of the doctrine on which they rest.

The feeling with which the Parisians regard this receptacle for the departed, is represented in the following lines, copied from one of the walls of this place, on which they have been written with a pencil.

Dans ces paisibles lieux, sous des ber-
ceaux de fleurs,
Le Chagrin, le Regret, viennent verser des
pleurs;
Ils peuvent y trouver une ombre officieuse.
Le trepas, à leurs yeux, cache sa faux hi-
deuse:
Il range ses sujets dans un vaste jardin,
Et le séjour des morts est un nouvel
Eden.

The ceremonies and order of the interments at Paris, seem to a British traveller deficient in some of those marks of respect, and of attention to decency, which he is accustomed to and likes to see observed. But within the enclosure of the churchyard the funereal procession often bears a very striking appearance. The lighted tapers, carried by the chaunters, the priest in his white and ornamented robes, and the coffin, on its bier, all passing through avenues, and by narrow footpaths, amongst shrubbery and rising grounds, interspersed with marble urns, statues, and pedestals, up to the prepared spot of reception, at once adds much to the moral interest of the scene, and increases the picturesque effect of the place.

The enclosure of this churchyard contains about sixty acres; its circumference is upwards of two miles. The house of the Jesuit Père la Chaise is rendered, by its situation, a commanding object; but its architectural appearance is common, and it is at present in a condition of ruin. No one inhabits it, but large watch dogs are chained during the day in its lower rooms, from whence they are heard loudly barking at the step of the passenger. Boileau mentions a visit which he paid, in company with Racine, to the favourite priest of Louis XIV. at his house here. Both the poets were suspected of favouring the Jansenist doctrines of Arnauld, and it was chiefly to free themselves from this imputation in the mind of the Jesuit, that they undertook the journey to Mount Saint Louis. The father, they say, received them very kindly, and, to their satisfaction, even spoke well of Arnauld himself. Père la Chaise was the general of his order, as well as confessor to his monarch, to which

important situation he was nominated in 1675. After directing the conscience of the prince for thirty-four years, he died the 20th January 1709, aged eighty-five years.

The particular tombs to which the attention of visitors may be directed, are very numerous; some being interesting on account of the celebrity of the characters they commemorate; others for the good taste displayed in their construction; or the touching nature of their inscriptions. The tomb of the poet De Lille is situated in the higher part of the ground, under the shade of an alley of linden trees. It is modestly surrounded with an iron railing; its form is that of a sarcophagus, and the name of the deceased is inscribed on a tablet of white veined marble. This esteemed author died May 1, 1813, at the age of seventy-three years. His body was embalmed, and lay in state in the hall of the College of France, a crown of laurel being placed on the head. The monuments to Massena and to Marshall Ney, are interesting chiefly through the influence of political and historical associations. The tomb of Eloisa and Abelard, lately removed from the Petits Augustins, possesses an interest of a very different description. Towards the eastern part of the enclosure, near a small grove, are the tombs of Madame Cottin and of the clergyman Mestrezat; and this is the spot which the French Protestants have chiefly selected as their burial ground. The view from this point is very beautiful, including the Castle of Vincennes. In the lower part of the ground the graves of the Jews are clustered together, and may be distinguished by the frequency of Hebrew inscriptions.

It was in the year 1804 that the

first body was interred in this ground. The government, since the revolution, having given laudable attention to the subject of public burials, places for churchyards were directed to be chosen beyond the walls of Paris, and the fields surrounding the deserted house of the Père la Chaise have thus been converted into the principal Parisian receptacle for the dead.

ANCIENT THEATRES IN LONDON.

THE most ancient English playhouses, of which we find any account, are the playhouse in *Blackfriars*, that in *Whitefriars*, *The Theatre*, of which the situation is doubtful, and *The Curtain* in Shoreditch. *The Theatre*, from its name, was probably the first building erected in or near the metropolis purposely for scenic exhibitions.

In the time of Shakspeare there were seven principal theatres, three private houses, namely, that in *Blackfriars*, and the *Cockpit*, or *Phoenix*, in Drury-lane, and four that were called public theatres, viz. *The Globe* on the Bankside, *The Curtain* in Shoreditch, *The Red Bull* at the upper end of St. John's Street, and *The Fortune* in Whitecross-street: the two last were frequented chiefly by citizens. There were, however, but six companies of comedians, for the playhouse in Blackfriars and the Globe belonged to the same troop. Beside these seven theatres, there were, for some time, on the Bankside, three other public theatres—*The Swan*, *The Rose*, and *The Hope*; but *The Hope* being chiefly used as a bear-garden, and *The Swan* and *The Rose* having fallen into decay early in King James's reign, they ought not to be enumerated with the other regular theatres.

It appears from the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels to King James the First, and the two succeeding kings, that very soon after Shakspeare's death, in the year 1622, there were but five principal companies of comedians in London, the King's Servants, who performed at the Globe and in Blackfriars; the Prince's Servants, who performed at the Curtain; the Palsgrave's Servants, who had the possession of the Fortune; the players of the Revels, who acted at the Red Bull; and the Lady Elizabeth's Servants, or, as they are denominated, the Queen of Bohemia's Players, who performed at the Cockpit in Drury-lane.

When Prynne published his *Histriomax* (1633), there were six playhouses open—the theatre in Blackfriars, the Globe, the Fortune, the Red Bull, the Cockpit, or Phoenix, and a theatre in Salisbury-court, Whitefriars.

Of the theatre in Blackfriars, and the Globe, Malone gives the following account, and confines his inquiries principally to those two.

The theatre in Blackfriars was situated near the present Apothecaries' Hall, in the neighbourhood of which there is yet *Playhouse Yard*, not far from which the theatre probably stood. It was, as has been mentioned, a private house; but what were the distinguishing marks of a private playhouse it is not easy to ascertain. We know only that it was smaller than those which were called public theatres; and that in the private theatres plays were usually presented by daylight. In this theatre, which

was a very ancient one, the Children of the Revels occasionally performed.

It is said, in Camden's *Annals* of the Reign of King James the First, that the theatre in Blackfriars fell down in the year 1623, and that above eighty persons were killed by the accident; but he was misinformed. The room which gave way was in a private house, and appropriated to the service of religion.

Chalmers confesses himself unable to ascertain at what time the Globe Theatre was built, though he believes not long before 1596. Hentzner has alluded to it as existing in 1598, though he does not expressly mention it. It was situated on the Bankside (the southern side of the River Thames), nearly opposite to Friday-street, Cheapside; it was an hexagonal wooden building, partly open to the weather, and partly thatched. When Hentzner wrote, all the other theatres as well as this were composed of wood.

The Globe was a public theatre, and of considerable size, and there they always acted by daylight. On the roof of this and other public theatres a pole was erected, to which a flag was affixed. These flags were probably displayed only during the time of the exhibition; and it should seem, from one of the old comedies, that they were taken down in Lent, in which time, during the early part of King James's reign, plays were not allowed to be represented, though, at a subsequent period, this prohibition was dispensed with.

The following is a View of the Globe Theatre, taken from the long Antwerp View of London, in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge.



Malone states, that he formerly conjectured that *The Globe*, though hexagonal at the outside, was, perhaps, a rotunda within, and that it might have derived its name from its circular form. But his opinion afterwards was that though the part appropriated to the audience was probably circular, the house was denominated only from its sign, which was a figure of Hercules supporting Globe, under which was written, *Totus mundus agit histrionem*. This theatre was burnt down on the

29th June, 1613; but it was rebuilt in the following year, and decorated with more ornament than had been originally bestowed upon it.

A writer, already quoted, informs us, that one of these theatres was a winter, and the other a summer, house. As *The Globe* was partly exposed to the weather, and they acted there usually by daylight, it appears probable that this was the summer theatre; and this conjecture is confirmed by Sir

Henry Herbert's MS. The King's company usually began to play at the Globe in the month of May. The exhibitions there seem to have been more frequent than at Blackfriars, till the year 1604 or 1605, when the *Bankside* appears to have become less fashionable, and less frequented, that it had formerly been.

In the middle of the *Globe*, and of the other *publick* theatres, in the time of Shakespeare, Malone supposes there was an open yard or area, where the common people stood to see the exhibition: from this circumstance they are called by Shakespeare *groundlings*, and by Ben Jonson "the *understanding gentlemen of the ground*."

The galleries, or *scaffolds*, as they are sometimes called, and that part of the house which in private theatres was named the pit, seem to have been at the same price; probably in houses of reputation, such as the *Globe* and that in *Blackfriars*, the price of admission into those parts of the theatre was sixpence, while in some meaner playhouses it was only a penny, in others two pence. The price of admission into the best *rooms* or boxes, was, in Shakespeare's time, a shilling; though afterwards it appears to have risen to two shillings, or half a crown. At the Blackfriars theatre the price of the boxes was higher than at the *Globe*.

From several passages in our old plays we learn, that the spectators were admitted on the stage, and that the critics and wits of the time usually sat there. Some were placed on the ground; others sat on stools, of which the price was either sixpence or a shilling, according to the commodiousness of the situation. And they were attended by pages, who furnished them with pipes and

tobacco, which was smoaked here as well as in other parts of the house. Yet it should seem that persons were suffered to sit on the stage only in private playhouses, (such as *Blackfriars*, &c.) where the audience were more select, and of a higher class; and that in the *Globe* and the other publick theatres, no such license was permitted.

Many of our ancient dramatic pieces were performed in the yards of carriers' inns, in which, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the comedians, who then first united themselves in companies, erected an occasional stage. The form of these temporary playhouses seems to be preserved in our modern theatres. The galleries in both are ranged over each other on three sides of the building. The small rooms under the lowest of these galleries answer to our present boxes; and it is observable that these, even in theatres which were built in a subsequent period expressly for dramatic exhibitions, still retained their old names, and are frequently called *rooms* by our ancient writers. The yard bears a sufficient resemblance to the pit as at present in use. We may suppose the stage to have been raised in this area, on the fourth side, with its back to the gateway of the inn, at which the money for admission was taken. Thus, in fine weather, a playhouse, not inconvenient, might have been found.

ŒCONOMY.

The following letter contains an instance of the most excellent domestic management, which imagination can conceive. Its authenticity may be depended on, "You ask me what I have seen, in my ramble worth relating. You are

no antiquarian, I will not therefore tease you with ruined abbeys, Gothic castles, Roman and Danish camps, or Druidical circles, but confine my narrative to a humane curiosity. This is a Mr. Osbaldeston, an Attorney's clerk, and, spite of the popular prejudices against his profession, said to be an honest man. This you will allow to be a curiosity, but that is not all. This honest limb of the law is married, and has, at least, half a dozen children, all of whom, with as many couple of hounds, and a brace of hunters, he maintains out of, how much do you think? guess a little I pray you. Why then to support himself, a wife, six children, twelve dogs, and two horses, he has not a penny more than *sixty pounds per annum*! And, if possible to increase the miracle, he did this in London for many years, paying every one their own, and keeping a tight coat for Sundays and Holidays. But I will try to explain this seeming paradox. After the expiration of the time which Mr. Osbaldeston owed his master, he acted as an accountant for the butchers in Claremarket, who paid him in offal; the choicest morsels of this, he selected for himself and family, and with the rest he fed his hounds, which he kept in his garret. His horses were lodged in his cellar, and fed on grains from a neighbouring brewhouse, and on damaged corn, with which he was supplied by a cornchandler, whose books he kept in order. Once or twice a week in the season he hunted, and by giving a hare, now and then, to the farmers, over whose grounds he sported, secured their good-will and permission. Besides which, several gentlemen, struck with his extraordinary oeconomy, winked at his going over their manors with his moderate pack.

"Accident has since removed this uncommon man to Lewes, in Sussex, where on the same stipend, he continues to maintain the same family. Curiosity led me to visit this extraordinary party about their dinner time. The two legged part of it were clean, though not superfluously clothed, and seemed to live like brothers with the surrounding animals. It looked, in short, somewhat like the golden age. Mr. O. himself seemed and acted like the father of the quadrupeds, as well as the bipeds, and as such decided with the utmost impartiality, for Master Jackey having taken a bone from Jowler, he commanded instant restitution. And on the other hand, Doxy having snatched a piece of liver from Miss Dorothea, was obliged on the spot to restore it to the young lady.

"On inquiry I found that Mr. O. was the younger son of a gentleman of good family, but small fortune, in the north of England, and that having imprudently married one of his father's servants, he was turned out of doors, with no other fortune than a southern hound, big with pup, whose offspring have since been a source of profit and amusement to him."

The Editor cannot help wishing that Mr. Osbaldeston had fallen in with the dispenser of the hand-bill which he purposes inserting in the next number, and which was actually put into the hand of a friend of his, as he was passing through the Strand in March 1788. The industrious Taylor by whom it was issued would certainly have been employed by that incomparable, and *really* respectable oeconomist, to regulate the wardrobe of the family.

(To be continued.)

THE MISCELLANY.

“Rebus et ordine dispar.”—HOR.

BURLEIGH HOUSE.

THE late Earl of Exeter had been divorced from his first wife, a woman of fashion, and somewhat more gaiety of manners than “lords who love their ladies like.” He determined to seek out a second wife in a humbler sphere of life, and that it should be one who, having no knowledge of his rank, should love him for himself alone. For this purpose, he went and settled *incognito* (under the name of Mr. Jones) at Hodnet, an obscure village in Shropshire. He made overtures to one or two damsels in the neighbourhood, but they were too knowing to be taken in by him. His manners were not boorish, his mode of life was retired, it was odd how he got his livelihood, and at last he began to be taken for a highwayman. In this dilemma he turned to Miss Hoggins, the eldest daughter of a small farmer at whose house he lodged. Miss Hoggins, it might seem had not been used to romp with the clowns: there was something in the manners of their quiet eccentric guest that she liked. As he found that he had inspired her with that kind of regard which he wished for, he made honourable proposals to her; and at the end of some months, they were married, without his letting her know who he was. They set off in a post-chaise from her father’s house, and travelled across the country. In this manner they arrived at Stamford, and passed through the town without stopping till they came to the entrance of Burleigh Park, which is on the outside of it. The gate flew open, the

chaise entered, and drove down the long avenue of trees that leads up to the front of this fine old mansion. As they drew nearer to it, and she seemed a little surprized where they were going, he said “Well, my dear, this is Burleigh House, it is the home I have promised to bring you to, and you are the Countess of Exeter!” It is said the shock of this discovery was too much for this young creature, and that she never recovered it. It was a sensation worth dying for. The world we live in was worth making, had it been only for this. Ye *thousand and one Tales of the Arabian Nights Entertainments!* hide your diminished heads! I never wish to have been a lord, but when I think of this story.

The following is an incident which really happened in an Essex stage coach some few years ago:—Two passengers set out from their inn in London early on a December morning. It was dark as pitch; and one of them, not being sleepy and wishing for a little conversation, endeavoured in the usual travelling mode, to stimulate his neighbour to discourse. “A very dark morning Sir.” “Shocking cold weather for travelling.” “Slow going in these roads, Sir.”—None of these questions producing a single word of answer, the sociable man made one more effort. He stretched out his hand and feeling the other’s habit, exclaimed—“What a very comfortable coat you have got, Sir, to travel in,” No answer was made, and the inquirer fatigued and disgusted, fell into a sound nap, nor awoke until the brightest rays of a winter sun accounted to him for the taciturnity of his comrade, by presenting to his astonished

view, a huge bear, (luckily for him, muzzled and confined) in a sitting posture.

POET'S CORNER.

neque est ignobile carmen."
VIRG.

ON POETRY.

No. I.

In a melange like that which this work presents, it is presumed that it cannot be judged improper to introduce a few specimens of verse (in different languages) which are not commonly known, and yet have considerable merit in their several lines.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE FAIRY MORGANA.

*From Boiardo's "Orlando Innamorato."
Lib. II. Cent. 8. St. 5.*

IL Conte che d'entrare avea gran voglio
Senza dir altro, alla fonte tornava
Trovò Morgana, ch' intorno alla soglia
Faceva un ballo, e ballando cantava.
Piu leggiere non si volge al vento foglia
Di ciò che quella donna sì voltava
Guardando ora alla terra, ed ora al sole,
Il canto suo dicea queste parole.

" Chi cerca in questo mondo aver tesoro
" O diletto, e piacere, onore, e stato,
" Ponga la mano a questa chioma d'oro
" Ch'io porto in fronte, e lo farò beato;
" Ma quando ha in in destro sì fatto lavoro,
" Non cerchi indugio, che'l tempo passato
" Perduto è tutto, e non ritorna mai
" Ed io mi volto—e lascio l'huomo in guai."

The Count, whose mind was bent to enter there,

In silence turn'd, and sought again the rill.

Hard by the throne, he found th' enchantress fair,

Who sweetly sang, and gaily danced still.
See but yon leaf, light floating on the wind,

So lightly did the graceful fairy bound,
Now gazing on the sun, now on the ground,

And in these mystic words, her song disclosed her mind.

" The man who seeks, on earth, for worldly gain,

" For joy, for honor, for imperial state,

THE passion of fear sometimes shews itself upon the slightest occasion, and in persons the most unlikely to entertain such a guest. A French author relates a whimsical instance of this kind. Charles Gustavus (the successor of Christina of Sweden) was besieging Prague, when a boor of most extraordinary visage desired admittance to his tent, and being permitted to enter, offered, by way of amusing the king, to devour a whole hog, weighing two hundred weight, in his presence. The old General Konigsmarc, who stood by the king's side, and who, soldier as he was, had not got rid of the prejudices of his childhood, hinted to his royal master, that the peasant ought to be burnt as a sorcerer. " Sir," said the fellow, irritated at the remark, " if your majesty will but make that old gentleman take off his sword and spurs, I will eat him before your face, before I begin the pig." General Konigsmarc, (who had, at the head of a body of Swedes, performed wonders against the Austrians, and who was looked upon as one of the bravest men of the age) could not stand this proposal, especially as it was accompanied by a most hideous and preternatural expansion of the frightful peasant's jaws. Without uttering a word, the veteran suddenly turned round, ran out of the court, and did not think himself safe until he had arrived at his quarters, where he remained above twenty-four hours locked up securely, before he had got rid of the panic which had so severely affected him.

" Let his quick grasp the golden lock obtain
 " Which shades my brow—then will I make him great;
 " But when this valu'd prize becomes his own,
 " He must not sleep, for time, which flies amain,
 " When past, is lost, and ne'er returns again;
 " Then I too turn my back, and leave the wretch to moan."

The above translation has the humble merit of being almost perfectly literal, but the elegant gaiety, sweetness, and spirit of the description of Morgana dancing, are in the original inimitable.

The following description of a terrifying voice, heard from the top of a vast rock, has certainly some claim to a share in the terrible graces.

La ripa dello scoglio è d'erba priva
 Ed ha color, che sembra fiamma viva.
 In su ia cima, una voce risuona,
 Mai non udissi la piu spaventosa!
 Quel ch'ella dice, non sa dir persona.

Or. Inn. Lib. 1. c. 5. St 14, 15.

No herb can grow on this detested ground,
 But flames appear to glimmer all around;
 While from the craggy rocks, on rocks unprear'd,
 A loud terrific voice is ever heard;
 Yet none can comprehend the dire mysterious sound.

The following hyperbole, taken from the same work, (lib. 2. Canto 24. St 59, 60) has never been exceeded, if it has ever been equalled, as to its mixture of wit, and absurdity. The poet is speaking of Orlando's celebrated sword Durlindana.

Tanto era nel suo taglio graziosa,
 Che quasi insieme tagliava, cuciva,
 E'l suo ferire appena si sentiva.
 Onde ora avendo a traverso tagliato
 Questo Pagan, lo fa sì destramente,
 Che l'un pezzo, in su l'altro, suggelato
 Rimase, senza muoversi niente;
 E come avien, quand'uno è riscaldato
 Che le ferite per allor non sente,
 Così colui, del colpo non accorto,
 Andava combattendo, ed era morto.

So keen the edge of this enchanted steel;
 The stroke, its lord had given it, seem'd to heal;

Nor did the wretch who met it, scarce the anguish feel.

Thus when Orlando, raging o'er the plain,
 Had, at a blow, his foeman cut in twain,
 The path his sword had made so nicely clos'd,

That on one half, the other still reposed.
 And as while rage inflates each tumid vein,

The ardent warrior knows no sense of pain,

Still did the Pagan deal his blows around,
 Nor, till he fell asunder, knew the deadly wound.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank Iz. Wa. for his letter—the present Number we hope will shew that his advice has been attended to. We shall be happy to receive any further communication from the same quarter.

It been observed that the paper on Chess, in the third Number, does not answer the description of the one promised. The promised paper will be given in our next.

We are obliged to A. P. for his hints and communications.—We also thank Φ. Nemo and R. A. G.—P. P. came too late for insertion in this Number. L. Irvin will be answered in our next.

THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex rapto vivens.

No. V.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1823. [PRICE 2d.

THE SOUTH DOOR OF ROSLIN CHAPEL.



THIS celebrated chapel, which is a part of the magnificent castle bearing the same name, was founded in the year 1446, by Sir William of Roslin, third Earl of Ork-

ney, and admiral of Scotland, one of the hostages for James I. when permitted to visit Scotland in the year 1421. On the 11th December, 1681, it was plundered by a

furious mob; chiefly tenants and inhabitants of the barony, probably in resentment to their lord, James Sinclair, a great loyalist, who suffered many hardships on account of his attachment to the interest of the royal family; it is surrounded by a handsome stone wall, the entrance of which is on the north side. The structure has two doors, one on the north, the other on the south side; its height within, from the floor to the high-arched roof, is forty feet eight inches, the breadth thirty-four feet eight inches, and the length sixty-eight feet. The crypt, to which there is a descent of twenty steps, is partly subterraneous and partly above ground, owing to the sudden declivity of the hill; its height is fifteen feet, its breadth fourteen feet, and length thirty-six feet: the light is conveyed through a single window. This crypt was built by the founder's first lady.

The whole fabric is profusely decorated with sculpture both externally and internally; on the outside are niches probably for statues of saints. The division of the interior is by seven columns on each side, forming a nave, and two aisles, with pointed arches, and above the nave, on each side, is a row of windows. The roof, capitals, key-stones, and architraves, are all covered with carved flowers, foliages, passages of sacred history, texts of Scripture, and grotesque figures, the whole executed with astonishing neatness. The pillar, by some called the *Apprentice's Pillar*, concerning which there is a very improbable tradition, is, with more likelihood, denominated the "*Prince's Pillar*," in compliment to the founder. It has on the base of it several dragons in the strongest, or first kind of *basso-relievo*, as one can easily thrust a finger or two between some part

of the dragon and the base. The dragons are chained by the heads and twisted into one another. This beautiful pillar has round it, from base to capital, waving in the spiral way, four wreaths of the most curious sculpture of flower-work and foliage, the workmanship of each being different, and the centre of each wreath, distant from that of the neighbouring one, one foot and a half. So exquisitely fine are these wreathings, that they can be assimilated to nothing but Brussels lace. The ornaments upon the capital of this pillar are, the story of Abraham offering up Isaac; a man blowing on a highland bagpipe, with another man lying by him; and on the architrave joining it to the smaller one on the south wall, with your face to the east, and to the entry of the sacristy, you read the following inscription in old Gothic characters:—*Forte est vinum, fortior est Rex, fortiores sunt mulieres; super omnia vincit veritas.* Esdras, ch. iii. 4. It should have been, 1 Esdras iii. 10, 11, 12.

The following extract, from "A Journey to the Highlands of Scotland," gives some idea of the grandeur and state which was formerly maintained at Roslin Castle by the noble proprietors.

Esk murmuring through the dusky pines,
Reflects the moon's mist-mantled beam;
And fancy chills, where'er it shines,
To see pale ghosts obscurely gleam.

Not so the night, that in thy hall
Once, Roslin, danc'd in joy along,
Where owls now scream along thy walls,
Resounded mirth's inspiring song.

Where bats now rest their smutty wings,
Th'impurpled feast was wont to flow;
And beauty danc'd in graceful rings,
And princes sat where nettles grow.

What now avails, how great, how gay,
How fair, how fine, their matchless dames!
There sleeps their undistinguish'd clay,
And e'en the stones have lost their names!

DESCRIPTION OF THE CATACOMBS
OF PARIS.

THE catacombs of Paris were originally mere quarries, from whence the stones necessary for the building of the city were taken. The demolition of churches, at the period of the revolution, caused a great accumulation of the bones of human bodies from the various church-yards, which it was not found very easy to dispose of; and it was resolved to have them properly arranged in those immense excavations, which, from the environs of the city on the south-west side, run, it is said, to a great extent below its streets, and under its proudest edifices. A design of this nature was exactly calculated to excite the attention of the French people; and the officers, to whom its execution has been intrusted, have performed their task in a manner very creditable to their powers of contrivance. Nothing can be conceived better calculated to give the mind impressions of a grave and solemn nature than the whole of the arrangements of the place. The light of the flambeaus, leading, by long and narrow passages, to the chambers where the bones are collected, renders the natural "darkness visible," while it casts a sickly gleam far off into the distant and undiscovered recesses of the wild labyrinth! Nothing can be conceived more dreadful than the fate of an individual lost in these endless galleries, yet this fate has befallen some unhappy persons. When the allies occupied Paris, for the first time, in 1814, several of the foreign soldiers were missed from the day they were known to have visited the catacombs, and every reason exists to suppose that more than one thus met death in its most fearful form. The openings of these galleries, leading off into the in-

terior of the quarries, are frequently seen by the stranger as he follows his guide through the arranged part of this vast excavation, and tempt his curiosity to explore their uncertain course. This, however, could not be done consistently with safety, and it is therefore strictly prohibited by the police. Regulations, too, are made, by which a limited number of persons are only each day admitted, so that the guides may be able to exercise a strict superintendence. In consequence of these rules, few or none of those accidents have occurred for some years. The chambers and the passages themselves are completely lined from the roof to the floor with bones. In front, the bones of the arms and the thighs are closely laid, with their ends projecting; and rows of skulls are continued uninterruptedly, in long horizontal lines, at equal distances between them: the other bones are placed behind to a considerable depth. There is no sensible smell in the catacombs; the bones preserve their dark hues, contrasting strongly with the white stone of the floor and roof. The sight is melancholy in the extreme: in whatever direction the eye turns it rests upon rows of skulls! We pass amid the remains of more than three millions of human beings, closely piled, without distinction of rich or poor, friend or enemy, bad or good. With the bones, the most indestructible part of the human frame, the mind is accustomed, under the force of natural associations, to connect stronger ideas of identity than with the more perishable part; and hence thoughts of hope, immortality, and judgment, arise. These are nourished and increased by the inscriptions around, many of which are very appropriate.

Several of these, however, are of a nature to revolt the feelings, by

casting doubt on the immortality of the human soul, and thus representing these gloomy abodes as the utmost limit of human destiny. This would indeed be comfortless, and happy is it that we have an assurance of the fallacy of such groveling speculations. The revolutionary governments sometimes gave an unhappy sanction to these sceptical doctrines, the effects of which, on the conduct of mankind, have always been degrading and demoralizing in the extreme.

In one chamber the bones are laid out on shelves in the walls, and in others small altars of thigh bones are surmounted by solitary skulls.

The victims of the massacre of September, 1792, are all here collected, that is to say, in their fragments; and a wall, painted black, bears the inscription—

D. M.
II et III
Septembre
MDCCXCII

The following lines are inscribed on another tablet:—

Ici sont inhumés
LXXXVII mètres cubes
d'ossements recueillis
dans le cimetière des innocens
du 19th Janvier au 19 Mars, 1811.

This manner of measuring out cubic metres of human remains, is, perhaps, the most severe lesson which human vanity has ever received.

Although we have said that the government, since the revolution, have chiefly been instrumental in filling the catacombs, the plan was resolved upon so early as 1786, and some transportations were even then made: these, more latterly, have been constantly continued from the old burial-grounds, which had become very unwholesome from the accumulation of the dead. The present burial-grounds, however, of Paris, are all situated without the walls, which may be considered

as a very excellent arrangement, highly conducive to health and to decency.

Strangers, who visit the catacombs with the common tickets received from the police, are not often conducted through the whole of their range. The usual walk is about three quarters of a mile long, but, when the guides are disposed to show the whole, it is full two miles round. In one of the deepest chambers there is a well, with a few solitary gold fish confined; and a labourer of the quarry, an old soldier, has constructed a model of Port Mahon, which adds, in the estimation of the guides, to the curiosities of the place. The director of the catacombs has arranged a small cabinet of the minerals found in their excavations: extreme neatness and order are distinguishing features in their whole economy.

The depth of the catacombs beneath the surface is about sixty English feet: the descent is by seventy steps. The walls of the avenues are marked with indications of the several directions. It is said that some of the branches of the quarries even extend under the Seine below the northern division of the city.

ROUGE ET NOIR.

“ Could I forget
What I have been, I might the better bear
What I am destined to. I'm not the first
That have been wretched, but to think
how much
I have been happier!”

SOUTHERN.

NEVER shall I forget that accursed 27th of September, it is burnt in upon the tablet of my memory, graven in letters of blood upon my heart. I look back to it with a strangely compounded feeling of horror and delight,—of horror at the black series of wretched days and sleepless nights of which

it was the fatal precursor,—of delight at that previous career of tranquillity and self-respect which it was destined to terminate, alas, for ever!

On that day I had been about a fortnight in Paris, and, in passing through the garden of the Palais Royal, had stopped to admire the beautiful *jet-d'eau* in its centre, on which the sunbeams were falling, so as to produce a small rainbow when I was accosted by my old friend, Major E——, of the Fusiliers. After the first surprises and salutations, as he found that the business of procuring apartments and settling my family had prevented my seeing many of the Parisian *lions*, he offered himself as my Cicerone, proposing that we should begin by making the circuit of the building that surrounded us. With its history, and the remarkable events of which it had been the scene, I was already conversant; but of its detail and appropriation, which, as he assured me, constituted its sole interest in the eyes of the Parisians, I was completely ignorant.

After taking a cursory view of most of the sights above ground in this multifarious pile, I was conducted to some of its subterraneous wonders, to the Café du Sauvage, where a man is hired for six francs a night to personate that character, by beating a great drum, with all the grinning, ranting, and raving of a madman; to the Café des Aveugles, whose numerous orchestra is entirely composed of blind men and women; and to the Café des Variétés, whose small theatre, as well as its saloons and labyrinths, are haunted by a set of Sirens not less dangerous than the nymphs who assailed Ulysses. Emerging from these haunts, we found that a heavy shower was falling; and while we paraded once more the

stone gallery, my friend suddenly exclaimed, as his eye fell upon the numbers of the houses, “one hundred and fifty-four! positively we were going away without visiting one of the ——,” gaming-houses was the meaning of the term he employed, though he expressed it by a word that the fashionable preacher never mentioned to “ears polite.” “I have never yet entered,” said I, “a Pandæmonium of this sort, and I never will; I refrain from it on principle. “Principiis obsta,” I am of Dr. Johnson’s temperament; I can practise abstinence, but not temperance, and every one knows that prevention is better than cure.”—“Do you remember,” replied E——, “what the same Dr. Johnson said to Boswell? ‘My dear Sir, clear your mind of cant;’ I do not ask you to play, but you must have often read, when you were a good little boy, that ‘vice to be hated needs but to be seen;’ and cannot have forgotten that the Spartans sometimes made their slaves drunk, and shewed them to inculcate sobriety. Love of virtue is best secured by a hatred of its opposite: to hate it you must see it; besides, a man of the world should see every thing.”—“But it is so disreputable,” I rejoined.—“How completely John Bullish,” exclaimed E——.—“Disreputable! why, I am going to take you to an establishment recognised, regulated, and taxed by government, the upholders of religion and social order, who annually derive six millions of francs from this source of revenue; and, as to company, I promise you, that you shall encounter men of the first respectability, of all sects and parties, for in France every one gambles at these saloons, except the devotees, and they play at home.” He took my arm, and I

walked up stairs with him, merely ejaculating, as we reached the door, "mind, I don't play."

Entering an anti-room, we were received by two or three servants, who took our sticks and hats, for which we received tickets, and by the number suspended around, I perceived that there was a tolerably numerous attendance within. *Roulette* was the game to which the first chamber was dedicated. In the middle of a long green table was a circular excavation, resembling a large gilt basin, in whose centre was a rotatory apparatus turning an ivory ball in a groove, which, after sundry gyrations, descended to the bottom of the basin, where there was a round of little numbered compartments, or pigeon-holes, into one of which it finally settled, when the number was proclaimed aloud. Beside this apparatus, there was painted on the green baize a table of various successive numbers, with divisions for odd and even, &c. on which the players deposited their various stakes. He who was in the compartment of the proclaimed number was a winner; and if he had singled out that individual one, which, of course, was of very rare occurrence, his deposit was doubled I know not how many times. The odd or even declared their own fate—they were lost or doubled. This altar of chance had but few votaries; and merely stopping a moment to admire the handsome decorations of the room, we passed on to the next.

There, whispered my companion, there was dead silence in the anti-room, though the long table was entirely surrounded by people playing: this is only the silver table, for you may deposit here as low as a five-franc piece. Let us pass on to the next, where none

play but those who will risk bank-notes or gold. Casting a passing glance at these comparatively humble gamesters, who were, however, all too deeply absorbed to move their eyes from the cards, I followed my conductor into the sanctuary of the gilded Mammon.

Here was a *rouge et noir* table, exactly like the one I had just quitted. In its centre was a profuse display of gold in bowls and rouleaus, with thick piles of bank-notes, on either side of which sat a partner and an assistant, the dragon-guards of this Hesperian fruit. An oblong square, painted on each end of the green table, exhibited three divisions, one for rouge, one for noir, and the centre was for the stakes of those who speculated upon the colour of the first and last card, with other ramifications of the art, which it would be tedious to describe. Not one of the chairs around the table was unoccupied, and I observed that each banker and assistant was provided with a *rateau*, or rake, somewhat resembling a garden-hoe, several of which were also dispersed about, that the respective winners might withdraw the gold without the objectionable intervention of fingers. When the stakes are all deposited, the dealer, one of the banker's in the centre, calls out, "*Le jeu est fait*," after which nothing can be added or withdrawn; and then taking a pack of cards from a basket full before him, he proceeds to deal. Thirty-one is the number of the game: the colour of the first card determines whether the first row be black or red. The dealer turns up till the numbers on the cards exceeds thirty-one, when he lays down a second row in the same manner, and whichever is nearest to that amount is the winning row. If both come to the same, he cries "*apres*," and re-

commences with fresh cards; but, if each division should turn up *thirty-one*, the bank takes half of the whole money deposited as a forfeit from the players. In this consists their certain profit, which has been estimated at ten per cent. upon the total stakes. If the red loses, the banker on that side rakes all the deposits into his treasury; if it wins, he throws down the number of Napoleons, or notes, necessary to cover the lodgments made by the players, each of whom rakes off his prize, or leaves it for a fresh venture. E—— explained to me the functions of the different members of the establishment, the inspector, the croupier, the tailleur, the *messieurs de la chambre*, &c. and also the meaning of the ruled cards and pin, which every one held before him, consulting it with the greatest intensesness, and occasionally calling to the people in attendance for a fresh supply. This horoscope was divided by perpendicular lines into columns, headed with an alternate R. and N. for *rouge et noir*, and the pin is employed to perforate the card as each colour wins, as a ground-work for establishing some calculation in that elaborate delusion termed the doctrine of chances. Some having several of these records before them, closely pierced all over, were summing up the results upon paper, as if determined to play a game of chance without leaving any thing to hazard; and none seemed willing to adventure, without having some species of sanction from these Sibylline leaves.

(To be continued.)

THE CLOWN.

IN the infancy of the English stage it was customary in every

piece to introduce a clown, by his "mimic gestures to breed, in the less capable, mirth and laughter." The privileges of the clown were very extensive; for, between the acts, and sometimes between the scenes, he claimed a right to enter on the stage, and to excite merriment by any species of buffoonery that struck him. Like the harlequin of Italian comedy, his wit was often extemporal, and he sometimes entered into a contest of raillery and sarcasm with some of the audience. He generally threw his thoughts into hobbling doggrel verses, which he made shorter or longer as he found convenient; but however irregular his metre might be, or whatever the length of his verses, he always took care to tag them with words of corresponding sound: like Dryden's Doeg,

"He faggotted his notions as they fell,
And if they rhym'd and rattled all was well."

Thomas Wilson and Richard Tarleton, both sworn servants to Queen Elizabeth, were the most popular performers of that time in this department of the drama, and are highly praised by the continuators of Stowe's *Annals* for their wondrous, plentiful, pleasant, and *extemporal* wit. Tarleton, whose comic powers were so great, that, according to Sir Richard Baker, "he delighted the spectators before he had spoken a word," is thus described in a very rare old pamphlet:—"The next, by his suit of russet, his buttoned cap, his tabor, his standing on the toe, and other tricks, I knew to be either the body or resemblance of Tarleton, who, living, for his pleasant conceits was of all men liked, and dying, for mirth left not his like." As he was performing some part "at the Bull in Bishopsgate Street, where the Queene's players oftentimes play-

ed," while he was "kneeling down to aske his father's blessing," a fellow in the gallery threw an apple at him, which hit him on the cheek. He immediately took up the apple, and advancing to the audience, addressed them in these lines:—

"Gentlemen, this fellow, with his face of mapple,
Instead of a pippin hath throwne me an apple;
But as for an apple he hath cast a crab,
So instead of an honest woman God hath sent him a drab."

"The people," says the writer, "laughed heartily, for the fellow had a quean to his wife."

That it was customary for the clown to talk to the audience or actors, *ad libitum*, the following establishes:—

"At the Bull at Bishopsgate, was a play of Henry the V. (the performance which preceded Shakspeare's) wherein the judge was to take a box on the ear; and because *he* was absent that should take the blow, Tarleton himself, ever forward to please, tooke upon him to play the same judge, besides his own part of the clowne; and Knel, then playing Henry the Fifth, hit Tarleton a sound box, indeed, which made the people laugh the more because it was he; but, anon, the judge goes in, and immediately Tarleton, in his clowne's cloathes comes out, and asks the actors, what news? O, saith one, hadst thou been here thou shouldest have seen Prince Henry hit the judge a terrible box on the eare. What, man, said Tarleton, strike a judge! Its true i'faith, said the other. No other like, said Tarleton, and it could not but be terrible to the judge, when the report so terrifies me, that methinks the blowe remaines still on my cheeke, that it burns againe. The people laught at this mightily, and to this day I

have heard it commended for rare; but no marvell, for he had many of these. But I would see *our clownes in these days* do the like. No, I warrant ye, and yet they thinke well of themselves too."

The last words shew that this practice was not discontinued in the time of Shakspeare, and we here see that he had abundant reason for his precept in *Hamlet*. "Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them, that will of themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though, *in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered.*"

This practice was undoubtedly coeval with the English stage; for we are told that Sir Thomas Moore, while he lived as a page with Archbishop Moreton (about the year 1490), as the Christmas plays were going on in the palace, would sometimes step upon the stage, "without studying for the matter," and exhibit a part of his own, which gave the audience much more entertainment than the whole performance besides.

But the peculiar province of the clown was to entertain the audience after the play was finished, at which time *themes* were sometimes given to him by some of the spectators to descant upon, but more commonly the audience were entertained with a *jig*. A jig was a ludicrous metrical composition, often in rhyme, which was sung by the clown, who, likewise, occasionally danced, and was always accompanied by a tabor and pipe. The original of the entertainment, which this buffoon afforded our ancestors between the acts and after the play, may be traced to the satirical interludes of Greece, and the Attellans and Mimes of the Roman stage.

The Exodiarii and Emboliaræ of the Mimes are undoubtedly the remote progenitors of the vice and clown of our ancient dramas.

ON CHESS.

NO. III.

(Anecdotes of Chess continued.)

IN our paper on the invention of this interesting game it was intimated that we should immediately proceed to give some description of the manner of playing it; but having inadvertantly deviated from our original intention, by the previous insertion of a few anecdotes of chess in our third number, we must, for regularity's sake, request permission of our readers to continue our chain of anecdote, and notwithstanding our last week's notice to the contrary, reserve our description of the game for a subsequent number.

Virtue and heroism were the two distinguishing characteristics of Charles XII. of Sweden; the allurements and temptations of vice had no power over him; he could even abstain from those things, which, by most persons of rank, are considered as conveniences of life; he had a particular aversion to gaming, and strictly prohibited his army to play at any game; but chess was excepted in a particular manner, and he took so much delight in it, that he encouraged the learning of it among all his courtiers. It was observed, when he played, that he moved the king more than any other piece,—a conduct which is seldom to be imitated on account of the ruin which involves the whole community of pieces, if the king meets with a disaster.

Ben-Ziad, caliph of Mecca, was

very fond of chess. "Is it not extraordinary," said he, to the favourite he was playing with, "that sixteen pieces, placed on so small a plane as this chess-board, should give me more trouble to manage than so many millions of men that cover the immense surface of my empire?"

Al Manum commanded the different provinces of the empire to send to his court all such persons as were most expert at chess, to whom he allowed pensions, and passed the most considerable part of his time amongst them,

Dr. Hyde says, that the ancient Irish were exceedingly fond of the game of Chess; and that amongst them the possession of some valuable estates has been decided by the game. The heirs of two noble families, the Doctor says, hold their lands upon this tenure:—That one of them shall encounter the other at Chess, and that whoever of them should conquer, should seize and possess the estate of the other. Therefore, they, managing the affair prudently among themselves, perhaps once every year meet by appointment to play at Chess. One of them makes a move, and the other says, "I will consider how to play the counter-move by next year." This being done, a notary commits to writing the situation of the game, by which method a game, which neither of them has won, has been and will be continued for some hundreds of years.

In Spain one city often challenges another to play at Chess. The Spaniards play by memory at it on horseback; and so do the Moors, who, as the Spaniards allow, are much better players than they.

Sachieri, a Jesuit of Turin, who possessed a most surprising me-

mory, could play at Chess with three different persons, without seeing one of the boards, his representative merely informing him of every move of the adversary, Sachieri would direct him what piece to play, and converse with the company all the time. If there happened a dispute about the situation of a piece or pawn, he could repeat every move made by both parties, from the beginning of the game, in order to ascertain the situation where the piece ought to stand.

A celebrated Chess-player, at Lyons, is said to have had such a complete knowledge of the game, that he would put a ring on one of his pawns, and undertake not to mate the king but with that pawn; or, he could put a ring on one of his adversary's pawns, premising that he would force his adversary to mate him with that pawn.

The Arabian writers speak of persons who could play at three boards, in the same manner as Sachieri did, and win the games. They also relate accounts of good Chess-players, who were blind.

Mr. Coxe, who was in Russia in 1772, says, "Chess is so common in Russia, that, during our continuance at Moscow, I scarcely entered into any company where parties were not engaged at that diversion; and I very frequently observed, in my passage through the streets, the tradesmen and common people playing it before the doors of their shops and houses. The Russians are esteemed great proficient at chess; with them the queen has, in addition to her other moves, that of the knight, which, according to Philidor, spoils the game, but which certainly renders it more complicated and difficult. and, of course, more interesting. The Russians have also another method of

playing the game of chess, namely, with four persons at the same time, two against two; and for this purpose the board is larger than usual, and contains more men, and is provided with a greater number of squares. I was informed that this method was more difficult, but far more agreeable than the common game."

Tamerlane invented several forms of chess-boards for the improvement of the military art, in order to represent the arrangements and dispositions of a battle, and the various evolutions of an army. This great conqueror of the world delighted extremely in this game; and seems to have been of the same opinion with the famous Prince of Condé, who said that it was necessary for an officer, who would be a good general, to understand chess.

ECONOMY.

(Continued from our last.)

"THE DISPENSARY FOR DISORDERED APPAREL.

EITHER by wear, tear, burn, misfitting, or any other complaint whatever, the latter being a complaint incident to liveries, frequently occasioned by the removal of servants, even should they be wanting in length and breadth, shall be speedily cured without blemish, &c. &c.

And after the curious manufacturer, by care, skill, and labour, has highly finished off beautiful and costly ornamental covering for the human body, it shall not be degraded by being put together in a slamakin and bungling manner, but shaped genteel, free and easy, and put together with strength and beauty, so that it shall both do justice to the manufacturer, and ho-

nour to the wearer, having instruments for that purpose, which are of themselves infallible, if not misguided by something which is mortal, of which all possible care will be taken to prevent: but to avoid too much quackery puffing, will come to ocular demonstration, by producing some of their performance; viz. a tolerably decent suit on his back, made out of two very ragged old coats, bought in Rosemary-lane for eighteen-pence, and a coat that will admit of four different changes of fashion, made out of a much smaller sized ragged old coat and breeches, bought at the same place for two shillings; breeches neatly fitted in the common way, without leg seams; ditto to wear either side outward, as two pair, either leather or cloth, or what any gentleman may choose, that can be put on and off without disturbing boots or shoes, even should they be dirty; and ditto with more conveniences than either, without any seam at all.

Ladies' riding habits made in the genteel taste, and those ladies who make use of drawers may have them made on the new-invented breeches plan, without a seem at all, like a napkin, and with such conveniences never seen before: young gentlemen's first clothes made on a useful and diverting humorous plan, never done by any but himself. This operator will undertake to make a decent coat in the present taste, which shall be both for service and beauty nearly equal to any new coat, out of (almost) the worst coat that ever was thrown off a tradesman's back; many more singular operations upon coats can be authenticated by Mr. Babar, at his hat manufactory, Charing-cross; Mr. Price, clock and watch maker and mender, No. 24, St. Martin's

Lane; Mr. Burford, tobacconist, Little St. Andrew-street, Seven Dials; Mr. Hutchinson, linen-draper, No. 1, Berkley-square; Mr. Vore, peruke-maker, in Bedford-street, Bedford-row; Mr. Isherwood, at the Fountain, Peerless Pool, in the City-road; and Mr. Mardle, coppersmith, in Houndsditch. The above performances are at present carried on in a three pair of stairs chamber, No. 127, near Exeter Change, in the Strand. Number on the door, which is always open in the day-time; but the business has been much retarded for the want of some necessary instruments to carry it on, notwithstanding neither idleness nor extravagance have had any share in the cause of that complaint, there not having been ten shillings worth of animal food or liquors of any kind, except mint-tea, expended amongst six persons for these ten months past, four of that number being girls, and all incapable of earning one penny, the two eldest by misfortune, and the other two by their youth. Under this load, together with the narrowness of present circumstances, it is found to be too hard a task to rise up in the world; he therefore flatters himself that by making this his real case known to the public, that they will, out of humanity, assist his endeavours to support his family in a more christian-like manner than at present, being more like swine or other beasts, not having six-penny-worth of linen amongst six persons, and all other necessaries wanting in like manner; the task is great! but yet not so great but what numbers may conquer; therefore will rest upon faith to believe that the number of well-disposed people these may fall into the hands of, will never let it be said that such a tradesman was found starved to

death among the rags, (where at present he now lies,) under the shop-board, whose highest ambition is only to live and die on the top of it, and to be enabled to join temperance with prudence, to act in conjunction with fortitude and justice, through the small remaining passage of this life.

Sept. 29, 1786.—Being entered into the third year of the above-mentioned apartments, and this being the first application, will give a full and true account of the benefits and progress arising from these bills in my next, &c. &c.

Your commands will be waited on to-morrow, or a line will be immediately attended,

By your obliged humble servant,
JOHN SHAKESPEAR."

AN extreme attention to the smallest points of œconomy is said to have been ever a striking feature in the character of a person, whose memory will long be remembered for the distinguished preference which he gave in his last will to public charities over his nearest relations. A very singular and laughable instance of this is recorded. He loved to attend dramatic exhibitions, and for the sake of his health he chose to take a great coat with him. But where should he leave this useful appendage during the performance? The box-keepers would expect at least six-pence; the orange girls would take little less; and should he leave it at a coffee-house, he must spend three-pence to obtain house-room for it. His invention supplied him with a method cheaper and equally secure. He pawned his garment every evening that he attended the play, at a shop near the door, for a shilling, which he carried back at the end of the play, added *one penny* for interest, and received

his great coat again safe and sound.

Look up at the inscription on that venerable building defaced with plaister. What does it record? "Beautified by Samuel Smear and Daniel Daub, Churchwardens." And so these honest gentlemen call disguising that fine old stone building, with a coat of lime and hair, or whitewash, beautifying it.

What is the history of all this? Why the plain matter of fact is, that every parish officer thinks he has a right to make a round bill on the hamlet, during his year of power. An apothecary in office physics the poor. A glazier first in cleaning breaks the church windows, and afterwards brings in a long bill for mending them. A painter repairs the commandments, puts new coats on Moses and Aaron, gilds the organ-pipes, and dresses the little cherubims about the loft as fine as vermillion, Prussian blue, and Dutch gold can make them; the late churchwardens chanced to be a silversmith and a woollen-draper; the silversmith new fashioned the communion plate, and the draper new clothed the pulpit, and put fresh curtains to the windows. All this might be done with some shew of modesty, but to insult the good sense of every beholder with their *beautified!* shame on them!

NO. I. OF A SERIES OF LETTERS
TO THE EDITOR.

MR. EDITOR,

OF books I know but little—of the world nothing. My opinion would not turn a straw in the balance, and as for my brain—it is so shallow, you might fathom it with your little finger. Yet not-

withstanding all these cogent drawbacks, motives more cogent induce me to become an author. "With all my heart," you will exclaim, "but you must excuse me from accepting your contributions." I answer, with the utmost coolness and nonchalance, "You may do as you think expedient, Mr. Editor; I do not write to please you, but myself; and I am perfectly indifferent whether I be accepted or refused." But you, pursuing the conversation demand, "Sir, what possible motive can you have for scribbling, but that of enlightening the world by the profundity of your knowledge, or the ebullitions of an exuberant imagination?" Alas! sir, far be it from me to aspire to become a teacher, or a holder forth of lights to illuminate this degenerate age. Indeed were men not too far gone in depravity, to make the hope of recalling them any thing but forlorn—were it possible by any means to reclaim the falcon, that has so long flown wild and uncontrolled through the wilds of dissipation; such a work were too mighty in its attempt, too bold in its conception, for my limited powers to grapple with. The poor glimmering farthing candle which I could exhibit to them, would but serve to lead them farther into their evil ways. Nothing less than a meridian sun could dispel the darkness which envelopes us.

Men were not to be outfaced by the poignant and keen satire of a Swift, nor persuaded by the Attic elegance and lively imagery of an Addison; no, nor were they to be knocked down and subdued by the subtle and philosophical disquisitions, and lofty and overpowering magnificence of a Johnson: and shall I, with all these incontrovertible facts staring me in the face,

set about writing essays, to recal this generation from their luxurious and effeminate habits, and shew them the way they should go, when alas! I do not pretend to know it myself?

"I might as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate its usual
height."

Or if I were to attempt so much, could you forbear in your rage and disgust to call me an arrogant and self-sufficient quack, or, what is worse, a muddy and thick-pated blockhead?

But, methinks, you say, "This is mighty fine, Mr. Modesty, and very convincing. Then why, in the name of goodness, why do you write at all? But perhaps you are poetical? the little facetiæ which have appeared in our 'Poets' Corner' have 'lured you to brighter worlds,' have, through their magic lanthorn, shewn you the summit of Parnassus, and the muses disporting 'zoni solutis,' and courting you to their bowers. Yes—you blush—it must be so—confess, confess you are a poet." Guess again, Mr. Editor, guess again; for you never shot a more random arrow, nor one wider of the mark. But to come to the point without more ado. My real and sole reason for turning authour is this. I am an unfortunate being, to whose lot it has fallen to be possessed of a quantum of brains barely sufficient to carry me respectably through life, as I have somewhere above stated. Yet I am hasty and inconsiderate, and have a good modicum of vanity. Now a little wit, to stir up with the aforesaid ingredients, would make a tolerable hodge-podge. But wit, the salt, the oil, the primum mobile, the every thing, is wanting; and with this art can never furnish us, if by nature we are deficient. I have

ransacked every jest book, printed since the days of Caxton; have attempted repartee ever since I could articulate; have lost some score of my best friends, owing to the levity with which I treated them, in my madness after the character of a wit. My attempts at jest have frequently conferred on me the epithet of an impertinent, but never of a witty fool.

From this it will appear clearly that I am a quintessence of dulness and stupidity. Yet I have never been able to divest myself entirely of the idea that there is a latent principle of wit, existing (I know not where) about me, which though at present veiled in obscurity, will, ere long, burst forth, like the sunbeams through the vapours of the morning, with all due and becoming splendour.

It was but the other day, I went to the expence of buying a plaster of Paris head, marked according to the theory of Dr. Gall. For as in bodily concerns, when the first-rate practitioners give up an expiring patient for a bad job, he turns to some quack, or culler of simples, or some medicinal old midwife, as a last and forlorn resource. So is it with the affairs of the mind. I was given up as a fool and a dolt by all who knew me, yet still, like the sick man clinging to life, hankered after the reputation of being a clever fellow. I thought, that, were I fortunate enough, (through the aid of that intolerable old Humbug, Dr. Gall,) to find a lump upon my pericranium near the spot, which is pointed out as the dwelling place of wit, I might again shew my face, or at least my *head*, among my old acquaintance. But here again were my hopes frustrated and foiled—I had made a fixed resolution to gulph down the whole theory as gospel,

provided my head exhibited the requisite developement.—Alas! on examination, my noddle was pronounced as smooth all over as polished marble, or the skin of a scalded pig. Indeed, a scoundrel of a friend ventures to assert that there was an evident valley in that quarter.

That this disappointment rather unmanned me for the moment, I make no scruple of confessing, yet, when I came maturely to consider the affair, it appeared impossible that Gall's system could be correct, and "Richard was himself again." I perceived the fallacy of the whole fabric at one glance, threw the head into the fire, consigned Gall's book to the more menial purposes of life, which it is not necessary here to detail, and entered on the determination of proving whether I am as witless as ever, in a new way—namely, by writing, weekly, an article to some one or other of the periodical publications, with which this metropolis is at present inundated; and which, like so many ducts, convey the stream of Literature, daily, like our water, into our houses—pity 'tis, that the stream should so often be defiled and muddy.

As it is highly probable, that these, my hebdomadal productions will come in for a tolerable share of that ridicule, which never fails to await such presumptuous blockheads, as arrest the attention of the million, without, in fact, having any thing worth telling them. I hereby apprise all you, Gentlemen derisors, who are now screwing up your mouths, lips, and eyes, into grisly shapes of embryo scorn, for my future service—that all such contortions of visage are unnecessary as well as unbecoming, for no one can be better-aware than myself of the low and fluctu-

ating state of that fund, from which all my supplies are to be derived. And I further apprise you, that this, my undertaking, is not entered upon with an idea that I shall be of much service to the world, either in a literary or moral point of view; but rather as a penance, or course of medicine, to purge me from those vain conceits, and self-approving notions, which yet continually infest me: for I know of no more effectual *scourer* in nature, than a good black dose of contempt, acidified by a quantum suff. of ridicule, for a mind, labouring under that disgusting disease, called by the circumlocutory vulgar, "the not thinking *small beer* of one's self."

P. P.

POET'S CORNER.

"neque est ignobile carmen."

VIRG.

To the Editor of the Freebooter.

SIR,

I enclose you a selection from a very spirited yet scarce poem, which I have been in the habit of reciting at various public and private assemblies; the subject is one of great interest, and is one of the many melancholy instances resulting from that horrible traffic the Slave Trade, I trust it will not be unacceptable to your readers.

"Let the guilty blush,

"The white man that betrayed me."

Your's truly,

J. JONES.

In times long past, beyond the Atlantic waves,
A hoary despot ruled his band of slaves;
Train'd from his birth to give each passion sway,
And taught that blacks were made but to obey,

That hand he used to harass and oppress.
By heaven endow'd with sacred power to bless.

In vain his purchas'd wretches toil, in vain

Stretch ev'ry nerve, his favour to obtain;
On ev'ry side ferocious looks he throws,
He speaks in menaces and chides in blows.
What heart of mortal mould could thus be won?

The sable race, true children of the sun,
Can glow with gratitude, can burn with ire,

As wrong or kindness suits their native fire.

The feast is spread, Malfaro's guests attend;

In ev'ry guest he seems to greet a friend;
Around his porch Arabian sweets entwine
And raise the enchantment of convivial wine,

The song, the tale, the jest go round,
and all

Extol the joyance of Malfaro's hall.

Sudden a sound was felt on every heart,
It shook the board with an electric start,
A clanking chain along the marble floor
Was dragged, and heavily approached the door;

Toward that door each asking eye was turn'd,

Malfaro's breast with rising fury burn'd,
For in his sight a fetter'd negro stood,
Of lofty bearing, but of lowering mood;
His sunken cheek of pining sickness told,
Within their hollow cells his eye-balls roll'd;

See him another painful step advance,
Full toward his lord, and face his lightning glance.

"Look, look," he cries, then with his chained hand

Points to his chained feet, "see here I stand,

A suitor for your favour! nay, behold!
These iron shackles, in my service old,
Demand repair!" then, with a ghastly grin,

That spoke the triumph of revenge within,
He cast on all around his dreadful eyes,
On all dark horror seiz'd; with strange surmise,

With rash remonstrance, those the tyrant brave—

These yield to kind compassion for the slave;

His big swollen feet and tottering knees record

Deep condemnation on his ruthless lord;
He, breathing rage, each absent vassel calls

To bear the miscreant off; but, round the walls,

Listening they lurk—the summons none obey,
 All mutual swear to give their comrade way.
 “He pleads the common cause,” they cry, “nor shall
 “One foot advance—with him we stand or fall.”
 But hark! he speaks again, Malfaro tries—
 T’annihilate the accents as they rise,
 “Be dumb, or take thine instant death,” he cries.
 “Master, last night I dreamt a dream of woe—
 “My soul went down into the place below!
 “Aye, you may well look pale—I saw thee there,
 “Where ugly fiends, and fiery torments are.”
 The monster heard no more—within his reach
 A footstool lay—in vain the guests beseech,
 While yet they spoke, too swift, too sure, it fled,
 Right on the Temple, struck the victim’s head,
 And down he fell, nor stripes, nor fetters more
 Shall sear his worsted frame, his woes are o’er.
 Not so, Malfaro’s, from that very hour,
 His conscience is his plague, with tenfold pow’r.
 She rules and riots in his culprit mind;
 Nor was the torture to her stings confin’d.
 His horror stricken guests the tale diffus’d—
 Of loathed murder! now he stands accus’d.
 With looks, askance, he eyes the dusky train—
 Ponders their gestures o’er and o’er again.
 Suspects the viands, and his lonely board,
 And bids the servant taste before his Lord.
 At night, within a range of silent rooms,
 Where blazing lamps, o’ercome the midnight glooms,

Each massy door with pond’rous bars secur’d,
 He courts that rest, his waking deeds abjur’d.
 Such life he led, meanwhile each groaning breath,
 Was number’d—for with lifted hand, stood death!
 Such visions then appall’d the guilty man
 He scarcely felt the pangs that thro’ him ran—
 He died—his grave was clos’d—what, then, befel?
 Nor mortal dares inquire, nor angel tell!
 But hark! the rumour swells to joyful cries,
 Afric ’tis done, from British bondage rise;
 Our floating dungeons now no more shall boast
 Of human cargoes ravish’d from your coast;
 Nor shall the natives of your injur’d land
 Shriek at a Briton’s sight, and fly the strand.
 And bleeding Spain, if e’er thy wounds should close,
 And heaven, though late, restore thee to repose,
 When thine own toils in freedom’s cause are o’er,
 Oh then enslave thy fellow-man no more:
 Leave to detested France the black disgrace,
 To scourge, on ev’ry soil, man’s ev’ry race.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank Z. P.T.P. A.F. Αξιολογος, and C. F. for their Contributions, and L. for his clever Drawing.

Letters remain at the Publishers for a “Constant Reader,” and a “Subscriber,” one respecting Iz. Wa. and the other our proof impressions.

THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex ripto vivens.

No. VI.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1823.

[PRICE 2d.]



Drawn by Thomas Ag. I. B. 1823

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THIS College one of the richest foundations in Europe, combines many subjects of interest. Its sprightly tower is the first object

which strikes the traveller upon entering Oxford from the East. It possesses in its first court, as in its tower, exquisite specimens of the col-

legiate style, as in its chapel of the pointed : in the next (its cloister) specimens of the *maniera tedesca*, or the grotesque, which some would rather translate by "burlesque." Beyond that, again to the north, is the area of a magnificent new quadrangle, in the modern style, one side of which standing on an arcade, is finished : the opposite side consisting of the old buildings is not a little interesting, while the prospects through the other two sides, yet open and unbuilt upon, are more interesting than either.

The Tower above mentioned, stands on the northern side of the chaplains court, it is divided into four stories, in three of which there is a pointed window on each side of the tower of simple and pleasing effect; in each face of the upper story are two lofty windows of more elaborate workmanship. Above these the tower displays much ornamental sculpture and is crowned by an open wrought battlement. From the angles of the tower project slender turrets of an octagonal form which being carried up to a considerable height above the parapet, terminate in richly crocketed pinnacles between each of which is inserted another pinnacle of equal height, but of more delicate proportions. Tradition ascribes the erection of this tower to Cardinal Wolsey who was bursar of this Society.

The college has a fine chapel and hall enriched with many valuable paintings, it has also a little park adorned with noble forest trees, and stocked with deer, adjoining to which, in a far different character, is the water-walk, formed by the Cherwell flowing round an enchanting meadow, it was planted in the time of Elizabeth, and the Founder's Oak has stood six hundred years. Here Addison delighted to

compose, and think : here too, the mind of Collins, united as it was to a feeble frame, first caught that poetic rapture, which too soon consumed him. But greater men have trod, and as it were, hallowed this ground ;—here have been martyrs for religion and liberty.

This College found a president and a whole society sworn to withstand the arbitrary power of James the second, having before sent out a Hampden to resist the illegal measures of his unhappy Father—first in the public tribunals, and then in the field where he died. Besides its long list of prelates, the Cardinals Pole and Wolsey of whom the gentle dignity of the one contrasted the with haughty stateliness of the other, it lays claim to Dean Colet, Bishop Horne, Latimer, Hough, Bodley, Linacre and Wootton. Besides Addison and Collins, it had the poets Yalden and Hammond, Fox the martyrologist, Heylin, Chilmead the philologist, Coles and Lilly, the lexicographer and grammarian, not omitting Gibbon, who in the particular character of his genius ought rather to be classed with these last, than with legitimate historians.

It was founded by William Patten of Wainfleet, who was the confidential minister of Henry the Sixth, and was by him raised to the see of Winchester in which he remained 36 Years. He was also Lord Chancellor and Master of Eton.

L.

IRISH TOURS.

NO. III.

KILRUDDERY.

AT the market Cross in the village of Bray the road divides; the branch to the right, leads to the glen of the Downs joining the new line

of road from Dublin to Rathdown; at Hollybrookgate, the road diverging to the left, passes by Mr. Pullands demesne and the woods of the old court, and passing to the West of Bray Head, leads to Kilruddery the seat of the Earls of Meath.—The Chief object in conducting our fellow travellers along this road, is to visit the demesne and house of Kilruddery.—The grounds are laid out in the old fashioned formal style of Dutch pleasure grounds, and are in Ireland quite unique.—In front of the house there are two long straight and narrow ponds inclosed by lofty trees on each side, and separated by a terrace of smooth green turf. Amongst the shrubberies are some of the finest evergreens in Ireland. In one place is a circular pond inclosed by a hedge of beech nearly twenty feet in height, the shelter and stillness constantly preserved by the height and closeness of the surrounding skreen render the surface of the pond a perfect mirror, in which the little amphitheatrical panorama is reflected.

The pleasure grounds higher up the hill are disposed in a uniform manner, from different centres broad green walks diverge like radii of a circle inclosed by close beech-hedges, at the end of which are long straight terraces, carpeted with smooth and soft green moss. Here the arbutus tree is seen of an enormous size, and indeed every tree in the demesne appears to wanton in the luxuriance of its situation, for they have all outstripped the usual limits of their growth.

The improvements made in the demesne of Kilruddery are directed by the most refined taste, and can only be justly estimated by those who remember what a very uninteresting residence it was when the road passed near the

house, and through the very centre of the grounds.

The old mansion of Kilruddery becoming unfit for the residence of a nobleman of taste and fortune, was removed in the year 1820, and the present building commenced upon the same scite.—This beautiful and singular structure is after the design of two very eminent artists, the Messrs. Morrison, to whose ingenuity and taste Shelton Abbey and Castle Howard, both in the same county, will bear a lasting and enviable testimony.

Kilruddery House represents the style of architecture of the latter end of King Henry's and the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, that style which superseded the florid gothic, and is now called the Old English: many specimens are to be seen in England, but not a single instance in the sister country.—The exterior here is richly decorated with ornamental carving; bower windows are surmounted with open work balustrades, the summits of each pier being ornamented with armorial bearings. The entrance is beneath an octagonal tower, crowned with a cupola rising in the centre of the north front.—Ascending then a broad flight of steps, the great hall is entered. This splendid apartment which rises to the height of the building, is an admirable specimen of the ancient Baronial Hall, the scene of noble minded hospitality and grandeur, where minstrels

“ Pour'd to lord and lady gay
The unpremeditated lay.”

The walls are wainscoted with oak to about one third of their height, at which level, a gothic cornice and frieze, filled with armorial bearings, runs round the chamber. Above this the light is admitted on one side by a row of lofty windows

glazed with stained glass. An open arcade is continued round the remaining side, the arches of which corresponding with the windows preserve continuity and uniformity. The ceiling is supported by carved oak beams resting on open work brackets springing from gos-hawks, the family crest, carved in dark oak. The grand staircase opens from the Hall, and is richly and beautifully decorated. The reception rooms, which are in suite, open on the great hall: they consist of a morning parlour, drawing room; library and great drawing room, the last mentioned apartment, which is 44 feet in length, is subdivided by two skreens of porphyritic columns, supporting a rich entablature. There is besides a small drawing room with a singularly beautiful pendentive ceiling; this elegant apartment terminates the suite, and opens into an extensive conservatory filled with the choicest plants.

The outline given here of this beautiful and truly noble mansion is very imperfect but the unfinished state both of the house and surrounding progressive improvements renders even this much an anticipation of facts.

CURIOUS DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY
OF LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS IN
THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THIS most antient city is in the County of Middlesex, the fruit-fullest and wholesomest soil in England. It is built on the River Thames, sixty miles from the sea, and was originally founded, as all historians agree, by Brutus. This city being very large of itself, has very extensive suburbs and a fort, called the tower, of beautiful structure. It is magnificently ornamented with public buildings and churches

of which there are one hundred and twenty parochial.

On the south side there is a bridge of stone eight hundred feet in length, of wonderful work; it is supported upon twenty piers of square stone, sixty feet high, and thirty broad, joined by arches of about twenty feet diameter. The whole is covered on each side with houses, so disposed, as to have the appearance of a continued street, not at all of a bridge—Upon this is built a tower, on whose top the heads of such as have been executed for high treason are placed on iron spikes: we (says Hentzner) counted about thirty.—The wealth of the world is waisted to London by the Thames, swelled by the tide, and navigable to the merchants ships through a safe and deep channel for sixty miles, from its mouth to the city: its banks are every where beautified with fine country seats, woods, and farms; below is the royal palace of Greenwich—above, that of Richmond; and between both, on the west of London, rise the noble buildings of Westminster, most remarkable for the courts of Justice, the Parliament, and St. Peter's church, enriched with the royal tombs. At the distance of twenty miles from London, is the castle of Windsor, a most delightful retreat of the kings of England, as well as famous for several of their tombs, and for the ceremonial of the Order of the Garter. This river abounds in swans, swimming in flocks; the sight of them, and their noise is vastly agreeable to the fleets that meet them in their course. It is joined to the city by a bridge of stone, wonderfully built; is never encreased by any rains, rising only with the tide, and every where spread with nets for taking salmon and shad.

The walls are pierced with six

gates, which, as they were rebuilt, acquired new names. Two look westward, 1. Ludgate, the oldest, so called from king Lud, whose name is yet to be seen, cut in the stone over the arch, on the side; though some imagine it rather to have been named Fludgate, from a stream over which it stands, like the Porta Fluenta, at Rome. It has been lately repaired by Queen Elizabeth, whose statue is placed on the opposite side. 2. Newgate, the best edifice of any; so called from being newly built, whereas before it was named Chamberlain-gate. It is a public prison. On the north there are four gates. 1. Aldersgate, as some think from alder trees; as others, Aldericus, a Saxon, probably the founder thereof. 2. Cripplegate, from an hospital for the lame. 3. Moorgate, from a neighbouring morass, now converted into a field, first opened by Francetius,* the Mayor, 1414. 4. Bishopsgate, from some bishop; this the German merchants of the Hans society were obliged, by compact, to keep in repair, and in times of danger to defend. They were in possession of a key to open or shut it, so that upon occasion they could come in, or go out, by night, or by day. To the east, there is only one, named Aldgate, i. e. Oldgate, from its antiquity, though others think it to have been named Elbegate. According to some writers there were formerly two gates, (besides that to the bridge) towards the Thames. 1. Billingsgate, now a cothon, or artificial port, for the reception of ships. 2. Dourgate, vulgo Dowgate, i. e. Watergate.

The Cathedral of St. Paul was founded by Ethelbert, king of the Saxons, and being from time to time re-edified, increased to vast-

* Hentzner has committed an error here; his name was Sir Thomas Falconer.

ness and magnificence, and in revenue so much, that it affords a plentiful support to a Bishop, Dean and Præcentor, Treasurer, four Arch-deacons, twenty-nine Prebendaries, and many others; the roof of this church, as with many others in England, with the adjoining steeple, is covered with lead.

In the suburb to the west, joined to the city by a continual row of palaces, belonging to the nobility, of a mile in length, and lying on the side next to the Thames, is the small town of Westminster, originally called Thornep, from its thorn bushes, but now Westminster, from its aspect and its monastery. Upon this spot is said formerly to have stood a temple of Apollo, which was thrown down by an earthquake in the time of Antoninus Pius; from the ruins of which, Sebert, King of the east Saxons, erected another to St. Peter; this was subverted by the Danes, and again renewed by Bishop Dunstan, who gave it to a few monks. Afterwards king Edward, the Confessor, built it entirely new, with the tenth of his whole revenue, to be the place of his own burial, and a convent of Benedictine monks, and enriched it with estates dispersed all over England. In this church is deposited the chair in which the kings of England at their coronation are seated, in it is said to be enclosed the stone on which the patriarch Jacob slept, when he dreamt he saw a ladder reaching quite up into heaven. It was brought from Scotland by Edward the First, after his conquest of that country. Near to this church is Westminster-hall, where, besides the Sessions of Parliament which are often held there, are the courts of justice. Previous to the reign of Henry I. the prime court of justice was moveable, and followed the king's court. The present hall was built by Ri-

Edward II. in the place of an ancient one which he caused to be pulled down. He made it part of his habitation, (for at that time the kings of England determined causes in their own proper person, and from the days of Edward the Confessor had their palace adjoining) till, on its being burnt in the reign of Henry VIII. he removed the royal residence to White-hall, situated in the neighbourhood, which, a little before was the house of Cardinal Wolsey: this palace is truly royal—included, on one side by the Thames, on the other by a park, which connects it with St. James's, another royal palace. In the chamber where the Parliament is usually held, the seats and wainscot are made of wood, the growth of Ireland; said to have that occult quality, that all poisonous animals are driven away by it: near this palace also is seen an immense number of swans, who wander up and down the river for some miles, nobody daring to molest, much less to kill, any of them, under penalty of a considerable fine. In the park there is plenty of deer. In a garden joining to the palace, there is a *jet d'eau*, with a sun-dial, which, while strangers are looking at it, a quantity of water, forced by a wheel, which the gardener turns at a distance, through a number of little pipes, plentifully sprinkles those that are standing round.

Guildhall is a fine structure, built by Thomas Knowles; here are to be seen the statues of two giants, said to have assisted the English when the Romans made war upon them; Corinius of Britain, and Gogmagog of Albion. Beneath, upon a table, the titles of Charles V. Emperor, are written in letters of gold.—Every year upon St. Bartholomew's day, when the fair is held, it is usual for the Mayor, attended by the

twelve principal Aldermen, to walk in a neighbouring field, dressed, in his scarlet gown, and about his neck a golden chain, to which is hung a golden fleece, with the collar of S.S. During the year of his magistracy, he is obliged to live so magnificently that foreigner, or native, without any expense, is free, if he can find a chair empty, to dine at his table, where there is always the greatest plenty. When the Mayor goes out of the precincts of the city, a sceptre, a sword, and a cap, are borne before him, and he is followed by the principal Aldermen, in scarlet gowns, with gold chains, himself and they on horseback: upon their arrival at a place appointed for that purpose, where a tent is pitched, the mob begin to wrestle before him two at a time; the conquerors receive rewards from the magistrates. After this is over, a parcel of live rabbits are turned among the crowd, which are pursued by a number of boys, who endeavour to catch them with all the noise they can make. The next thing worthy of notice, is the Castle or Tower of London, called Bringwin, and Torngwin, in Welsh, from its whiteness; and the Royal Exchange, so named by the present Queen (Elizabeth) built by Sir Thomas Gresham, citizen, for public ornament, and the convenience of merchants. There are fifteen colleges, within and without the city, nobly built, with beautiful gardens adjoining. The three principal of which are the Temple, inhabited formerly by the Knights Templars: it seems to have taken its name from the old temple, or church, which has a round tower added to it, under which lie buried those kings of Denmark that have reigned in England, Gray's Inn, and Lincoln's Inn. The streets in this city are very handsome and clean,

but that which is named from the goldsmith's, who inhabit it, surpasses all the rest; there is in it a gilt tower with a fountain that plays.

Without the city are some theatres, where English actors represent almost every day tragedies and comedies to very numerous audiences; these are concluded with excellent music, variety of dances, and the excessive applause of those that are present. There is also another place, built in the form of a theatre, which serves for the baiting of bulls and bears; they are fastened behind, and then worried by great English bull dogs, but not without great risk to the dogs, from the horns of the one and the teeth of the other; and it sometimes happens they are killed on the spot; fresh ones are immediately supplied in the places of those that are wounded or tired. To this entertainment there often follows that of whipping a blinded bear, which is performed by five or six men, standing circularly with whips, which they exercise upon him without any mercy, as he cannot escape from them because of his chain; he defends himself with all his force and skill, throwing down all who come within his reach, and are not active enough to get out of it; on which occasion he frequently tears the whips out of their hands and breaks them. At these spectacles, and every where else, the English are constantly smoking tobacco. In the theatres, fruits, such as apples, pears, and nuts, according to the season, are carried about to be sold, as well as ale and wine.—*Hentzner's Travels in England.*

THE NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

[The following paper appeared

last December, in "The Museum," a weekly publication, at that time edited by the late Mr. Baily, who did not live long enough to give it a very extensive circulation. Present circumstances, we venture to hope, will render it interesting to our readers in general; and should it meet the eye of any of our brave sailors, so lately released from the icy horrors of the frigid zone, it will tend to shew them, that, while barred by the hand of nature in the frozen main, the deepest interest for their safety, and the most ardent wishes for their success, did not cease to animate the bosoms of their anxious friends and countrymen in England.]

It is interesting to ruminate on what is passing in various parts of the world at the same moment. While some of the inhabitants of the earth are enjoying the warmth of a meridian sun, others are ploughing the trackless ocean in the obscurity of midnight; some are at their morning avocations, some at their noontide meal; some enjoying the evening breeze, others renewing their strength and vigor in the repose of night; and all at the same instant.

While thus mentally running through the simultaneous employments of men of all hues and climes at this particular season, it is difficult to avoid being repeatedly and powerfully drawn to take a view of that little band of heroes, who, are braving winter on his very throne, based as it is by a vast platform of eternal ice, carpeted with everlasting snow.

The first northern expedition of Captain Parry and his gallant companions, was a wonderful proof of the bold daring of human nature;

a handful of men devoted themselves for fame to the dangers of an untried part of the globe. What assurances had they that the secret of the pole was not guarded by Providence—that phænomena, unknown before, might not forbid man to approach that point of the sphere and live? that intensity of frost would not search out the imperceptible moisture in the very timbers of their vessels, and rive them into shreds? that the human body would not congeal to its vitals, in spite of all the protection they could afford to it? in short, that cold would not be found to possess, in its strength, some quality capable of frustrating all their calculations, and destroying themselves in a few hours? Happily they proved that it *was* possible for man to live amidst the utmost rigor of the polar December; and the friends of those who are now engaged in the second expedition, have scarcely any room for apprehension on their account.

What a contrast between their state and ours! *We* can change the scene of hilarity, wile away the time at festive boards, where new faces, and warmth, and the jocundity of the holiday season, attune us to mirth and gladness; while *they* are confined to two solitary bulk-heads, on which the light of the sun will not strike for months yet to come; separated from every other thing that has life, by leagues of solid ice; where any change of society is impossible, ignorant of what is passing in the inhabited world, and environed by a degree of external cold, to which, though I shiver as I write, the inclemency of our present weather is as a sudden sultry summer's day would be to us, and in which even the brutes of the region cannot abide.

And yet there is something snug,

too, in their condition. They are well housed in, and have no pressing cares. It is much to be regretted, that the genii of old, who used to whisk the venturous any distance, however great, in the twinkling of an eye, have discontinued their correspondence with the visible world. Heavens! with what indescribable interest should we not burst in amongst the sole inhabitants of the polar clime! with what delight should we not witness the eagerness attendant on the reading of a new number of the North Georgia Gazette, or see the rough sons of Neptune dancing the ludicrous merry-go-round, so judiciously established by their able commander for pastime and exercise, or hear the hearty laugh at the topical joke—but then to be amidst the bustle of preparation for *the play*, to watch the tiptoe expectation of that ecstatic amusement; and, lastly, to be present at the representation itself—attended by the muses in ruddy health and vigor, though so far from home, and in a climate so unlike their own—to see the grim scenic walrus hemmed in by his assailants, who press him as his canvas sides pant in shorter and quicker heaves, until one tremendous groan proclaim him dead—to view the mimic ship make her way through floes and icebergs—and to hear the shout with which her final emancipation is greeted!—Spirit of Fortunatus, where is thy once famed cap?

Oh! breathe thou gently old Winter on these dauntless sons of a land which acknowledges thy dominion.

It is curious to remark to what an extent circumstances affect the relative values of things. The merest clodpate who had but sense to listen to what was going forward *here*, and a tongue to tell it

there, would be a demi-god among them for a few hours. Last night's play bill, a newspaper of a month old, or even an auctioneer's particular of sale, *here* waste paper, would *there* be conned and spelt over even to the very printer's name, and would rival any single sheet in the Bindley collection. A complete file of the Morning Post would be more highly valued than all the Cyclopædia's that ever were published; the last new farce would press Shakespeare hard; and the last London Gazette would excite an interest nearly as powerful as that which announced the victory of Waterloo excited when wet from the press. Alas! and have we, in this age of improvement, no invention by means of which we could impart a little information to the temporary prisoners?

We cannot help admiring the stern resolution which could calmly place itself in such a situation. What an awful void must be felt when the sun has shewn his face above the horizon the last time for the season! What a struggle, in a mind susceptible of high excitement, to suppress the feeling of forlorn despair! And how necessary the recollection, that *time will on*, that the sun will certainly rise again, and that the object of so much peril and deprivation, will probably be accomplished!

If those who study to pass their lives in a state of uniform quietness seldom have occasion to cope with any great degree of unhappiness or discomfort, on the other hand they rarely taste the dashes of supreme felicity enjoyed by the nobly daring in a good cause. Can there be any doubt that the re-appearance of the blessed orb of day, after leaving our adventurers for so many months in gloomy twi-

light, amply compensates them for his absence? or that the unutterable joy of being welcomed home by their delighted friends, repays them for all other trials?

May they experience the bliss of again setting foot on their native shore—and may their gratification be heightened by complete success, and the assurance that, during the Christmas of 1822, one of the most frequent and heartfelt toasts at all the social meetings of their fellow-countrymen was, *the health of Captain Parry and his brave companions.*

Dec. 1822. A. P.

We select the following from several communications we have been favoured with on "the laudable practice" of

DUELLING,

DON'T be alarmed—you are not to be treated with a tissue of truisms against duelling—No! I am an advocate for that laudable practice, venerable alike for its antiquity and for its merit. The wisest, the bravest, and the best, resort to it in support of their wisdom, their courage and their goodness. The duel will change a lie into truth, make a hero of the coward, compensate the husband for the debasement of his wife, and the father for the seduction of his daughter. From the conduct of men of undeniable honor, we are led to conclude such are the virtues of an appeal to arms; and surely I have no right to quarrel with their conduct.

But there is one *little* difficulty attendant on the single combat as now conducted (and indeed the same difficulty has at all times, as far as I can collect, attended the duel), which determines me never to engage in another with any other

weapons than those with which nature has provided us. I do not think the advantages are equal on both sides.

It was once my misfortune to get into a silly dispute on the construction to be put on the sixth commandment, with a native of the land of the shamrock, and in consequence of what passed on that occasion, he thought it necessary to send me a *message*. I received this pleasant communication while in company with a spirited young soldier, also a Milesian, to whom I mentioned the circumstance. He was of opinion, my antagonist being a dead shot, and a determined fire-eater by repute, that I could not well decline the proposal, and indeed I myself felt a certain something which rendered me ready to adopt his advice. He very kindly offered to act as my *friend* on the occasion, and as I had never even witnessed a *rencontre* of the description in question, nor had ever fired a pistol except for the purpose of making a noise, he tutored me minutely as to the manner in which I should go through the ceremony of the thing.

On the eventful morning, I dressed myself as advised by my *friend*, entirely in dark-colored clothes. I was particular in wearing dark gloves; for it seems on one occasion, a gentleman who placed his naked left hand on his right breast, thereby afforded so excellent a mark for his adversary, that he was shot dead by a ball which entered between the fingers.

Arrived at the ground, the first question was as to the distance at which we were to stand from each other. My antagonist's second proposed fourteen paces, but my friend insisted on eight, because, as he had previously told me, the best marksman was likely to be discon-

certed by seeing the muzzle of a pistol so near him; an effect not much to be wondered at.

I confess by the time we were got on the ground, I should have been glad of a compromise, or of some interruption to prevent the duel taking place. For the latter event I had besides the possible interference of those foes to honor, the police officers, one chance. I hoped that my antagonist would not bring arms, and in that case my friend would not have consented to lend either of the pistols he had borrowed for me, they were so true and sure. However my opponents made their appearance—and an ugly appearance it was to me—furnished with the necessary apparatus.

While the weapons were loading, I cast a glance unobserved at the performers of that operation, in hopes to see that, (as I believe is not unfrequently the case) the balls were omitted. But I saw the mischievous pellets fairly rammed down, and immediately made up my mind to stand the hazard of the *die*. Having candidly confessed my transient fears, I hope I shall be believed in saying, that I stood up manfully enough considering that this was a first appearance on the Chalk Farm stage, and considering that my mother, and my four sisters, in a great measure dependant on my exertions, *would* come within the range of my mental vision.

My friend carefully removed from the field every light colored stone, and other object which might afford a track to me from the deadly eye of my practised foe. However, notwithstanding all the precautions of my kind friend, I received the honor of a bullet, which glanced off with a very fair proportion of my left cheek and cheek bone—so ended this affair.

The next day the newspapers *accurately* spoke of the action, *carefully* concealing names thus:—

“Yesterday morning Lieutenant A-br-y of the — and Mr. B-rn-rd a gentleman of the legal profession, met at Chalk Farm, attended by their respective friends, when Mr. B. was wounded in the *right knee*, but not severely, by Lieut. A's first fire. The seconds then interposed, and the parties left the ground arm in arm. We understand the affair originated in consequence of some attentions offered by the gallant officer, to a lady *protected* by Mr. B.”

I found that this rencontre, and its alleged origin, alienated some old and estimable *friends* from me for a considerable time; but then I was treated with unusual consideration by my *acquaintance*—whom however I did not particularly value.

Still, though so strenuous an advocate for the duel, I never will fight another; for I think even my unimportant life of too much consequence (and certainly I am too fond of it) to be staked on unequal terms.

If ever I am *called out* again I shall require, that my challenger be neither a better nor a worse marksman than myself, that our weapons be of precisely the same goodness, size, and force, and the powder of equal strength, that we divide the light and the wind to the greatest nicety, that our powers of vision be of precisely equal strength, that we be of equal height and bulk, and be clothed precisely alike, that there be a like prospect behind each of us; that our pulses beat precisely with the same degree of celerity, and that we fire at the very same moment.

If all these particulars are not minutely observed, and death ensues, I count the survivor a mur-

derer—I shall ever think my left cheek fell a sacrifice to some advantage possessed by my antagonist over me.

Surely a man *thin enough to split a bullet*, cannot with common decency return the first fire of a Falstaff. If I might presume to offer a hint for a slight improvement in the system, I should suggest that the superficial front presented by each combatant be in future measured, and that the greater surface of the one be countervailed by his having a proportionate number of shots more than the other, according to present rules, is entitled to.

As the practice of duelling is indispensable, I shall hold that man one of the best friends of his country, and particularly of that part of it called Ireland, who shall invent a mode of fighting single handed, which shall prevent the possibility of advantage on either side. Then may gentlemen *go out*, and settle their differences, with safe consciences.

A. P.

THE DIORAMA.

IN that adscititious part of our vast metropolis, which is at present somewhat in the situation of having “left the country,” without having yet arrived “in town.”—at the entrance of the Regent's Park, a strange nondescript sort of building has for some time past been rising from its foundation, for no other purpose that any one could divine, except to puzzle the conjectural faculties of the city quidnuncs, as they passed by it every morning on the tops of the Paddington stages. A short time ago, however, certain letters began to make their appearance in a conspicuous part of the building, which promised to gratify this so long-

excited curiosity ; but they ended in the above most incommunicative word—which was about as explanatory, to the persons to whom it addressed itself, as the Hebrew inscription over the Jew's hospital in the Mile-end-road ; and, for any thing they knew to the contrary, it might mean the same thing. A few weeks ago, however, the riddle was solved ; for the dealers in mystification know very well how far it may be carried. It does very well as a sharpener to the appetite of John Bull ; but before he consents to pay his money, and sit down to the feast, he must know pretty well *what* he has to expect. Accordingly it turns out that the Diorama is neither more nor less than an exhibition of certain pictures, which it is now our business to describe. And we shall begin (where perhaps we ought to end, but that it is the first feeling that suggested itself to us on seeing them) by confessing that they are a manifest improvement on the Panorama, as a means of exhibiting any grand object, or set of objects, of natural or artificial scenery. In fact, the illusion is absolutely perfect in its kind ; that is to say, it produces all the effect both of reality and of illusion at the same time ; it conveys to the spectator all the pleasure to be derived from seeing the actual object which it represents, added to that which results from the feeling that you are only looking at an artificial *imitation* of it.

On entering the place of exhibition, you find yourself in a small circular theatre, fitted up with balconies, seats, and a kind of parterre in the centre, and hung round with rich draperies ; and overhead is a transparent ceiling, superbly painted in arabesque, which lets in “ a dim religious light.” The thea-

tre, or apartment in which you stand, is inclosed on all sides, with the exception of what seems to be about one-fourth of the circle ; and this space, from the ceiling to nearly the floor, is entirely open, as if into the air. It is through this opening that you see, at what appears to be a considerable distance, the scenes which are the objects of exhibition. One of them consists of a lovely valley in Switzerland ; and, it is really no exaggeration to say, that, seen from an open window of an apartment in its immediate neighbourhood, the scene itself could not produce a more enchanting effect : it is true, the feeling of being able to leave the room, and walk out into it, is wanting ; but perhaps this is nearly compensated for by the indistinct pleasure arising from the sentiment, before alluded to, that what you behold is a pure creation of human art and ingenuity. The advantage which this new mode of exhibition possesses over the common panorama, in point of illusion, seems to arise chiefly from an association of ideas in the spectator. In looking at a panorama, there is always a feeling (though frequently an unconscious one) of a want of verisimilitude. We are not accustomed to see views of external objects from a pinnacle constructed for the purpose ; and even supposing the panorama to depict a view as it would actually appear from an imaginary point of this kind (which it cannot possibly do) the effect must still be in some degree *unnatural*, because we have no previous experience to compare it with : accordingly, most people must have observed that, in proceeding round a panoramic view, they find themselves at the point where they commenced long before they supposed they had half com-

pleted the circle ; and the different portions of it become thus blended and confused together, and no distinct and tangible impression is left upon the memory. But in the case before us it is entirely different. Supposing the detail of the scene to be correctly represented, the general effect of it is nothing different from that of the scene itself viewed from a corresponding point of distance ; so that, under certain supposable circumstances, the illusion might actually be made to amount to a deception, even to a practised eye. This effect is greatly aided, too, by the singular ingenuity with which the light is managed, by means of certain media, interposed and withdrawn alternately, above the picture. By means of these the scene assumes all the different appearances that are communicated to its natural prototype, by every degree of light, from the dim twilight of the breaking morning, to the brilliant sunshine of mid-day.

We are now to notice another novelty connected with this interesting exhibition. While we are gazing at the above scene of enchanting natural beauty, and feeling all the sensations that would be called forth by its actual presence, a bell rings, and we presently perceive that the whole is moving away from us, "with the slow motion of a summer cloud," and seems to be gliding, we know not how, behind the walls of the apartment ; but so gradually, that it produces exactly the effect of a distant prospect, apparently receding from us as we pass by it in travelling. While we are engaged, however, in observing this motion, and wondering how it is contrived, our attention is again claimed and rivetted by the scene which we now perceive to be as-

suming the place of that which is passing away. This is a view, apparently of the real size of the building, representing Trinity Chapel, in Canterbury Cathedral ; and the illusion in this case is no less perfect than in the other. Indeed, from the more obvious and tangible nature of the architectural perspective in this scene, it is scarcely possible to persuade many of the spectators that they are looking at a flat surface.

Before taking leave of this exhibition, we should state, that a change in the pictures is produced, not by their changing their stations, but by the whole theatre part of the building turning round, spectators and all.

THE MISCELLANY.

"Rebus et ordine dispar."—HOR.

ON COMETS.

It should seem, that Comets have ever been productive of the wonders and commentaries of mortals. What follows is a sailor's opinion of this phenomenon. The school-master of a man-of-war was haranguing the crew respecting the comet : "The sun," said he, "is a powerful body of fire, which has continued burning for so many years, that all the wood, coals, and other combustibles, of which it is composed, are nearly expended, and the whole mass reduced to the consistency of a cinder : and the comet, which is one hundred million times hotter than the fiery furnace into which the three holy Jews were thrown, is come to supply the former body with more fuel ; it is therefore a satellite, or assistant to the sun !" This definition not being generally understood, an

honest seaman forthwith explained the preceptor's argument. "The sun and the comet," said Jack, "are something like our two tenders off the tower; we have a great one and a little one; the former *to receive impressed seamen*, and the latter to carry them down to the Nore."

The foregoing is a naval idea. Take a French military one on the same subject, "That it is a parcel of old stars, who being no longer of any use, and allowed *half-pay*, have agreed to mess together."

POET'S CORNER.

— "neque est ignobile carmen."

VIR

ON POETRY.

NO. II.

Continued from No. 4.

In the "Viaggio in Dalmazia, del Abate Alberto Fortis," there is to be found a poem unique in its kind, wild as to its plan, but by no means deficient in its story, or in its pathetic powers. The argument is short, and soon told. Asan, a Turkish bassa, (for to the Dalmatians, the Turks are models of politeness, heroism, manners. &c. like the bears to the Kamschatkan's*) has been wounded in a fight, and remains encamped; his mother and sister, with great propriety, attend upon him, but his beloved wife keeps away, being restrained by a species of delicacy, which seems wholly unaccountable. The Bassa, being, naturally, displeased with her conduct, as soon

* We are told in the last voyage of Captain Cook, that the savages on the N. E. coast of Asia have no other models in dancing, &c. than the sprightly animals just mentioned.

as he is recovered, sends her a declaration of divorce. She leaves the house in agonies of grief, deploring the loss of five children with whom she is now to part for ever. Her brother, the Begh Pin-torowich, insists upon her immediately marrying the Judge of Turuska; she is forced to consent, though yearning after her lost husband and family. On passing the castle of her late husband, in her way to Turuska, her children are sent by her repentant first husband, to meet her, and she testifies her affection for them by abundance of presents; but the taking leave of her youngest child, and the distress she feels at hearing the voice of her first husband, whom she still tenderly loved, are too much for her delicate frame, and she falls dead at the gate of her first husband's abode. As a specimen of the Morlachian tongue (in which the poem is written) the following lines are given, being the beginning of the piece.

Seto sebjeli u gorge zelenoj?
Alsu snjezi, al-su Labutove?
Da-su snjezi vech-bi okopnuli
Labutove vech-bi poletjeli.

The first lines are picturesque, and sound well in the Italian translation, to which we must trust, as the Morlachian language will hardly meet with any interpreter in Britain.

"Che mai biancheggia, là, nel verde bosco?
Son nevi, o cigni?" Se le fosser nevi,
Squagliate omai sarebbonsi. Sé cigni,
Mosso avrebero il volo. Ah! non son bianche
Nevi, o cigni colà. Sono le tende,
D'Asano, il duce. Egli è ferito e duolsi,
Acerbamente. A visitarlo andaro,
La madre è la sorella. Anche la sposa,
Sarebbe v'ita, ma rossor trattienla.

"O'er yonder wood what object strikes my sight,
Of candid hue? Is it unmelted snow,
Or the yet brighter plumage of the swan?"

Snow, ere this time, had yielded to the heat,
And swans had long ago their flight resum'd.

Ah! no! nor snow, nor brighter swans I see,
I see the tents of Assan, stern commander;
Groaning with anguish of his wounds he lies;

To sooth his pains a sister's pious care,
A mother's too, attend him; fain his fair
*Betrothed would have joined the dutious band,

But, woe the day! her inbred modesty
Oppos'd the tender thought.—

Not to dwell too long upon the subject, we will slightly glance over the poem till we arrive at the last nine lines. The poor lady has given presents to all her children, and has, with difficulty torn herself away from her little favorite in his cradle.

Tutto in disparte il duce Asán vedea
E a se chiamó i figliuoli. "A me tornate,
Cari orfanelli miei, da che non sente
Piu pietade di voi la crudel madre,
Di arruginito cor."—Udillo, e cadde
L'afflita Donna, col pallido volto,
La terra percuotendo; è a un punto
istesso,
Del petto uscille l'anima dolente,
Gli orfani figli suoi partir veggendo.

Too late repenting, hapless Asan saw
His lovely wife, the mother of his children,
For ever lost! And "turn, ah, turn to me,
Ye wretched babes," he cried, "you,
Like your father,
Are quite forgotten—see! her flinty breast
Sternly resists, and sets your tears at nought."

She heard no more—the wife, the mother, all,
Rush'd on her soul, and quell'd the powers of life,
Assailed at once by pity, love, and grief,

* The word "betrothed" answers exactly to the Italian "sposa," and is more consonant to common sense, than the poet's *own* idea; but, unluckily, the lady in question had had several children by the Bassa.

She sunk to earth, and closed her beautiful eyes
In everlasting sleep——

The two succeeding pieces are specimens of the grave and gay veins of composition, in the sonorous language of Spain.

SONETO XXXVII.

DI GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA.

A la entrada de un valle, en un desierto,
Do nadie atravessava ni se via,
Vi que con estraneza un can hazia
Estremos de dolor, con desconcierto.

Agora suelta el llate al ciel abierto,
Ora vaa rastreando por la via;
Camina, buelve, pára, i toda via,
Quedava des mayado, come muerto.

I fue, que u apartò, de su presencia,
Su amo, i no le hallava, i esto siente;
Mirad hasta de llega el mal de ausencia!

Moviò me a compassion ver su accidente,
Dixele lastimando; Ten paciencia,
Que yo alcanço razon, i estoi absente.

Deep in the lone recesses of a vale,
Where frequent travellers no way had trac'd,

I saw a dog, with desultory haste,
Explore, in sad distress, the pathless dale;

With open nostril now he snuff'd the gale,

And now with eager scent the ground explor'd;

Now here, now there, he turns with anxious care,

And rends, with piercing cries the ambient air,

Seeking, with fruitless quest, his absent Lord.

I view'd his luckless state with pitying eye,

And, as I marked the deep concern he show'd,

My bosom heav'd a sympathetic sigh,
While from my tongue these words spontaneous flow'd:

"Patience, poor wretch!—for greater ills I prove,

"Since *reason's* powers I feel, yet mourn my absent love"

A SONNET FROM THE "ZELOSO ESTREMENO" OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

Madre, la mi madre
Guardas mi poneis,
Que si yo no mi guardo
No mi guardereis.
Dizen que esta escrito
Y con gran razon
Ser la privacion
Causa de appetito.

Crece en infinito
Encerrando amor.
Por esso es mejor
Que no mi encerreis
Que si yo no mi guardo
No mi guardereis

Por si no se guarda
No la havran guarda
Miedo o calidad.
Rompea en verdad
Por la misma muerte
Hasta hallar la suerte
Que vos entendeis
Que si yo no mi guardo
Mal mi guardereis.

Quein tiene costumbre
De ser amorosa
Como mariposa
Si ira tras su lumbré,
Aunque muchedumbre
De guardas le pongar
Y aunque mas propongan,
De hazer lo que hazeis
Que si yo no mi guardo
Mal mi guardereis.

Es de tal manera
La fuerza amorosa
Que a la mas hermosa
La buelve in Chimera
El pecho de cera
De fuego la gana,
Las manos de lana
De fieltro los pies
Que si yo no mi guardo
Mal mi guardereis.

Mother, with watchful eye you strive
My freedom to restrain ;
But know, unless *I guard myself*,
Your guard will be in vain.
It has been said, and reason's voice
Confirms the ancient lay,
Still will confinement's rigid hand
Enflame the wish to stray.

Love, once oppress'd, will soon increase,
And strength superior gain ;
'T were better far, believe my voice,
To give my will the rein :
For if *I do not guard myself*
Your guard will be but vain.

For her, who will not guard herself,
No other guard you'll find ;
Cunning and fear will weak be found,
To chain the active mind ;
Though death himself should bar my way
His menace I'd disdain ;
Then learn, that 'till *I guard myself*,
Your guard will be in vain.

The raptur'd heart which once has felt
A sense of love's delight,
Flies like the moth's impetuous wing,
To find the taper's light.
A thousand guards, a thousand cares,
Will ne'er the will restrain ;
For if *I do not guard myself*,
All other guards are vain.

Such is the all-controlling force
Of love's resistless storm,
It gives to beauty's fairest shape
The dire Chimera's form.
To wax the melting breast it turns,
Flame o'er the cheek is spread ;
With hands of wool it ope's the door,
On felt the footsteps tread.
Then try no more, with fruitless care,
My wishes to restrain ;
For if *I do not guard myself*,
Your guard will be but vain.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank a "constant reader" for the pencil drawing he inclosed us; but although in the absence of original matter "Ex rapto vivens" is our motto, we must remind him, "there is honor even among thieves."

We have to apologize to Φ for our

seeming neglect to his contributions, and to acknowledge the receipt of his last.

P. P's. promised hebdominal production has not yet come to hand.

Tyro.—A. W.—The ghost of Iz. Wa. have been received,

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Ex ripto vivens.

No. VII.]

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[PRICE 2d.]



CAREW CASTLE, PEMBROKESHIRE.

HISTORIANS suppose that the name of Carew is derived from some ancient British earth-works, which are said to have existed on

the scite of the castle, called Cae-rau. The neck of land on which the castle stands, was certainly a most likely situation for such works,

H

being washed by the tide of two estuaries, and having a gentle fall towards the water.

Carew Castle was one of the royal demesnes, belonging to the princes of South Wales, and, with seven others, was given as a dowry with Nesta, daughter of Rhys ap Tewdwr, to Gerald de Windsor, who was appointed lieutenant of those parts by Henry the First, on the outlawry of Arnolph de Montgomery. His eldest son, William, succeeded him in the possession of this castle, as lord thereof, whose son, Odo, gave Redberd, near Carew, to the knights of St. John, at Slebech.

William, the son of Gerald, took the name of Carew, and his descendants for many generations enjoyed their estate, till Edmund Carew mortgaged it to Sir Rhys ap Thomas, to enable him to go on the expedition to Terouin, where he was killed by a cannon ball. On the attainder of Rhys Griffith, it was forfeited to the crown, and leased for a term of years to Sir John Perrot and others; the remainder of which term was purchased by Sir John Carew, descendant and heir of that Sir Edmund, who mortgaged it to Sir Rhys ap Thomas. The estate was afterwards given in fee by Charles the First, and descended to Sir John's great grandson, Thomas Carew, who possessed it to the time of his death, in 1766. He died without issue male, leaving two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, co-heiresses; but Mary dying unmarried, in 1774, the survivor became possessed of the whole barony, manor, and castle of Carew, and married James Bernard, of the Middle Temple, London, Esq. barrister at law; who, on his wife's dying without issue, in 1805, by virtue of settlement to that effect, became

possessed of that property, and has a life interest in it. On his death it stands entailed to Mary Warington and her issue, taking the name and arms of Carew, being the grand-daughter of John Carew, brother to the above-named Thomas Carew.

The remains of this castle indicate it to have been a stately fortress, and the work of different ages. The north side of the castle exhibits the mode of building in the time of Henry VIII. but scarcely castellated. From the level of this side the windows are square, and of grand dimensions, projecting in large bows, and internally the room is richly ornamented with a chimney-piece of Corinthian columns, which appears among the latest decorations of this magnificent edifice. The great hall, built in the decorated gothic style, measuring eighty feet by thirty, is much dilapidated, but still a noble relic of antique grandeur. Other parts of the building are of a remote date, and most of the walls seem remarkably thick, and of solid masonry. To the north is a noble hall, one hundred and two feet by twenty, built by Sir John Perrot, who entertained in this castle the Duke of Ormond, in the year 1553, and afterwards retired to it at the expiration of his deputyship in Ireland. On the west side of the gateway are the arms of England, of Lancaster, and Carew.

DRURY HOUSE.

This mansion, which gave title to the well known lane of that name, was formerly the habitation of the great family of the Druries, and was built by Sir William Drury, K. G. a most respectable commander in the Irish wars, who

unfortunately fell in a duel with Sir John Boroughs, in a foolish quarrel about precedence; a full account of which is given in Kenet's History, vol. 2. His son, Sir Robert, was a great patron of Dr. Donne, and assigned him apartments in this house. During the time of the fatal discontents of the favorite Essex, it was the place where his imprudent advisers resolved on those counsels which terminated in the destruction of that unfortunate nobleman and his adherents. We afterwards find the house in the possession of the heroic William Lord, afterwards Earl, Craven, who rebuilt it with brick. Among the services rendered by that illustrious nobleman, we may (by the way) be permitted to notice those domestic ones rendered to his native city. He was so indefatigable in preventing the ravages of the frequent fires of those days, that it was said, that his very horse smelt it out. With the Duke of Albemarle, (the noted monk) he heroically remained in town during the dreadful pestilence, and at the hazard of his life, preserved order in the midst of the terrors of the time. The house afterwards became, and was till within these few years, a public house, known by the sign of the Queen of Bohemia's Head, the admired mistress of this distinguished nobleman, whose battles he first fought, animated by love and duty.

It is somewhat singular that the lane, of later times so notorious for intrigue, and still equally notorious from certain causes, should receive its title from a family name, which in the language of the immortal Chaucer has an amorous signification, as appears from the following lines:

Of bataille and of chevalrie,
Of ladies' love and Druerie,
Anon I will you tell.

The site of the house is now occupied by the Olympic Theatre.

T. P. T.

ROUGE ET NOIR.

(Continued from No. 5.)

AN involuntary sickness and loathing of heart came over me as I contemplated this scene, and observed the sofas in the adjoining room, which the Parisians, who turn every thing into a joke, have christened "the hospital for the wounded." There, thought I to myself, many a wretch has thrown himself down in anguish and despair of soul, cursing himself and the world with fearful imprecations, or blaspheming in that silent bitterness of spirit, which is more terrific than words. I contrasted the gaudy decorations and panelled mirrors that surrounded me, with the smoky and blackened ceiling, sad evidence of the nocturnal lamps lighted up at the shrine of this Baal, and of the unhallowed worship prosecuted through the livelong night. Turning to the window, I beheld the sun shining from the bright blue sky, the rain was over, the birds were singing in the trees, and the leaves fluttering in the wind; the external gaiety giving an air of appalling antithesis to the painful silence, immoveable attitudes, and spell-bound looks of the care-worn figures within. One man, a German, was contending against a run of ill luck with a dogged obstinacy that was obviously making deep inroads upon his purse and his peace; for though his face was invisible from being bent over his perforated card, the drops of perspiration standing upon his forehead betrayed the inward agitation. All the losers were strug-

gling to suppress emotions which still revealed themselves by the working of some disobedient muscle, the compression of the lips, the sardonic grin, or the glaring wrath of the eye, while the winners belied their assumed indifference by flushed cheeks and an expression of anxious triumph. Two or three forlorn operators, who had been *cleaned out*, as the phrase is, and condemned to idleness were eyeing their more fortunate neighbours with a leer of malignant envy, while the bankers and their assistants, in the certainty of their profitable trade, exhibited a calm and watchful cunning, though their features, pale and swollen, exhibited the effects of confinement, heated rooms, and midnight vigils. E—— informed me that the frequenters of these houses were authorized to call for refreshments of any description, but no one availed himself of the privilege; the “*auri sacra fames*,” the pervading appetite of the place, had swallowed up every other. The very thought revolted me. What! eat and drink in this arena of the dreadful passions; in this fatal room, from which many a suicide has rushed out to grasp the self-destroying pistol, or plunge into the darkness of the wave! in this room, which is denounced to heaven by the widows tears and the orphans maledictions! Revolving these thoughts in my mind, I surveyed once more the faces before me, and could not help exclaiming — What a hideous study of human nature!

“As we have employed so much time,” said E——, “in taking the latitude, or rather the longitude of these various phizzes, we shall be expected to venture something: I will throw down a Napoleon as a sop to Cerberus, and will then convey you home.” Nay,” replied I, “it was for my

instruction we came hither; the lesson I have received is worth the money, so put down this piece of gold, and let us be gone. “Let us at least wait till we have lost it,” he resumed, “and in the mean time we will take our places at the table.” I felt that I blushed as I sat down, and was about to deposit my offering hap hazard, when my companion stopped my hand, and, borrowing a perforated card, bade me remark that the red and black had zig-zagged, or won alternately for fourteen times; and that there had subsequently been a long run upon the black, which would now probably cross over to the other colour; from all which premises he deduced that I should venture upon the red; which I accordingly did. Sir Balaam’s devil, who “now tempts by making rich, not making poor,” was, I verily believe, hovering over my head at that instant; my deposit was doubled, and I was preparing to decamp with my two Naps, when my adviser insisted upon my not baulking my luck, as there would probably be a run upon the red, and I suffered my stake to remain, and go on doubling until I had won ten or twelve times in succession. “Now,” cried E——, “I advise you to pocket the affront, and be satisfied.” Adopting his counsel, I could hardly believe his assertion, or my own eyes, when he handed me over bank-notes to the amount of twenty thousand francs, observing, that I had made a tolerably successful *debut* for a beginner.

Returning home in some perturbation and astonishment of mind, I resolved to prepare a little surprise for my wife; and spreading the bank-notes upon the table with as much display as possible, I told her, upon her entering the room, how I had won them; and enquiring whether Aladdin with

his wonderful lamp could have spent two or three hours more profitably, I stated my intention of appropriating a portion of it to her use in the purchase of a handsome birth-day present. In a moment the blood rushed to her face, and as quickly receded, leaving it of an ashy paleness, when she spurned the notes from her, exclaiming with solemn terror—"I would as soon touch the forty pieces of silver for which Judas betrayed his master." Her penetrating head instantly saw the danger to which I had exposed myself, and her fond heart as quickly gave the alarm to her feelings; but in a few seconds she threw her arms around me, and ejaculated as the tears ran down her cheek—"Forgive me, my dear Charles, pardon my vehemence, my ingratitude; I *have* a present to ask, a boon to implore—promise that you will grant it me." "Most willingly, I rejoined, "if it be in my power." "Give me then your pledge never to play again." "Cheerfully," continued I, for I had already formed that resolution. She kissed me with many affectionate thanks, adding that I had made her completely happy. I believe it, for at that moment I felt so myself.

Many men who are candid and upright in arguing with others, are the most faithless and jesuitical of casuists in chopping logic with themselves. Let no one trust his head in a contest with his heart; the former, suppressing or perverting whatever is disagreeable to the latter, will assume a demure and sincere conviction, while it has all along been playing booty, and furnishing weapons to its adversary. The will must be honest if we wish the judgment to be so. A tormenting itch for following up my good luck, as I termed it, set

me upon devising excuses for violating my pledge to my wife, and no shuffling or quibbling was too contemptible for my purpose. I had promised never to play again—"at that house," or if I had not actually said so, I meant to say so; there could be no forfeiture of my word, therefore, if I went to another. Miserable sophistry! yet, wretched as it was, it satisfied my conscience for the moment,—so easily is a weak man deluded into criminal indulgence. Fortified with such valid arguments, I made my *debut* at the Salon des Etrangers, and after a two hours sitting, had the singular good luck to return home a winner of nearly as much as I had gained on the first day. Success for once made me moderate; in the humility of my prosperous play, I resolved only to continue till I had won ten thousand pounds, when I would communicate my adventures to my wife with a solemn abjuration of the pursuit in future; and as I considered myself in possession of the certain secret of winning whatever I pleased, I took credit to myself for my extreme moderation. From Frascati, the scene of my third attempt, by a lucky, or rather unlucky fatality, which my subsequent experience only renders the more wonderful, I retired with a sum exceeding the whole of my previous profits, when, like the tiger who is rendered insatiate by the taste of blood, I instantly became ravenous for larger riches; and already repenting the paltry limitation of the day before, determined on proceeding till I had doubled its amount. Another day's luck, and even this would have been spurned; for neither Johnson's Sir Epicure Mammon, nor Massinger's Luke, nor Pope's Sir Balaam, underwent a more rapid develop-

ment of the latent devils of ambition. Indistinct visions of grandeur floated before my eyes; my senses already seemed to be steeped in a vague magnificence; and after hesitating in a sort of waking dream, between Wanstead and Font-hill, one of which I held to be too near, and the other too distant from London, I dwelt complacently on the idea of building a mansion at some intermediate station, which should surpass the splendour of both. Sleep presenting to me the same images through a magnifying glass, I went forth next morning to the accomplishment of my destiny with an exultation of mind little short of delirium.

DERIVATION.

THE etymology of words is very uncertain, and unless a person is acquainted with the change of letters which usually takes place in deriving one language from another, he may be often led into error by similarity of sound. This cannot have a better illustration than by the Spanish word *Hijo*, a son, which appears to be derived immediately from the Greek *Ἦιος* *Hyios*, and not to bear the least resemblance to the Latin *Filius*, from which, however, every person will see it directly formed, who knows that the Spaniards often change the Latin initial *F* into *H*, as *Ferrum*, *Hiero*; *Formosus*, *Hormoso*; and that in the middle of words, they sometimes substitute the *J* for *L*, as *Filium*, *Hojo*.

We are often misled in seeking the etymology of a word, by mistaking the language from which it takes its rise. For instance, few have ever looked to the French word "*allons*," for the derivation

of the English, "*along*," "*come along*;" yet it is the same in sound and meaning.

The editor, at the risque of raising a smile at his own expense, ventures to quote an etymological conjecture. Those who may think lightly of the derivation, may yet be amused by the anecdote, which stands on as good a foundation as to its authenticity as any of its contemporaries.

"In the pontificate of Hugh, the 37th bishop of Mans (for such is the species of date which is given to the tale), *Dangerose*, a lady so beautiful that she was commonly styled "*La belle fille*," or "*La belle Nymphe*," resided at the castle of *Chemiré le Gaudin*, in *Maine* (which to this day retains the name of "*Le Château de Belle-fille*"). She was courted by *Damase*, lord of *Asnieres*; but he being too near akin to obtain her in marriage, the lady's delicacy yielded to her attachment, and they lived together in an illicit alliance. The pious bishop of Mans, after in vain attempting to dissolve the union, launched the bolts of excommunication in the most awful manner against the seducer. But *Damase*, who seems to have been much too powerful a baron to think about religion, ridiculed the good prelate's menaces, and said vauntingly, that "*fire and water would stand him in stead as much as ever, in spite of the bishop*," who, in his turn, replied, "*that fire and water would avenge the cause of Heaven on the haughty lord within six months, unless he repented*." The baron, continuing obstinate, one day, as he was hawking, was obliged, by a violent storm, to betake himself, with his falconer, to a little boat, that by crossing the river he might gain a place of shelter. A flash of light-

ning, however, falling on him and his vessel before he had passed the stream, he died half burnt and half drowned: and though the falconer's body was soon found, that of Damase could never be heard of.

The fair Dangerose, terrified at the fate of her paramour, threw herself at the feet of Bishop Hugh, lamented her sin, and, withdrawing to a remote part of her estates, spent the rest of a long life in unceasing penitence. After this alarming interposition of Providence, the example of Dangerose's misfortune being in every one's mouth, those who are acquainted with the French language will know that, "*Ceci sent la Dangerose*," was a common expression for all the neighbourhood, when any thing which drew peril after it was spoken of. This expression probably extended itself to the English provinces, in the vicinity of Maine, and from hence the French, "*Dangereux*," and the English, "*Dangerous*." Let our great Johnson's history of the word Danger be examined before this etymon be condemned.

"*Danger, n. s. (danger, Fr.) of uncertain derivation. Skinner derives it from damnum, Menage from angaria, Minshew from δαρος, death, to which Junius seems inclined.*"

Let the impartial critic now judge the four words proposed by different persons, as roots for danger or dangerous: Dangerose, Damnum, Angaria, or δαρος.

Those perilous rocks, on the western coast of our island, called "*The Bishop and his Clerks*," are said to have derived their name from an accident which happened nearly 200 years ago. A fleet of merchantmen, coming from Spain, were shipwrecked upon them, and only Miles Bishop, with John and

Henry Clarke, were saved on a fragment of a mast.

In the borough of Southwark is a sign on which is inscribed,

"The old pick my toe;"

probably set up in the room of the representation of the Roman slave, who, being sent on some message of importance, would not stop to pick a thorn out of his foot until he had completed his commission.

A good etymologist ought (as was said by Menage, with respect to his "*Origines*") to find out, by every means, not only whence a word comes, but whither it goes.

BEARDS AND MUSTACHIOS.

(*From the French.*)

Nothing proves the reverence of our forefathers for the beard, better than this proverb—ladies, I beg your pardon—

Though the women may look sour,
With the beard lies all the power.

This respect was carried to extremes among the early Gauls; and from the Druids down to our pioneers, the beard has generally been esteemed the most becoming of all personal ornaments.

However, Fashion, who subjects every thing to her dominion, has occasionally ventured to vary the form of the beard, and warriors and statesmen have alike submitted to her caprice on this point. At first it was worn in the gallant cut of a small tuft under the chin; soon afterwards it gained the cheeks and nearly the whole of the face; while the mustachio, carefully penciled off, but slightly covered the small remaining territory of the upper lip. By and by a voluminous beard became of so much importance, that it was admitted into

civil and religious ceremonies. Alliances were concluded, and ratifications signified, by mutual contact of the contracting beards. The plucking one single hair from the chin was looked on as a flagrant outrage against propriety, and the offender was prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.

This veneration for the beard diminished sadly under our earlier kings. Charlemagne, who did nothing like any body else, took advantage of the beards' decline to promote the mustachio. Accordingly that embellishment was encouraged to extend itself down over the very chest.

About the eleventh century the beard made its re-appearance. We learn from the historians of that day, that the hair, mustachios, and beard, ran so completely wild the one into the others, that the men of the time bore no slight resemblance to goats. In such picturesque guise, with the addition of a saddle on his back, did Hugh, Count de Chalons, throw himself at the feet of Richard, Duke of Normandy, his conquerer, to make submission.

The beard soon resumed all its honorable rank. It became not merely an ornament again, but it absolutely founded titles of lofty distinction. To it were various chieftains indebted for sonorous surnames, for instance, Geoffrey the Bearded and Baldwin Noble-Beard. All the world knows Bluebeard, and the famous Barbossa or Redbeard, and the celebrated Blackbeard — though he ought not perhaps to be mentioned in this list as he did not cut throats on the imperial scale—

Pope Gregory the Seventh smote both beard and mustachio with his anathemas, and Louis the Seventh on his return from his crusade, mo-

ved by the urgent representations of Peter Lombard, Bishop of Paris, cut off his hair and shaved his beard.

Who could have thought that this pious concession of the King would prove a cause of the greatest misfortune? but it did so in fact. Eleonora the wife of Louis, a lively, thoughtless princess, too much given to raillery, imprudently joked her husband on the score of his cropped head and shaven chin. The monarch gravely replied that such serious matters were not subjects for merriment. The young Queen, by no means impressed with the importance of the point, mischievously told him that she had been deceived, and had married a monk instead of a prince; and concluded with proposing a divorce. Louis took her at her word and six weeks afterwards Eleonora gave her hand, and all Poitou and Guyenne with it, to Henry Duke of Normandy; it was not long before the latter seated himself on the throne of England. Such was the origin of a war which distressed France for three hundred years.

However, as there was a general exposure of the chin, it became necessary to resort to *the barber*. This profession has, in our time, lost much of that high esteem in which it was then held. So great was its influence at court, that Labrosse, the barber of Louis the Ninth, a pliant and wicked fellow, became the prime minister and favorite of Philip the Bold, without sheathing the razor. This sycophant, jealous of the power of Marie de Brabant, Philips second wife, accused her of adultery and of having poisoned the eldest son of the first marriage. So artfully was the plot contrived, that the princess had great difficulty in establishing her innocence. She did so, however, and our *barbarous*

minister was hanged. It thence appears there was at that time a law existing, which guaranteed the responsibility of barbers.

Francis the First, that gallant prince who revived literature, had the merit of restoring the beard also, but so arranged and shaped as to form a new adornment to the face. This restoration gave rise to the *beardite* and the *antibeardite* factions. The clergy assumed the beard, but it was only the court clergy. There was a signal victory gained by the antibeardited, which deserves particular notice. William Duprat coming bearded to take possession of his bishopric of Clermont, the dean of the canons, attended by all the chapter, stopped him at the church gates and respectfully presenting to him a large pair of scissars on a silver tray, protested that he should neither receive homage, nor be received himself, until he had repudiated his beard. William yielded with a good grace, and entered amidst the acclamations of the canons,—carrying the spoils of their bishop's chin in triumph.

It was under Louis the Thirteenth that the beard disappeared from the court, never to return: at least there was after that, nothing more of it worn than a very diminutive patch at the end of the chin. So suddenly did the new fashion prevail, that when Sully was sent for to the young monarch's court, the courtiers could not help laughing at the old minister, who had preserved the ancient barbic costume in all its purity. This moved the austere statesman to address the King openly in these words: "Sire, whenever your father, of glorious memory, did me the honor to call me to his councils, in order to ask my advice on his great and important affairs, he first

sent all the court fools and mountebanks about their business."—

At last under Louis the Fourteenth beards were quite out of fashion, and, disgraced as they were, took refuge on the lower maxillaries of the Capuchins. The use of snuff gave the mustachios their dismissal from the Court, which they quitted entirely but with more respect for their dignity than the beards had shewn, they planted themselves, with an air of defiance, under the noses of our grenadiers, satisfied that nobody would venture to present scissars for their reduction there. Ever since that time military coquetry has amused itself with varying their shapes, and much of the beard's pristine omnipotence has, among our soldiers, gone over to the mustachio.

A. P.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE METHOD OF LIVING AMONG THE NOBILITY, IN AND PRIOR TO THE REIGN OF KING CHARLES I.

THE English noblemen and gentlemen, who accompanied King James I. and his Queen into Scotland, introduced, it is said, a more luxurious mode of living in that kingdom than had been formerly known; and in consequence of an harangue against this, by the Bishop of St. Andrew's, an act passed regulating the manner in which all persons should live; and, in particular, prohibiting the use of pies and other baked meats (then first known in Scotland) to all under the rank of barons. It was the custom of great families to have four meals a day—viz. breakfasts, dinners, suppers, and liveries, which was a kind of collation in their bed-chambers, immediately before they went to rest. They

breakfasted at seven, dined at two in the forenoon, supped at four, and had their liveries between eight and nine, and went to bed soon after. The breakfast of an earl and his countess, on Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, in the holy fast of Lent, was "a loaf of bread in trenchers, two manchets (a small loaf of the finest bread, weight six ounces) a quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish, six baconed herrings, four white herrings, or a dish of sprats." This for two persons at seven in the morning, was a tolerable allowance for a day of fasting. Their suppers on these days were equally plentiful. Their breakfast on flesh days was, "a loaf of bread in trenchers, two manchets, a quart of beer, a quart of wine, half a chyne of mutton, or a chyne of beef boiled." "The liveries were two manchets, a loaf of household bread, a gallon of beer, and a quart of wine." The wine was warm and mixed with spice; no rule was fixed for dinners, as these were the principal meals, at which they entertained their company. It is remarkable, that skopkeepers, mechanics, and labourers, breakfasted at eight in the morning, dined at noon, and supped at six in the evening; which were later hours than those of the nobility.

The Barons not only kept numerous households, but very frequently entertained still greater number of their friends, retainers and vassals. These entertainments were conducted with much formal pomp, but not with equal delicacy and cleanliness. The Lord of the mansion sat in state in his great chamber, at the head of his long clumsy oaken board? and his guests were seated on each side, on long hard benches or forms, exactly according to their stations, and happy

was the man whose rank entitled him to be placed above the great family salt in the middle. The table was loaded with capacious pewter dishes, filled with salted beef, mutton and butcher's meat of all kinds, with venison, poultry, sea-fowl, wild-fowl, game, fish, &c. dressed in different ways according to the fashion of the times. The sideboards were plentifully furnished with ale, beer and wines, which were handed to the company, when called for, in wooden and pewter cups; by the mareschals, grooms, yeomen and waiters of the chamber, ranged in regular order. But with all this pomp and plenty, there was little elegance, the guests were obliged to use their fingers instead of forks which were not then invented. They sat down to table at ten in the morning, and did not rise till one in the afternoon, by which three of the best hours in the day were spent in gormandizing.

THE "ESTATES-MAN."

In the midst of secluded scenes, formed by the involutions of the mountains of Cumberland, uncorrupted by the society of the world, lives one of the most independant, most moral, and respectable characters existing—the Estates-man, as he is called, in the dialect of the country. His property usually is from eighty to two hundred pounds a year, his mansion forms the central point of his possessions, where, surrounded by his own paternal meads, and native hills, he passes an inoffensive life; occupied in cultivating the first, and browsing the last, with his large flock of three or four thousand sheep, he transmits to his descendants, without diminution or increase, the

demesne, which from his frugal and contented forefathers had devolved to him. Hence it is that more frequent instances occur, in the deep vales of Cumberland, of property being enjoyed for a long series of generations, by the same family, than in any other part of England. Their sheep roving wild on the mountains, and never taken into the farm-yard, are exposed to perpetual accidents from the inclemency of the weather, and the devastations of snow-storms, which have been known to destroy from twelve to fifteen hundred head in a year. This circumstance prevents them from getting rich, but on the other hand, as the flocks are kept without the least expence to the proprietors, their losses never introduce poverty among them: they are preserved in that golden mean, which Agur so earnestly and rationally petitioned of his God, that he might obtain. Removed from the ever shifting display of fashionable life, their manners are primitive: their hospitality is unbounded and sincere, their sentiments simple, and their language scriptural. "Go," said an Estatesman to a friend of Mr. Warner's, (from whose northern tour this account is taken) and whom he had entertained for some days at his habitation: "Go to the vale on the other side of yon mountain, to the house of such an Estatesman, and tell him you come from me. I know him not; but he will receive you kindly, for our sheep mingle on the mountains!"

The next class of inhabitants in this county, exhibit a contrast to the former by no means favourable to the latter. These comprehend the descendants of those fierce borderers, who for centuries lived by rapine, and whose unyielding spirits were hardly ameliorated till

the period of the union with Scotland, in whose vicinity was their residence. Many of them are now dealers in horses and cattle, and are provincially termed Bworder Cowppers, their manners, to employ their own phrase, are more "ram-shackle" than those of other Cumbrians. They are the life and soul, as well as the plague and disturbance, of every company they join with; being continual talkers, hard drinkers, and quarrelsome. One of these horse dealers, attempted to recommend himself to a travelling Scotchman, by claiming kindred, affirming that he was a border Scot; "Gude faith, I dinna doubt it," quoth the shrewd Caledonian, "the coarsest part of the cloth's aye at the selvidge." There is one more local particularity, that of honorary titles, arising from the different degrees of allowed consequence or property, in Cumberland, and which appear singular, when compared with their usual acceptation in society. The mistress of the house is a dame: every owner of a little land, a 'statesman; his eldest son is a laird; and where there is no son, the eldest daughter is born to the title of leady. Thus may be seen, a 'statesman driving the plough, a lord attending the market with vegetables, and a lady labouring at the churn!

L.

THE ORIGIN OF COCK-FIGHTING,

As this has become an amusement greatly prevalent in most countries in Europe, and more especially in our own, the following account of the origin of this custom, translated from the Greek of Claudius Ælian, may not be unentertaining.

After the victory over the Persians by Themistocles and Pausanias, in the battles of Platza and Mycale, the Athenians made a law, "that fighting cocks should be bred up to fight on a certain day, once in five years, in the public theatre;" and it is from this period that we may justly date the universality, if not the origin, of this custom. It was when Themistocles led his forces against the barbarians that he first saw these fighting cocks. Nor did he take notice of them to gratify an idle curiosity only; but, mindful of what he had seen, and what he intended, he thus addressed his soldiers.

"These, you see, are neither actuated by the love of their country, nor to protect their household Gods: they neither fight to promote the avarice of ambitious chieftains, nor for the love of glory, nor for freedom, nor for their offspring; but merely that one should, by his valour, acquire the mastery over the other, or that one should be compelled to acknowledge his opponent's superiority. Since then they are actuated by no interested motives, but merely the love of true valour, oh, my soldiers! be not surpassed by brutes, nor too proud to imitate them: let true courage actuate your minds, and pluck from your breasts every interested motive, and fight like Greeks—like Athenians!"

"Having spoken these words," continues Ælian, "the Athenians mentally approved the justice of his observations, and acceded to his proposal, that they should be bred up to fight in the theatre; because, by these means (said Themistocles) an excitement would be offered to valour, for which reason he wished this custom to be perpetuated to future ages as an inducement for similar actions."

How far Themistocles' wish has been gratified, by the custom of succeeding ages, we have in our times a pretty plain proof. So far, indeed, from this amusement being an excitement to *valour*, such an idea, I believe, has never yet been formed by the *honourable* frequenters of the cock-pits. It is, on the contrary, a direct encouragement to the most detestable of all vices—gaming. Besides, by making it a kind of traffic, the respectability of this custom has greatly degenerated, although pursued by several members of the higher ranks of society.

With regard to the antiquity of this custom, I must disagree with Ælian in his assertion. "from which I say I may date the *origin* of this custom;" for it is evident that it is more ancient than Themistocles' time, as it is expressly said that he took that custom from the barbarians: therefore the barbarians were the first inventors. He might, however, most probably mean its universal adoption, and on the strength of this supposition I have ventured in the translation to say, "and it is from this period that we may justly date the *universality*, if not the *origin*, of this custom," which reconciles the absurdity that Ælian is certainly guilty of.

J. H. V.

EVIL-SPEAKING.

HE that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such an one as he speaks against; for, if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language.

A gallant man is above ill words; an example we have in the old lord of Salisbury, who was a great wise man. Stone had called some lord about court, fool; the

lord complains, and has Stone whipped: Stone cries, "I might have called my lord of Salisbury fool often enough, before he would have me whipped."

Speak not ill of a great enemy; but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better, if you chance to fall into his hands. The Spaniard did this when he was dying: his confessor told him, to work him to repentance, how the devil tormented the wicked that went to hell; the Spaniard replying, called the devil my lord—"I hope my lord the devil is not so cruel;" his confessor reproved him—"Excuse me," said the Don, "for calling him so; I know not into what hands I may fall; and if I happen into his, I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words."

THE MISCELLANY.

"Rebus et ordine dispar."—HOR.

THE SMUGGLER PATIENT.

A GENTLEMAN, a surgeon of much practice, residing in a seaport village in Hampshire, was, one dark winter's night, about the "celebrated hour of twelve o'clock" (to borrow a phrase from a popular novel), called from his bed to visit a patient suddenly taken ill. "Linguenda domus et placens uxor" never reads worse than in the middle of a cold frosty night: but the surgeon (like all other surgeons) comforted himself with the thought of the double honorarium "in that case provided," and, huddling on his clothes as fast as he could, descended in the dark to open the street door. On again closing it behind him, and proceed-

ing a few paces down the street, he felt himself suddenly seized by a vigorous grasp, while the muzzle of a pistol pressed hard against his breast. His interlocutor, wrapped in an immense cloak, in no very silver tones desired him to follow, and as he valued his life to proceed in silence. At the turning of the street, a second man started forth from a projecting door way, and in a low anxious whisper asked, "Have you got him?" "Got him," was the laconic reply, and the three passed on without further speaking. Farther on, another confederate joined them, and "Have you got him?" was repeated in the same way, and produced the same brief half-suppressed "Got him," as before. Thus they proceeded to the outskirts of the village, where they met other men mounted, and holding led horses. "Have you got him?" cried the horsemen, under less restraint, and therefore in a louder key. "Got him," more freely breathed the inflexible conductor, and placing the terrified surgeon on the saddle of one of the led steeds, he got up behind him, and the whole company scoured away over fields, heaths, and bogs, occasionally reconnoitred and joined by scrutinizing *védettes*, after the accustomed "Have you got him?" had assured them that they had got him and that all was right. The poor man's anxiety encreasing at every step that led him further from the "haunts of man," through ways which, though he perfectly knew the country, were still new to him, was now wound up to absolute despair, when suddenly the horsemen paused, and alighted at the door of a lone cottage, in which lay a wounded man, stretched on a bed. The surgeon was dismounted, and ordered to examine and dress the wound, and to

prescribe directions for its management; which being done, the escort took to their horses again, and replacing the surgeon behind old "Got him," returned in the same order, and with the same precautions as before. Towards break of day they arrived at the town's end, where "Got him," having first paid the surgeon handsomely for his night's work, and threatened him with the severest vengeance if he spoke of this adventure, these "ugly customers" took their leave and departed. In this manner he was afterwards several times carried to visit his patient, till the convalescence of the sick man made his visits no longer necessary. It is scarcely necessary to add that the parties were smugglers, who had had an engagement with the custom-house officers, and that the secrecy of their proceeding arose from the fear of the man's situation leading to detection.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I beg leave to give you a list of the variety of passions (though probably not all) which may be indicated by the expressions of the eye.

The glance of love.

The lower of hatred.

The stare of impertinence.

The sneer of contempt.

The beam of friendship.

The blank of disappointment.

The vacancy of idiotism.

The sparkle of delight.

The leer of lasciviousness.

The lack-lustre look of melancholy.

The scowl of envy.

The lustre of enjoyment.

The squint of jealousy.

The smile of benevolence.

The downward-look of bashfulness.

The frenzy of despair.

The fire of impetuosity.

The blink of cunning.

The gleaming of hope.

The gaze of desire.

φ.

THE SOLDIER'S NOSE.

In the year of our Lord, 1797. the wife of a soldier (belonging to a militia regiment encamped at Brighton) in the defiance of all articles of war, frequently presumed to quarrel with the superior officer, her husband. Her mother, speaking of her disposition, would allow she was a great spirit, which translated into plain English, means a precious vixen.—This woman of spirit took it into her head not only to submit her husband to the *disciplina lingua*, (alias tongue banging) but also to bestow on him, from time to time, such *corporal* punishment (although he was but a *private*) as the nature and degree of his offences seemed to merit. Becoming more insubordinate, she at last was so mutinous, as to break another formidable article of war, which denounces a terrific penalty against all those who draw, or offer to draw, or lift up any weapon of offence, against a superior. Not having the fear of this, nor any other article before her eyes, this woman of spirit one day at dinner snatched up a knife, and in a fit of fury seized her husband by the throat, and cut his nose off! When this circumstance was made public, every body agreed the woman was wrong; and the commanding officer was so fully satisfied of it, that he condemned her to be drummed out of the regiment the next morning. When the woman heard the sen-

tence, being grievously afflicted, she determined to execute a project that has been successfully performed by numberless great heroines and celebrated beauties in all times and countries; she sought her judge, and falling on her knees, with tears, entreaties, lamentations, and most solemn promises of reformation, strove to move his pity.—The commandant, a man of genuine goodness and humanity, (who, for the consideration of obtaining a *Tyburn Ticket*, would not have endeavoured to procure the hanging of man, woman, or child in his Majesty's dominions) not only suffered himself to be thus supplicated, but allowed himself to pity a woman who lay prostrate at his feet—blowing the dust off his boots with gusts of contrite sighs, and washing the rust off the rowels of his spurs with floods of penitential tears. “Woman,” said he, “you have been guilty of a very barbarous and cruel action,”—“O! Sir, I am sensible of my misconduct.”—“You have cut off your husband's nose!” “I know I have, Sir,” replied the woman, “but if your honour will be kind enough to excuse my being drummed out of the regiment, I promise I will *never do so any more!*” The officer *relying* on the woman's word, kindly forgave her; nor had he any reason to repent this act of lenity, The woman performed her promise, for it was well-known fact; that she never did cut off her husband's nose any more!

POET'S CORNER.

— “neque est ignobile carmen.”
VIR

A SOLILOQUY OF A DISCARDED FAVOURITE.

Thus ever runs the tale :—When usurpation

Has gain'd the ends he aim'd at, and under foot
Has trampled princes, and kings, and kingdoms,
Careering thro' destruction to his greatness :
Then casts he off with base ingratitude,
With loathing and disgust, the very means
By which he did attain his airy purpose;
And spurns the fool, who had succumb'd so low
To be the footstool to his vaulting measures.

Yet will I watch the temper of the times;
And mark the veering of that weathercock
The people, (for as yet they are not ripe
For mutiny); and when the summer sun
Of popular favour, wherein now he basks
Secure, shall set in wint'ry disaffection;
Each breeze that blows adversely to the tyrant,
Shall be to me a favourable gale,
To waft the little vessel of my fortunes
Over the sea of his calamities,
Until it anchor on his prostrate throne.

Still must I wear an outside of affection,
Tho' hate broods rankling *here*; (*pointing to his heart*) but out it shall,
When render'd deadlier by long forbearance.—
Tyrant, beware! the basis is but small
On which thy throne is built;—Look to its fall!

Φ.

ON MISS CHESTER.

(Of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.)

Sweet Chester, Nature's fairest flower,
Whose ev'ry movement teems with grace;
Oh I can ne'er forget the hour,
When first I saw thy angel face.
When I beheld, with wond'ring eyes,
Thy graceful form before me stand,
Methought some seraph from the skies
Had visited this earthly strand.
And while I fed my ardent gaze,
(To make the portrait more divine),
Fancy depicted heav'nly rays,
Which round thy brow appeared to shine:

But when thy voice upon mine ear,
Broke with melodious accents sweet,
The warbling music seemed to cheer
My soul with harmony complete.

Yet, while Perfection's wish you fill,
And boast of loveliness the rarest,
Thou art terrestrial; but still
Of all thy sex thou art the fairest.
Long may you here our drama grace;
Nor let us yet our loss repine,
Thou brightest gem of ev'ry place,
Where Fortune destines thee to shine.
27th October, 1823.

MR. EDITOR,

Sir,—If you think the foregoing
lines worth you attention, the in-
sertion of them in your weekly
publication, "*The Freebooter*,"
will afford much pleasure to your
CONSTANT READER, R. A.

THE JEWS HARP.

The meaner melody we scorn,
Which vulgar instruments afford;
Shrill flute, sharp fiddle, echoing horn,
Rumbling bassoon, or tinkling harpsi-
chord.
Strike, strike the soft Judaic harp,
Soft and sharp,
By teeth coercive in firm durance kept,
And lightly by the volant finger swept.
Buzzing twangs the iron lyre,
Shrilly thrilling,
Trembling, thrilling,
Whizzing with the wavering wire.
With magic sounds like these did Or-
pheus' lyre
Motion, sense, and life inspire;
When, as he play'd, the list'ning flood
Still'd its loquacious waves, and silent
stood:
The trees swift bounding danc'd with
loosen'd stumps,
And sluggish stones caper'd in active
jumps.
Each ruddy-breasted Robin
The concert had a bob in,
And ev'ry hooting owl around;
The croaking frogs,
The grunting hogs,
All, all conspir'd to raise th' enliv'ning
sound.
Such matchless strains Cœcilia knew,
When audience from their heav'nly
sphere,
By Harmony's strong power she drew,
While listening angels gladly stoop'd
to hear.

ON WOMAN.

(Translated from Anacreon.)

To ev'ry animal kind Nature
Has giv'n some self-preserving feature,

To guard against opposing forces;
As horns to bulls, and hoofs to horses.
Terrific grinders to the Lion,
And wings to birds, and air to fly on,
To hares the art of swiftly running,
To Man all wisdom, and all cunning,
Thus in her haste she quite forgot,
Aught to preserve for Woman's Lot.
Long time she ponder'd at her duty,
Then gave the Panoply of beauty.
And Woman now can conquer all,
And in deep servitude enthal,
Without a hope or chance of ransom.
Provided always she be handsome. Φ.

How oft with heart and hopes elate,
His little Bark the Seaman steers;
How oft that Bark, the sport of Fate,
Excites his courage or his Fears.

How oft amidst the calmest scene,
When ev'ry Wave seems lull'd to rest,
Still Danger lurks in looks serene,
And Ruin in disguise is drest.

'Tis thus in Life's uncertain way
And Pleasure's dazzling slipp'ry ground;
Where all around seems bright and gay
'Tis there destruction oft is found.

E. E.

WATERLOO.

*Written in chalk on a wall near the field
of Battle, and copied by Captain De-
renzy of the 82nd Regiment.*

One word, one little word will tell.
How Britons fought, how Britons nobly
fell.

One word, one little word will do,
'Twill mock Oblivion's power, 'tis Wa-
terloo!

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. D. B. is received. E. E. with thanks
for his observations.—Nemo in a subse-
quent number. The Communications from
Gisbro', and Rugeley are most accepta-
ble, and we shall be happy to receive the
paper alluded to by our correspondent at
the latter place.

C. F. is thanked for his spirited design
of a title page.

L. for a second drawing which we think
excels his former one.

We beg to inform our Corres-
pondents and Subscribers, that this Work
will in future be published by B. JOHN-
SON, No. 2, Herbert's Passage, Beaufort
Buildings, Strand, by whom all commu-
nications (post paid) for the Editor will
be thankfully received.

THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex rapto vivens.

No. VIII.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1823. [PRICE 2d.



Drawn on Stone by J. Baker

Engraved by W. H. Sturt

TILBURY FORT

Is situated in Essex, opposite to the strong works constructed at Gravesend, and may properly be considered as the chief key to the city of London. The fortifications are regular; they were

planned and executed by Sir Martin Beckman, chief engineer to King Charles II. The situation being low and marshy, it was necessary to drive two ranges of piles, one above the other,

reaching below the bed of the river Thames; the lower range being pointed with iron, enter the solid chalk rock, which extends to the opposite hills in Kent.

The works are perfect, and consist of ravelines, tenailles, counterscarp and covered way, surrounded by a double moat, the innermost of which is one hundred and eighty feet broad. Drawbridges are erected across these moats, which give the situation a lively and pleasant effect towards the great road to Chelmsford.

The esplanade is extensive, and the bastions are considered to be the largest in England. The works on the land side are strong and regular, and the bastions are faced with bricks. But the chief security of the fort consists in its being so constructed as to lay the extended level country under water; and thus render it impossible for an enemy to approach in that direction. To give additional strength to this part of the fortification, two redoubts of brick have been erected.

On the side fronting the river is raised a strong curtain. The principal entrance is through a large and highly-adorned gateway, in the front of which is inscribed in marble:—"Carolus II. Rex. A. Reg. 34."

By the original plan a water bastion was designed to project into the river, in order to defend the two curtains. At this place there is a ditch, strongly pallisadoed. Nearly adjoining, stands a strong tower, built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, called the Block House, but is now converted into a powder magazine.

In the place of the counter-

scarp, designed to fill up the vacant space on both sides of the platform, are mounted one hundred and six cannons, carrying balls from 32 to 42lbs., presenting an appearance awful and terrible. On the bastions and curtains surrounding are mounted, at regular distances, guns carrying balls of 9lbs. each.

The situation of this fort is truly singular on this account, being built on the confines of two parishes, *viz.* Chadwell and West Tilbury, through the middle of which formerly ran the great road leading to the passage at Gravesend. On the west side, situated in Chadwell parish, are erected the barracks for the soldiers, guard house, sutling house, and chapel. In the West Tilbury confines, are built the houses for the principal officers of the garrison. They consist of seven distinct habitations, divided into various apartments, and suited to the rank of the officers.

Here is to be seen a gun cast in the time of the Commonwealth, under its protector, Oliver Cromwell, taken from an old redoubt near Gravesend, said to be erected by Henry the Eighth, when he fortified the coast against the incursions of his continental enemies.

The barracks for the soldiers are capable of receiving three hundred men.

To preserve order and regularity in the garrison, a detachment of soldiers from Chatham, under the command of a lieutenant, amounting to fifty rank and file, mount guard, and are changed every month.

For the purpose of keeping the batteries in good order, are stationed six invalid artillerymen, under the command of a

master-gunner. But the principal use of the fort at this time consists in its being a grand powder magazine. The buildings are bomb proof, and contain many thousand barrels filled with ball cartridges; from them the fleet and the army are conveniently supplied.

Near the principal gate, and above the guard house, there is fitted up a small but neat chapel, wherein is performed divine service on Sundays and other solemn occasions.

Need we remind our readers it was near this place that Queen Elizabeth assembled her forces, when the kingdom was threatened by the Spanish Armada, arrogantly, as it was falsely called. Whatever were the foibles of Elizabeth as a woman, the British Throne was never filled by a more consummate politician. Her talents in the cabinet were only equalled by her personal courage. Her reign was an era of glory, which, for splendour and permanence, is unrivalled in the annals of England. Her great qualities acquired not only the implicit confidence, but the real affection of all ranks of her people.

"The counsel, upon mature deliberation, gave order for the executing and disposing of land service, and chiefly what strength, and in what place it were best to plant an armie of defence, and in the end it was concluded, the rendezvous should be at Tylbury. The ground having been surveyed before, forthwith were trenches cutte: their next thwart neighbour Gravesend, was then fortified, and western barges thither brought, to make a bridge like that at Antwerp, to stop the entrance to the daring foe, and

give free passage to horse and foote between Kent and Essex as occasione served." The Queen then made a progress to Tilbury, where she thus addressed her army. "My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear—I have always so behaved myself, that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard on the loyal hearts, and goodwill of my subjects. And therefore I am come amongst you at this time, not as for my recreation or sport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of battle, to live or die amongst you all; to lay down for my God and for my people my honor and my blood, even in the dust. I know that I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the breast of a king, and a king of England too, and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any other prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realms, to which, rather than my dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms—I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field."

Upon this an universal acclamation rent the air; and although this little army consisted of no more than fifteen thousand foot, and three thousand horse, "in the campe their most felicity was hope of fight with the enemy, when often times divers rumours ran of their foes approach, and that present battle would be given them, then they were as joyful at such

newes as if lustie giants were to run a race."

In the long train of glorious events which have succeeded the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it would be difficult to point out one which has dignified the name of Britons in a more eminent manner, or has perhaps had an equal tendency to impress foreign countries with a reverence for the English name, than the memorable defence made by Elizabeth at the period of the Spanish invasion.

ANTIEN DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS IN ENGLAND.

THE earliest dramatic entertainments exhibited in England were of a religious kind. So early as the beginning of the twelfth century it was customary in England on holy festivals to represent in or near the churches, either the lives and miracles of saints, or the more mysterious parts of holy writ, such as the incarnation passion, and resurrection of Christ: these scriptural plays were denominated *Miracles* or *Mysteries*. At what period of time they were first exhibited in this country is a matter of great uncertainty. Undoubtedly, however, they are of very great antiquity. In the year 1110, as Dr. Percy and Mr. Warton have observed, the miracle-play of *Saint Catherine*, written by Geoffrey, a learned Norman, (afterwards Abbot of St. Alban's,) was acted, probably by his scholars, in the Abbey of Dunstable: perhaps the first spectacle of this kind exhibited in England. William Fely Stephen, a monk of Canterbury, who, according to the best ac-

counts, composed his very curious work in 1174, about four years after the murder of his patron, Archbishop Becket, and in the eleventh year of the reign of Henry II., mentions that "London for its theatrical exhibitions has religious plays, either the representation of miracles, wrought by holy confessors, or the sufferings of martyrs."

Mr. Warton has remarked that "in the time of Chaucer, plays of Miracles appear to have been the common resort of the idle gossips in Kent."

And in Pierce Plowman's Creed, a piece perhaps prior to Chaucer, a friar Minnite mentions these Miracles as not less frequented than market-towns and fairs:

"We haunten no taverns, ne hobelen about,
At markets and miracles we meddle us never,"

The elegant writer, whose words we have just quoted, has given the following ingenious account of the origin of this rude species of dramatic entertainments.

"About the eighth century trade was principally carried on by means of fairs, which lasted several days. Charlemagne established many great marts of this kind in France, as did William the Conqueror, and his Norman successors, in England. The merchants, who frequented these fairs in numerous caravans or companies, employed every art to draw the people together. They were therefore accompanied by jugglers, minstrels, and buffoons; who were no less interested in giving their attendance, and exerting all their skill on these occasions. As now but few large towns existed, no public spectacles or popular

amusements were established: and as the sedentary pleasures of domestic life and private society were yet unknown, the fair time was the season for diversion. In proportion as these shows were attended and encouraged, they began to be set off with new decorations and improvements: and the arts of buffoonery being rendered still more attractive by extending their circle of exhibition, acquired an importance in the eyes of the people. By degrees, the clergy observing that the entertainments of dancing, music, and mimicry, exhibited at the protracted annual celebrities, made the people less religious, by promoting idleness, and a love of festivity; proscribed those sports, and excommunicated the performers. But finding that no regard was paid to their censures, they changed their plan, and determined to take these recreations into their own hands. They turned actors; and instead of profane mummeries, presented stories taken from legends or the Bible. This was the origin of sacred comedy. The Death of Saint Catherine, acted by the monks of St. Dennis, rivalled the popularity of the professed players. Music was admitted into the churches, which served as theatres for the representation of holy farces. The festivals among the French, called *La Fete de Foux, de l'Ane*, and *des Innocens*, at length became great favourites, as they certainly were more capricious and absurd, than the interludes of the buffoons at the fairs. The following are the ideas of a judicious French writer, who has investigated the history of human manners with great comprehension and sagacity.

Voltaire supposes religious plays came originally from Constantinople, where the old Grecian stage continued to flourish in some degree, and the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides were represented till the fourth century. About that period, Gregory Nazianzen, an archbishop, a poet, and one of the fathers of the church, banished Pagan plays from the stage at Constantinople, and introduced stories from the Old and New Testament. The fashion of acting spiritual dramas, in which, at first, a due degree of method and decorum was preserved, was at length adopted from Constantinople by the Italians: who framed in the depth of the dark ages, on this foundation, that barbarous species of theatrical representation called *mysteries*, as comedies, and which were soon after received in France.

On the whole, the *mysteries* appear to have originated among the ecclesiastics; and were most probably first acted with any degree of form by the monks. This was certainly the case in the English monasteries. As learning encreased and was more widely disseminated, from the monasteries by a natural and easy transition, the practice migrated to schools and universities, which were formed on the monastic plan, and in many respects resembled the ecclesiastical bodies.

Candlemas Day, or the Slaughter of the Innocents, written in the year 1512. *Mary Magdalene*, produced in the same year, and *the Promises of God*, written by John Bale, and printed in 1538, are curious specimens of this early species of drama. But the most antient, as well as the

most complete collection of this kind, is the *Chester Mysteries*, which were written by Ralph Higden, a monk of the Abbey of Chester, about the year 1320, of which the following is a particular account:

" MSS. Harl, 2013, &c. Exhibited at Chester, in the year 1327, at the expense of the different trading companies of that city. *The Fall of Lucifer*, by the Tanners; *The Creation*, by the Drapers; *The Deluge*, by the Dyers; *Abraham Melchisedeck and Lot*, by the Barbers; *Moses, Balak, and Balaam*, by the Cappers; *The Salutation and Nativity*, by the Wrightes; *The Shepherds feeding the Flocks by Night*, by the Painters and Glaziers; *The Three Kings*, by the Vintners; *The Oblation of the Three Kings*, by the Mercers; *The Killing of the Innocents*, by the Goldsmiths; *The Purification*, by the Blacksmiths; *The Temptation*, by the Butchers; *The Last Supper*, by the Bakers; *The Blind Men and Lazarus*, by the Glovers; *Jesus and the Lepers*, by the Corvesarys; *Christ's Passions*, by the Bowyers, Fletchers, and Ironmongers; *Descent into Hell*, by the Cooks and Innkeepers; *The Resurrection*, by the Skinners; *The Ascension*, by the Taylors; *The Election of St. Mathias, sending of the Holy Ghost, &c.* by the Fishmongers; *Antichrist*, by the Clothiers; *Day of Judgment*, by the Websters. The reader will perhaps smile at some of these combinations. This is the substance and order of the former part of the play. God enters creating the world: he breathes life into Adam, leads him into Paradise, and opens his side while sleeping. Adam and Eve

appear naked, and *not ashamed*, and the old serpent enters lamenting his fall. He converses with Eve. She eats of the forbidden fruit, and gives part to Adam. They propose, according to the stage-directions, to make themselves *subligacula a foliis quibus tegamus pudenda*. Cover their nakedness with leaves, and converse with God. God's curse. The serpent *exit* hissing. They are driven from Paradise by four Angels, and the Cherubim with a flaming sword. Adam appears digging the ground, and Eve spinning. Their children Cain and Abel enter: the former kills his brother. Adam's lamentation. Cain is banished, &c."

(To be continued.)

ROUGE ET NOIR.

(Continued from our last.)

WEAK and wicked reveries! a single turn of Fortune's wheel reduced me, not to reason, but to an opposite degree of mortification and despondence. A run of ill-luck swept away in one hour more than half my gains, and unfortunately losing my temper still faster than my money, I kept doubling my stakes in the blindness of my rage, and quitted the table at night, not only lightened of all my suddenly acquired wealth, but loser of a considerable sum besides. I could now judge, by experience, of the bitterness of soul I had lately inflicted upon those who had lost what I had won, and inwardly cursed the pursuit whose gratifications could only spring from the miseries of others; but so far from abandoning this inevitable see-saw of wretchedness, I felt as if I had been defrauded of

my just property, and burnt with the desire of taking my revenge. The heart-sickening detail of my infirmity, my reverses, and my misery, need not be followed up. Suffice it to say, that a passion, a fury, an actual phrenzy of play absorbed every faculty of my soul; mine was worse than a Promethean fate; I was knawed and devoured by an inward fire which nothing could allay. Alas! not even poverty and the want of materials could quench it. In my career of prosperity, I felt not the fraud I was practising upon my wife, for I meant to make my peace with ten or twenty thousand pounds in my hand, and a sincere renunciation of gaming in my heart; but now that I was bringing ruin upon her and my children, the sense of my falsehood and treachery embittering the anguish of my losses, plunged me into an unutterable remorse and agony of soul. Still I wanted courage to make the fatal revelation, and at last only imparted it to her in the cowardice of impending disgrace.

Madame Deshoulieres says very truly, that gamblers begin by being dupes; and end by being knaves; and I am about to confirm it by an avowal to which nothing should have impelled me, but the hope of deterring others by an exposure of my own delinquency. A female relation had remitted me seven hundred pounds to purchase into the French funds, with which sum in my pocket I unfortunately called at the *Salon des Etrangers*, in my way to the stock-broker's, and my evil genius suggested to me that there was a glorious opportunity of recovering my heavy losses, I snatched the notes from

my pocket, threw them on the table just before the dealer began, and—lost! Stunned by the blow, I went home in a state of calm despair, communicated the whole to my wife in as few words as possible, and ended by declaring that she was a beggar, and her husband disgraced for ever. “Not yet, my dear Charles,” replied the generous woman, her eyes beaming with affectionate forgiveness, “not yet; we may still exclaim with the French king after the battle of Pavia, we have lost every thing but our honour;—and, while we retain *that*, our losses are but as a grain of sand. We may be depressed by fortune, but we can only be disgraced by ourselves. As to the seven hundred pounds—take my jewels—they will sell for more than is required; and if our present misfortunes induce you to fly from Paris, and abandon this fatal pursuit, they will assuredly become the greatest blessings of our lives.”

No reproach ever passed her lips, or lingered in her eye; nor did I fail to observe the delicacy with which, mingling up her own fate with mine, she strove to sooth my feelings, by disguising my individual guilt under the cloak of a joint misfortune. Noble-minded woman! Mezentius himself could not have devised a more cruel fate than to tie thee to a soul so dead to shame, and so defunct in gratitude as mine.

Will not the reader loathe and detest me, even more than I do myself, when I inform him, that in return for all this magnanimity I had the detestable baseness to linger in Paris, to haunt the gaming table, to venture the

wretched drainings of my purse in the *silver* room, to become an habitual borrower of paltry sums, under pledges of repayment which I knew I had not the means of redeeming, and to submit tamely to the indignity of palpable cuts from my acquaintance in the public streets? From frequently encountering in the Salons, I had formed a slight friendship with Lord T——, Lord F——, Sir G—— W——, Colonel T——, and particularly with poor S——t, before he had consummated the ruin of his fine fortune, and debilitated his frame by paralysis, brought on by anxiety; and I was upon terms of intimacy with others of my countrymen, who with various success, but much more ample means than myself, were making offerings to the daemon of *Rouge et Noir*. Should this brief memoir fall beneath the eye of any of my quondam friends, they may not impossibly derive benefit from its perusal: at all events, they may be pleased to know that I have not forgotten their kindnesses. I am aware that I abused their assistance, and wore out their patience; but I never anticipated the horror to which the exhaustion of my own means, and the inability to extort more from others, would reduce me. The anguish of my losses, the misery of my degradation, the agony of mind with which I reflected upon my impoverished wife and family, were nothing, absolutely nothing, compared to the racking torment of being compelled to refrain from gambling. It sounds incredible, but it is strictly true. To sit at the table with empty pockets, and see others playing, was absolutely insupportable. I envied even

the heaviest losers—could I have found an antagonist, I would have gambled for an eye, an arm, a leg, for life itself. A thousand devils seemed to be knawing at my heart—I believe I was mad—I even hope I was.

I have always been a believer in sudden and irresistible impulses; an idea which will not appear ridiculous to those who are conversant with the records of crime. A portrait of Sarah Malcolm, the murderess, which I had seen many years ago in the possession of Lord Mulgrave, leading me to the perusal of her trial and execution in the *Newgate Calendar*, induced me to give perfect credit to the avowment, that the idea of the crime came suddenly into her head without the least solicitation, and that she felt driven forward to its accomplishment by some invisible power. Similar declarations from many other offenders offer abundant confirmation of the same fact; and it will be in the recollection of many, that the murderer of Mr. and Mrs. Bonar, at Chiselhurst, repeatedly declared that he had never dreamt of the atrocity ten minutes before its commission, but that the thought suddenly rushed into his mind, and pushed him forward to the bloody deed. Many people cannot peep over a precipice without feeling tempted to throw themselves down; I know a most affectionate father, who never approaches an open window with his infant child without being haunted by solicitations to throw it into the street; and a gentleman of unimpeachable honour, who, if he happens, in walking the highway, to see a note-case or handkerchief emerging from a passenger's pocket, is

obliged to stop short, or cross over the way, so vehemently does he feel impelled to withdraw them. These "toys of desperation," generated in the giddiness of the mind, at the bare imagination of any horror, drive it to commit the reality as a relief from the fearful vision, upon the same principle that delinquents voluntarily deliver themselves up to justice, because death itself is less intolerable than the fear of it. Let it not be imagined that I am seeking to screen any of these unhappy men from the consequences of their hallucination; I am merely asserting a singular property of the mind, of which I myself am about to record a frightful confirmation.

Standing on the bridge, and turning away my looks from the landscape in that despair of heart which I have described, my downcast eyes fell upon the water, gliding placidly beneath me. They seemed to invite me to quench the burning fire with which I was consumed; the river whispered to me with a distinct utterance that peace and oblivion were to be found in its Lethean bed:—every muscle of my body was animated by an instant and insuperable impulse; and within half a minute from its first maddening sensation, I had climbed over the parapet, and plunged headlong in the water!—The gushing of the waves in my ears, and the rapid flashing of innumerable lights before my eyes, are the last impressions I recollect. Into the circumstances of my preservation I never had the heart to inquire: when consciousness revisited me, I found myself lying upon my own bed, with my wife weeping beside me, though she instantly assumed a cheerful

look, and told me that I had met with a dreadful accident, having fallen into the river, when leaning over the bridge to examine some object beneath. That she knows the whole truth I am perfectly convinced, but we scrupulously avoid the subject, by an understood, though unexpressed compact. It is added in her mind to the long catalogue of my offences, never to be alluded to, and, alas! never to be forgotten. She left my bedside for a moment, to return with my children, who rushed up to me with a cry of joy; and, as they contended for the first kiss, and enquired my health with glistening eyes, the cruelty, the atrocity of my cowardly attempt, struck with a withering remorse upon my heart,—O villain! villain!

C—L—.

New Monthly Magazine.

NAMES.

Scaliger had the most ridiculous aversion to the name of Harlai, and thus he expresses himself in a Latino-gallic jargon. "Omnes Harlæi sunt bizarres, sunt quinque familiæ et omnes avari." He proceeds to specify instances of their avarice, and closes his sarcasms with the character of "Dominus de Saint Aubin, qui est unus ex Harlæis, Gubernator de Saint Maixent, semper vivit in hospitio, ne cogatur amicos excipere. Plus consumo in uno anno quam ille." M. de Monglas, one of the Harlai family, who had a particular esteem for Scaliger, happening to light one day on this ill-tempered weak paragraph, very naturally flung the book into the fire, and discarded its writer from his friendship.

It was customary among the ancients to write names, whether of the Gods, or their friends, in a circle, that none might take offence at seeing another's name preferred to his own. The cordeliers have formerly been known to have paid the same attention to delicacy, and when a Pope has demanded the names of some priests of their order, that one may be raised to the purple, they have sent those names written circularly, that they may not seem to recommend one more than another. The race of sailors are the only people who preserve this very ancient custom in its purity, for when any remonstrance is on foot amongst them, they sign it in a circle, and call it a *Round Robin*.

Towards the middle of the fifteenth century, it was the fancy of the wits and learned men of the age, particularly in Italy, to change their baptismal names for classical ones. As Sannazarius, for instance, who altered his own plain name, "Jacapo," to "Actius Syncerus." Numbers did the same, and among the rest, Platina, the historian, at Rome, who, not without a solemn ceremonial, took the name of "Callimachus," instead of "Phillip." Pope Paul the second, who reigned about that time, unluckily chanced to be suspicious, illiterate, and heavy of comprehension. He had no idea that persons could wish to alter their names, unless they had some bad design, and actually scrupled not to employ imprisonment, and other violent methods to discover the fancied mystery. Platina was most cruelly tortured on this frivolous account; he had nothing to confess, so the Pope, after endeavouring in vain, to

convict him of heresy, sedition, &c. released him, after a long imprisonment.

The origin of names, is a subject which seems to have been, hitherto, rather superficially treated; and there is not wanting reason to believe, that from the surname may be drawn very probable conclusions, respecting not only the trade or profession of the family's founders, but also their bodily peculiarities, qualities, accomplishments, or defects, and the degree of respectability in which they were held; remarkable accidents which have happened to particular persons, are also frequently recorded in their surnames. Those arising from personal descriptions, are probably much older than those arising from trades and professions, these not having been regularly exercised by particular persons, until nations were considerably advanced in civilization; for before that period every man was his own smith, carpenter, mason, &c. and every man made his own clothes and shoes. But from the earliest times it was necessary to distinguish one man from another, which could only be done by pointing out personal qualities, or places of residence. For *John, the son of John, or William*, would suit more than one; but John Crookshanks, the son of John, could only suit a bandy-legged man; and thus Mr. Lightfoot, Mr. Golightly, Mr. Swift, Mr. Hopper, Mr. Ambler, and Mr. Jumper, drew their names from the bodily activity of their first bearers; and Mr. Heavysides, Messrs. Saunter, Onslow and Waddle, from the contrary quality. The Pains, Akinheads, Akinsides, Anguishes, and Hedacres, owed their appella-

tions to the dolorous sensations of their ancestors; while the Wilds, the Sangwines, the Joys, the Merrys, and the Bucks, announce their descent from a set of happy thoughtless sinners, of the earliest ages.

Several respectable families seem to have originated with foundlings, and their names may possibly point out the place where they were exposed. Among these are Townsend, Lane, Street, Church-yard, Court, Stair, Barn, Stables, Grange, Orchard, &c. We must not (for fear of an action) trace back the ancestry of Mr. Highwayman, but that of Mr. Gentleman, would probably do him credit.

Bastards have not only their birth indicated by their surnames, but also the degree, rank, or station of their parents, thus Misson, Goodyson, Mollyson, Anson, Jennison, Betterson, and Nelson, were called after their mothers names, those of their fathers being unknown. But Misson, and Goodyson, were visibly the produce of the faux-pas of Miss, and of Goody; whereas Jennison, Nelson, Bettison, &c. were slips of dairy and milkmaids, or other girls in low stations. The like distinction may be traced in illegitimates whose fathers are known. Masterson and Stewardson, shew the children of the Master and Steward, while Jackson, Thomson, and Wilson, were the misbegotten offsprings of hinds, servants, and labourers.

Surnames sometimes help us to guess at the place where the heads of particular families were born. Probably the name of Perry, was given to some pleasant, brisk, Worcestershire lad, and that of Perkins, to one of a like description, born in one of the

Cyder counties, of a weaker frame of body.

It seems difficult to account for some extraordinary names: many of them are probably corrupted from foreign ones. Such as Mr. Bomgarten, Mr. Higgenbottom, and divers others. The first is the German name for a tree-garden, i.e. an orchard, and the latter signifying in the same tongue, (Iken-baum,) an oak tree.

In process of time, when men began to attach themselves to particular callings, professions, and trades, they likewise began from them to apply the surnames of Smith, Butcher, Baker, &c. &c. in the manner still practised in large public-houses, where we may daily hear persons called by the additions of their offices, as John Ostler! Betty Chambermaid! Jenny Cook! Will-drawer, and Sam-boots!

G.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF ANTIENT WRITINGS, BEFORE THE INVENTION OF PAPER, AND WHILE IN ITS INFANT STATE.

PAUSANIAS notices in his "Messenica," that Epiteles dug up out of the earth a brass vessel, or urn, which he carried to Epiminondas (about 350 or 360 years before the birth of Christ), in which there was a fine plate of lead or tin, rolled up in the form of a book, on which were written the rites and ceremonies of the great goddesses. In the Gentleman's Magazine, July 1755, the following account is given. "In a stone chest, the Acts of the Council of Illiberis, held anno 304, were found at Grenada in

Spain: they are written or engraved on plates of lead, in Gothic characters, and are now translating into Spanish."

Afterwards bronze came more generally into use than lead; and it is said that Cadmus devoted a bronze kettle, on which were engraved Phœnician letters, to Minerva, who was adored at Lindus on the Isle of Rhodes. The most remarkable writings on bronze now extant, are the famous *Scriptura de Bachanali-bus*, in the imperial library; Trajan's *Tabula Alimentaria*; and the helmet found at Cannæ, with Punic letters, described in the *Musæ Etordesco* of Gori, and which is now in the third room of the gallery of the grand Duke of Tuscany at Florence. The criminal, civil, and ceremonial laws of the Greeks were engraved on bronze tables; and the speech of Claudius, engraved on plates of bronze, is yet preserved in the town-hall of Lyons in France. The celebrated statutes or laws of the Romans, on ten tables, were according to some writers, written on oaken tablets; others assert, that they were written on ten ivory tables, and hung up *pro rostris*. The public records, and the pacts between the Romans, Spartans, and Jews, were written on brass. Not long since at Mongheer at Bengal, a copper-plate was dug up, on which *shan-screet* characters were etched, signifying a gift of land from Pideram Gunt, Rajah of Bengal, to one of his subjects. This bill of feofment, on copper, is dated one hundred years before Christ, and proves at the same time, that the Indians were, about two thousand years ago, in a high degree of cultivation. Rough stones and stakes were the first reminding

letters of the Phœnicians; the Babylonians, according to Pliny, wrote their first astronomical observations on bricks: the ostracism of the Athenians was sometimes inscribed upon oyster-shells, but most commonly on the fragments of broken pots. The ostracism was a singular mode of sending people to banishment; the name of the intended exile was written by several citizens on a shell or fragment; these were given to the magistrate; when, if they did not amount to six thousand, the sentence was void; but if they amounted to that number, the victim was declared an exile for ten years; but with permission to enjoy his estates.

However, the Abbot Cabent, and the Benedictine monk Legipont, entertain the opinion, that the most antient writing materials which have been used, were of wood, an opinion which is in some degree confirmed in Isaiah, chap. xxx. v. 8, and Habakkuk, chap. ii. v. 2. Solon's civil laws were written on boards, which were placed in a machine constructed to turn them easily, called *axones*. The Greeks and Romans used commonly, at an early period, either plain wooden boards, or covered with wax. These were written upon with an instrument called a stile. Pliny assures us, that this mode of writing was a custom even before the Trojan War. The rich Romans used thin pieces of ivory, named *libri ebores*, or *libri elephantini*; Flavius Vopiscus says, that there was a book of ivory in the library of Ulpian. The use of boards was superseded by the use of leaves of palm, olive, poplar, and other trees. According to Pliny, the Egyptians were

the first who wrote on palm-leaves. The Malabars still use them in writing. The Zelugian or Warugian Bible, made of similar materials, containing forty-five sheets, and five thousand three hundred and seventy-six leaves, is to be seen in the library of the University of Gottingen. It was likewise the custom of the Sybils of old to write their prophecies upon leaves, to which Virgil and Juvenal both bear testimony. The custom of writing on leaves was superseded by the use of raw bark of trees, and the interior bark of the lime tree. To carry these barks commodiously in the pocket, they were rolled up and called *volumen*; the name *codex* or *caudex*, still in use, originates in the same manner; and notwithstanding its true meaning is the trunk of a tree, it is adopted to describe many sheets of the bark shavings rolled together. The antient favourite song of *Eiga mit hierta ralt ennerlig*, &c., was called the birch song, because Elsa, the daughter of Andres, had originally written it on the bark of a birch-tree. In Sir Hans Sloane's library was a letter of a Nabob, two yards long, richly ornamented with gold.

(To be continued.)

THE MISCELLANY.

"Rebus et ordine dispar."—HOR.

MR. EDITOR,—As you live by plunder, allow me to add the following to your spoils. My "rapta" are adapted chiefly for the perusal of those who "top the wheeling chase,"—who "know the merits of the pack,"

to such among your readers, an occasional communication of this description may not perhaps prove *uninteresting*.

Your's, Mr. Editor,
O.

Many years since, a stag was hunted from Whinfield Park, in the county of Westmoreland, until by fatigue or accident the whole pack was thrown out, except two fox hounds, bred by Lord Thanet, who continued the chase during the greatest part of the day. The stag returned to the park from whence he had been driven, and as his last effort leapt the wall, and died as soon as he had accomplished it. One of the hounds ran to the wall, but being unable to get over it, laid down and almost immediately expired: the other hound was found dead about half-a-mile from the park. The length of the chase was uncertain; but as they were seen at Red-Kirks, near Annan, in Scotland, distant by the post road, about forty-six miles, it is conjectured that the circuitous course they took, could not make the distance ran less than one hundred and twenty miles.

In January 1738-9, the Duke of Richmond's hounds found at a quarter before eight, and killed at ten minutes before six, after ten hours constant hard running. Many of the Gentlemen tired three horses each, only eleven couple and a half of hounds were in at the death.

A curious proof of the fox hounds' stoutness occurred some years since to Colonel Pearson. A couple and a half of young newly entered hounds followed him on horseback; they strayed into a large cover by the road

side, and presently found something which they very eagerly hunted, after trying for a long time to call them off, Colonel P. proceeded to Colchester, where his business detained him some hours: upon his return, he heard them in the cover, and found by some people at work by the side of it, that they had continued running during his absence, and had driven a fox over the field in which the workmen were, backward and forward, several times. Colonel P. then encouraged them, and after hunting the fox a long time in the cover, he at last broke, and was killed after a run of some miles. The time that these three hounds were running was at least seven hours, and by far the greatest part of it, they had no one to encourage them to persist.

L.

Some entertainment may perhaps be found in looking over the names belonging to a pack of hounds of the last century. On that account I have inserted the following list, from a very old hunting ballad.

Juno and Jupiter, Tinker and Troller,
Singwell and Merryboy, Captain and
Cryer,
Gangwell and Ginglebell, Fairmaid and
Fryer,
Beauty and Bonnylass, Tanner and
Trouncer,
Pouncer and Forrester, Bonner and
Bouncer,
Gander and Gundamore, Jowler and
Jumper,
Tarquin and Tamberlane, Thunder and
Thumper,

Of these appellations, two seem to commemorate party disputes of the age. "Bonner," might refer to the Marian persecution, and "Gundamore"

certainly meant the celebrated Spaniard, who hood-winked our British Solomon.

The practise of mutilating greyhounds, thus disguising their species for the purpose of poaching, frequently takes place. A Gentleman lately riding in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham, saw, at the door of a farm-house, an animal, whose appearance would have puzzled even a professor of natural history. "My boy," says he, to a lad who was lying by, "what sort of a beast do you call this?" "Why, Zur," says the boy, "he was once a Greyhound, and we call'd'n *Vly!* but measter cut off his ears and his tail, and meade'n into a maishtiff, and now we calls'n Lion!"

O.

POET'S CORNER.

"neque est ignobile carmen."
VIR.

ON POETRY. NO. III.

(Continued from No. 6.)

What follows is an original French ballad, written in the fifteenth century. It is to be found in a scarce book, called "*La Legende de Maitre Pierre Faifeu*," and is entitled. "*Recollection des merveilleuses adventures de notre temps, commencée par très elegant orateur, Messire George Chastellain; et continuée par Maistre Jehan Molinet.*" The translation is as near the original as it well could be brought. The ballad is in general a faithful chronicle of the times, and the stanza at the close renders it interesting to Britain.

Qui veut ouyr nouvelles
Etranges a compter,
Je scay les nonpareils,
Qu'homme ne scauroit chanter,
Et toutes advenues
Depuis long tems en ça,
Je les et retenues,
Et scay comment il va.

En France la très belle,
Fleur de Crestienté,
Je veis une pucelle,
Soudre en auctorité,
Qui fit lever le siege,
D'Orleans, en ses mains;
Pus le Roy par prodiege,
Mena sacrer a Reims.

J'ay veu ung petit moyne
En Romme dominer,
Et en très grant ensoigne
Le Pape gouverner:
Dont depuis l'aventure
Fut d'estre escartellé,
A honte et à laidure
Comme traistre appellé.

Depuis veiz en Escosse
Le Roy Stuart meurdrir
D'espée, et de talloce
Et luy convint souffrier,
Et prendre en pacience
A sa noble moullier,
La Royne, qui en ce
Prist peine a se venger.

J'ai ung Duc de Savoye
Veu Pape devenir,
Ce qui fut hors de voye
Pour à salut venir;
Si en vint dure playe
En l'Eglise de Dieu,
Mais il en recut paye
A Ripailles son lieu.

Par fortune sinistre,
Veiz a l'œil vivement
Le grant Duc de Cloestre
Meurdrir piteusement
En vin plain une cuve
Failloit qu'estranglé fust,
Cuidant par celle estuve
Que la mort n'y parust.

La cité de Constantine
Depuis veiz envaher
De la gent Sarrazine,
Qui la vindront saisir,
Et la teste copperent
Au viellart Empereur,
Sans ce que ailleurs monstrerent
Maint aultre grant horreur.

Those who wish to hear a ditty,
Fill'd with many a wond'rous thing,
To my sonnet let them listen,
Such no other bard can sing.
Many years ago, believe me,
Chanced these wonders to befall,
Yet the whole I well remember,
And intend to tell them all.

Fairest flower in Europe's garden,
France, I've seen reduc'd so low,
As to trust to one poor maiden,
For defence against the foe;
Orleans, she in time relieved,
When by England almost won,
And to Rheims the king attended,
That his crown she might set on.

Rome, tho' once mankind commanding,
Holding all the world in thrall,
Governed by a little priestling,
City, nobles, Pope and all
I have seen—But mark the end on't,
Soon his treachery was found,
And his body, all in quarters,
Hung the city walls around.

Scotland's King,* the noble Stuart,
Foully murder'd have I view'd,
By the strokes of swords and halberts,
In his royal blood imbrued.
This his Queen, a woeful witness,
Was with patience forc'd to bear,
Till a just, a bitter vengeance,
Eas'd her mind, and sooth'd her care.

Savoy's Duke, I've seen contriving,
How a Pope he might become,
And for earthly pomp, forsaking,
Pious thoughts of future doom.
Hence arose a dire division,
'Midst the church, with hot debate,
While the Duke, at fair Ripailles,
Heap'd up wealth and worldly state.

I have seen the Duke of Clarence,†
(So his wayward fate had will'd,)
By his special order drowned,
In a cask with malmsey fill'd.
That *that* death should strike his fancy,
This the reason, I suppose,
He might think that hearty drinking,
Would appease his dying throes.

Constantine's imperial city,
Christendom's renowned boast,
I have taken, seen, and plunder'd
By a savage, Turkish host.
Constantine, oh, grief to say it!
Hapless Emperor, brave and old,
Lost his head; 'midst other horrors,
Far too dismal to be told.

* This refers to the murder of James I. of Scotland, in the arms of his Queen.

† The French bard by mistake, calls the suffering Prince, Duke of Gloucester

Passant par Engleterre,
Je veiz en grant tourment
Les Seigneurs de la terre
S'entretuer forment,
Avec ung tel deluge,
Qui cueurs esbatrissoit
Qu' à peine eut refuge
Où mort n'apparoissoit.

Un nouveau Roy creèrent,
Par despiteux vouloir,
Le vieil en debouterent,
Et son legitime hoir,
Qui fuytif alla prendre
L'Ecosse le garand
De tous siecles le mendre,
Et le plus tollerant.

J'ay ung Roy de Cecille
Veu devenir berger,
Et sa femme gentille
De ce propre mestier,
Portant la pennetiere
La houlette, and chapeau,
Logeant sur la bruyere,
Auprès de leur troppeau.

J'ay ven Roy d'Angleterre
Amener son grand ost,
Pour la Fragoise terre
Conquister, bref and tost;
Le Roy voyant l'affaire,
Si bon veu, luy donna,
Que l'autre, sans riens faire
Content s'en retourna.

Passing through fair England's valleys,
There I saw a woeful sight:
Lords and barons bent on slaughter,
Dealing death in woeful fight:
Sanguine torrents flow'd around me,
Bleeding bodies choaked each spring,
Deadly groans were heard resounding,
Shrieks in every valley ring.

For to please a wayward fancy,
They a change of Kings would try,
And their prince and his successor,
From the realm would force to fly.
Soon to Scotland they retreated,
There a safe asylum find,
Scotland, still to hapless princes,
Holding forth a greeting kind.

Then I saw Sicilia's monarch,
Seeming like a homely swain,
With his Queen in like apparel,
Tend their flocks along the plain.
They had donn'd the simple habit;
Russet gown and shepherd's crook,
And all beneath a shady forest,
Watch'd their sheep beside a brook.

Lastly, England's King victorious,
I have seen on France's coast,
Breathing nought, but death and
slaughter,
Follow'd by a gallant host.
But our Louis, subtle monarch,*
Sent him store of brisk champaign,
So the King, content and jolly,
Back to England saild again.

* Whoever will peruse the memoirs of Philip de Comines, will find that it was not *wine* alone which sent Edward IV. back into England. There was not a man about his person, but who had received bribes from Louis XI. The receipts for the sums advanced, signed by the English Lords, were actually preserved, to their eternal shame, in the Archives of Paris, when Comines wrote.

ON MISS LOVE OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

WHAT vision flits across the scene,
Of more than mortal grace and mien?
'Tis Dian with her hunting band—
Or sure, she stands exposed to view,
(If legendary tales be true,)
The Queen of Fays, and Fairy Land.
What notes the sense enraptur'd hold,
Now sweetly high, now deep and bold?
What soul divine prolongs those
strains?
Mourn Helicon thy honours dead;
Euterpe from thy heights has fled,
To grace her Britain's happier
plains.

Thus ponder'd I in fix'd amaze,
Fearing the object of my gaze
Some phantom of the mind should
prove;
When Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
(The little Urchin's always near,)
"Be silent, and attend—"Tis Love."

Φ

Correspondents in our next.
The early Numbers of this Work
being reprinted, in consequence of nu-
merous applications for complete sets,
we beg to state that Part I. will be
ready for delivery in a few days.

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THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex raptō vivens.

No. IX.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1823. [PRICE 2d.



Drawn on Stone by I. Baker.

Printed by N. Chater & Co.

HERTFORD COLLEGE, (NOW EXTINCT,) ANCIENTLY HERT HALL, OXFORD.

THIS College was situated opposite to the gate of the Schools, and consisted of one court. The entire plan, however, was far from being complete: as it had

been originally intended to erect it in the form of a quadrangle, each angle to consist of three staircases, and fifteen single apartments: every apartment to

K

contain an outward room, a bed-place, and a study. Of these, the south angle and the chapel on the south, the principal's lodgings on the east, the hall on the north, and the gateway on the west, with the library over it, were the only parts which were completed. While it had the rank of a Hall only, it had its eminent men, Besides Kerr, one of the seven Bishops, and Sir William Waller, the parliamentary General; it had Dr. Donne, and Sackville, Earl of Dorset, Poets; Sir Richard Baker, Chronicler; Hutcheson, the Editor of Xenophon; Edward Lye, the Saxon Lexicographer; and lastly, Selden. This house was once the cradle of the infant establishment of Stapledon, the founder of Exeter College, which continued to nominate its principals till 1740. It was formerly called Hartford, or Hert Hall: it was founded by Walter Stapledon, Bishop of Exeter, in the year 1312, and belonged to his college of that name. Having, however, received a charter of incorporation, through Dr. Richard Newton, a late learned and public-spirited principal, who also assigned a small estate towards its endowment, this ancient hostel was converted into a college on the 8th of September, 1740.

As an inducement to complete this college, it was allowed to be called by the name of any other person, who would complete the endowment of it, or become its principal benefactor. He gave to it his substance, which was but little, but it was all he had: yet he could not move the heart of one powerful benefactor, to keep alive this child of his adoption!

L.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Account of a Whirlwind at Maryland, by Dr. FRANKLIN, in a Letter to PETER COLLINSON. Esq. London.

DEAR SIR, As you have my former papers on whirlwinds, &c. I now send you an account of one which I had lately an opportunity of seeing and examining myself.

Being in Maryland, and riding with Colonel Tasker, and some other gentlemen, to his country seat, we saw, in the vale below us, a small whirlwind beginning in the road, and shewing itself by the dust it raised and contained. It appeared in the form of a sugar-loaf, spinning on its point, moving up the hill towards us, and enlarging as it came forward. When it passed by us, its smaller part near the ground appeared no bigger than a common barrel, but widening upwards, it seemed at 40 or 50 feet high, to be 20 or 30 feet in diameter. The rest of the company stood looking after it, but my curiosity being stronger, I followed it, riding close by its side, and observing its licking up, in its progress, all the dust that was under its smaller part. As it is a common opinion that a shot fired through a water-spout will break it, I tried to break this little whirlwind, by striking my whip frequently through it, but without any effect. Soon after, it quitted the road and took into the woods, growing every moment larger and stronger, raising, instead of dust, the old dry leaves, with which the ground was thickly covered, and making a great noise with them and the branches of trees, bending some tall trees round in a circle, swiftly and very

surprisingly, though the progressive motion of the whirl was not so swift but that a man on foot might have kept pace with it, but the circular motion was amazingly rapid. By the leaves it was now filled with, I could plainly perceive that the current of air, they were driven by, moved upwards in a spiral line; and when I saw the passing whirlwind continue entire, after leaving the trunks and bodies of large trees which it had enveloped, I no longer wondered that my whip had no effect on it in its smaller state. I accompanied it about three quarters of a mile, till some limbs of dead trees, broken off by the whirl, flying about, and falling near me, made me more apprehensive of danger; and then I stopped, looking at the top of it as it went on, which was visible by means of the leaves contained in it, for a very great height above the trees. Many of the leaves, as they got loose from the upper and widest part, were scattered in the wind; but so great was their height in the air, that they appeared no bigger than flies. My son, who was by this time come up with me, followed the whirlwind until it left the woods, and crossed an old tobacco field, where, finding neither dust nor leaves to take up, it gradually became invisible below as it went away over the field. The course of the general wind then blowing was along with us as we travelled, and the progressive motion of the whirlwind was in a direction nearly opposite, though it did not keep in a straight line, nor was its progressive motion uniform, it making little sallies on either hand as it went, proceeding

sometimes faster, and sometimes slower, and seeming sometimes for a few seconds almost stationary, then starting forwards pretty fast again. When we rejoined the company, they were admiring the vast height of the leaves, now brought by the common wind, over our heads. These leaves accompanied us as we travelled, some falling now and then about us, and some not reaching the ground till we had gone nearly three miles from the place where we first saw the whirlwind begin. Upon my asking Col. Tasker if such whirlwinds were common in Maryland, he answered, No, not at all common, but we got this on purpose to treat Dr. Franklin.—And a very high treat it was.

Dear Sir, Yours, &c.
B. F.

ON PUGILISM,

From the Journal of a Tour and Residence in Great Britain, by LOUIS SIMOND, a native of France, but for many years resident in America.

PUGILISM is a regular science in England, as fencing is in France. Fighting for the sake of improvement is called sparring—and in good earnest, boxing. In sparring, the hand is covered with much the same sort of glove as in fencing. I have been taken to a fives-court, where I have seen some of the best professors, and some amateurs, of this noble art, sparring. Two combatants, naked to the waist, ascended a theatre, or stage, fifteen or twenty feet square, and three or four high, erected in the centre of the fives-court; each had his second; they shook hands, like the salute

in fencing—then on their guard; one foot forward—knees a little bent—the principal weight of the body on the foremost leg—fist held to the height of the chin, at the distance of about a foot. In this attitude, the combatants observe each other, eye to eye, watching their opportunity to place a blow, which is darted rather than struck, with the back of the hand, or knuckles; a moderate blow, well planted, gives a fall. The blows are parried with the outside of the arm, or with one hand, while the other returns the blow. The pugilists are very sparing of their strength and their wind; no unnecessary motion, no precipitation, and, above all, no anger. One of the first requisites is impassibility under the severest bodily pain. Notwithstanding the gloves, blood is sometimes spilt. Among the performers at the fives-court, Cribb the younger, Gulley, and Belcher, were pointed out to me, all names of renown in the art. They were not stout men, but remarkable for activity and coolness. The place was very full—a mixed company of all ranks, a considerable proportion of men of fashion; and all went off in a very orderly and quiet manner. The sword or pistol equalize strength, and secure politeness and circumspection between individuals in the higher ranks of society; the fist answers the same purpose between the high and the low. A gentleman, well taught, can by that means repress and punish vulgar insult, when supported by mere bodily strength. There is a sort of courtesy and law of combat here, as well as in more deadly encounters. You are not to strike an enemy on the ground, and never below the waist; you are to desist the instant he gives out; there are never to be two against one; and other rules which soften the brutality of the art, and give the very lowest, in their violence, some sort of generosity and honorable feelings. When two men are disposed to come to blows, no one thinks of preventing them, but the populace make a ring to see fair play. I was conducted a few days ago to Jackson's, a professor of pugilism, who keeps a school for the fashionables of London. He is the finest figure of a man I ever saw; all muscle, I could not clasp with my two hands the upper part of his arm, when the biceps was swollen by the contraction of the limb. This art has, like all others, its technical language. It is said of the pugilist, that he *is game*, or *has bottom*, when he possesses in a high degree passive courage or fortitude; which consists in bearing blows and wounds, attended with the most dreadful sufferings, without flinching or yielding, as long as there is breath. A nose beaten flat—an eye out of the socket—broken ribs—the skin and flesh torn, and streaming with blood—and still to stand and make head, shews a man to be game*. Game is, literally, sport and jest; therefore this is understanding a jest! It is worth remarking, that these pugilists are obliged to live regularly, and with sobriety; and that, before a great battle particu-

* Gymnastic games, requiring strength and constancy, the possession of these qualities is expressed by the word *game*, which becomes an adjective; and a tried cock, dog, or man, is game. Therefore, although game literally is play and sport, it is here a very serious thing.

larly, they spend several weeks in preparation, called training, abstaining from all strong liquors, even beer, and practising continually, but without excess. The windows of print-shops are decorated with engraved full-length portraits of the favourites of the pugilistic art, in learned attitudes, and in uniform—that is to say, naked; displaying their well-formed limbs, the fine *entrelacement* of their muscles, and the graces of strength. For such is the versality of grace, that it is equally discernible in the exertion or the repose of manly strength,—the restless impotence and awkwardness of childhood, and the fearful modesty of a young beauty. It might be difficult, however, to make Hercules sleep gracefully, or a delicate nymph wield his club; and grace may properly be said to consist in the temperate and characteristic exercise of natural and peculiar qualities. I remember to have seen on the stage in France two English pugilists introduced. They set to very amicably; one of them receives such a good hit on the mouth, that he stops (which shows our ignorance of the art, for boxers would not stop for such a trifle) to spit out half a dozen teeth, one after the other, and between the times turning to his friend, with a look of lively and sincere congratulation, exclaims, *Ah! le beau coup de poing!*

SMITHFIELD.

THIS spot is celebrated on several accounts; at present, as the great market for cattle of

all kinds, and for being the place where Bartholomew fair is held. This fair was granted by Henry II. to the neighbouring Priory of St. Bartholomew, to be holden three successive days in every year. It was for a long period the season of great festivity; theatrical performances by the better actors were exhibited here, and it was frequented by numbers of the respectable if not higher classes of society; but becoming the resort of debaucheries of all denominations, certain regulations took place, which, in later days, have spoiled the mirth, but produced the desired effect. The humours of the place will never be lost so long as Hogarth's inimitable print of Bartholomew Fair shall exist.

For a long series of reigns, Smithfield was the scene of gallant tilts and tournaments, and also the spot on which accusations were decided by duel, a custom derived from the Kampf fight ordeal of the Saxons. It was also, as well as Tyburn, called the Elms, and here the execution of malefactors took place, even before the year 1219. Here, in 1374, the doating hero, Edward III., in his sixty-second year, infatuated by the charms of Alice Pierce, placed her by his side in a magnificent car, and styling her "*The Lady of the Sun*," conducted her to the lists, followed by a train of Knights, each leading by the bridle a beautiful palfrey, mounted by a gay damsel; and for seven days exhibited the most splendid justs in indulgence of his disgraceful passion.

His grandson, Richard II. in the same place held a tournament equally magnificent. — "There

issued out of the Towre of London," says the admiring Froissart, "fyrst threescore coursers apparalled for the justes, and on every one a squyer of honoure riding a soft pase. Then issued out threescore ladyes of honoure mounted on fayre palfreyes, and every lady led a knight by a cheyne of silver, which knights were apparalled to just." It was in the promising days of this youthful king, that the arch-rebel, Wat Tyler, here met his death in 1381, the reward of his treason and insolence. Of the trials by duel held in this place, that of the unfortunate Armourer, who entered the lists on account of a false accusation of treason, brought against him by his apprentice, in the reign of Henry VI., shall alone be noticed. The friends of the defendant had so plied him with liquor, that he fell an easy conquest to his accuser. Shakspeare has worked this piece of history into a scene, in the Second Part of King Henry the Sixth; but he has made the poor Armourer confess his treasons in his dying moments, for in the time in which this custom prevailed, it never was even suspected but that guilt must have been the portion of the vanquished. In 1530 there was a most severe and singular punishment inflicted here, on one John Roose, a cook, who had poisoned seventeen persons of the Bishop of Rochester's family, of whom two died; by a retrospective law he was sentenced to be boiled to death, which was accordingly done. In 1541, Margaret Davie, a young woman, suffered in the same place and manner, for poisoning her mistress and divers

other persons. In Smithfield were also held our Autos de Fè; but, to the credit of our English monarchs, none were ever known to attend this infamous ceremony.

A stone in this area now marks the scite of those cruel exhibitions. Here our martyr, Latimer, preached patience to Friar Forest, while the agonizing tortures of a slow fire were consuming him,—a victim to his religion, which forbade him to acknowledge the king's supremacy.

Here the unfortunate Joan Bocher, a woman accused of heretical doctrines, was led to the stake, the victim of Cranmer's misguided zeal. The amiable Edward long refused to sign the warrant for her execution, but overcome at length by the importunity of Cranmer, he submitted, though with tears in his eyes, to his persuasions, and signed the fatal writing.

And here, afterwards, Philpot, arch-deacon of Winchester, suffered in the flames, on account of his zealous orthodoxy, and support of the Protestant religion.

Our gracious Elizabeth could likewise burn people for religion. Two Dutchmen, Anabaptists, suffered in this place in 1575, and died, as Holinshed sagely remarks, with "roring and crieing." This, however, was the only instance we have of her exerting the blessed prerogative of the writ *de Heretico comburendo*. Her Highness preferred the halter; her sullen Sister, the faggot and fire. Not that it can be denied that Elizabeth made a very free use of the terrible act of her 27th year; a

hundred and sixty-eight suffered in her reign at London, and York; in Lancashire, and several other parts of the kingdom, convicted of being priests, of harbouring priests, or of becoming converts; still however, the smallest number estimated to have suffered under the savage Mary, amounts, in her short reign, to two hundred and seventy-seven.

I will close this paper with an account of a singular public exhibition, of which Smithfield was the scene. On the 17th September, 1583, a magnificent trial of skill in archery was had here. Barlo, an inhabitant of Shoreditch, and a citizen, who acquired such honour as an Archer, by his success in a shooting-match at Windsor, before Henry VIII. that the King named him on the spot Duke of Shoreditch, sent a summons to all his officers, and chief nobility, with all their train of archery in and about London, to be ready to accompany him to Smithfield. In obedience appeared,—The Marquis of Barlo, and the Marquis of Clerkenwell, with hunters who wound their horns, and the Marquisses of Islington, Hogsdon, Pankridge, and Shacklewell, who marched with all their train fantastically habited; near a thousand had golden chains, and all were gorgeously attired. The sum of archers was three thousand, their guards, with bills, four thousand, besides pages and henchmen; the Duke himself sallied out to meet them from Merchant Taylors' Hall, and to exhibit almost as glorious a sight as the annals of history can record.

T. P. T.

ON SWEARING.

————— Ridiculum acri
Fortius, ac melius magnas plerumque
secat res. Hor.

————— Where moral precepts fail,
The sneer of ridicule will oft prevail.
Fran.

It has often occurred as a matter of surprise to me, and a few friends, who, like myself can find pleasure in such speculations as arise more immediately from common occurrences, that, among the crowd of pretenders, who profess to teach every accomplishment, necessary or unnecessary, to form the character of a complete gentleman, no one has yet attempted to give instructions in a science, the use of which is more generally adopted, by all ranks of people, than perhaps any other under the sun. You will probably guess that I allude to the noble art of *swearing*.

So universally indeed does this practice prevail, that it pervades all stations and degrees of men, from the Peer to the Porter, from the Minister to the Mechanic. It is the bond of faith, the seal of protestations, (the oaths of lovers indeed are a theme too trite to need discussion here) and the universal succedaneum for logical or even rational demonstration. And here I cannot forbear reflecting on the infinite improvements made by moderns in the method of elucidating and confirming all matters of opinion. A man now-a-days has need but to acquire one quality, *Impudence*, and to get rid of a troublesome companion, *Conscience*, to establish whatever maxims he may take in his head. Let him but confirm with an oath the most improbable conjectures, and

if any one calls his honour in question, the manner of settling all such disputes is too obvious to need explanation. And by this means how much unnecessary trouble does he save the rational talents of his auditors; what a world of useless investigation. Who can help lamenting that this method of arguing was not long ago adopted? We should then probably have escaped being pestered by the eternal disputations of that useless set of creatures called Philosophers; as any tolerable swordsman might have settled the universal system according to his own plan, and made the planets move by what regulations he pleased, provided he was ready, in the *Newgate* phrase, "*to swear through thick and thin.*"

It is an old proverbial expression, that "*there go two words to a bargain;*" now I should not a little admire the ingenuity of that calculator, who could define to any tolerable degree of exactness, how many *oaths* go to one in these days; for I am confident, that there is no business carried on, from the wealthiest bargains of the Exchange, to the sixpenny chafferings of a St. Giles' huckster, in which swearing has not a considerable share. And almost every tradesman, "*meek and much a liar,*" will, if his veracity be called in question, coolly consign to Satan some portion of himself, *payable on demand*, in case his goods be not found answerable to his description of their quality.

I remember to have heard of a person of great talents for enquiry, who, to inform himself whether the land or the water

bore the greater proportion in the Globe, contrived to cut out, with extreme nicety, from a map, the different portions of each, and by weighing them together, decided it; in favour of which is not now material: could this experiment be made with regard to the proportion which oaths bear to the rest of our modern conversation, I own I am not without my suspicions, that the former scale would in some cases preponderate; nay, certain I am, that these harmless expletives constitute considerably the *weightiest* part in the discourse of those, who, either by their ignorant vanity, or the contemptuous mock admiration of others, have been dignified with the title of Bucks. And this indeed, as well in that smaller circle which falls more immediately under my observation, as in the more enlarged society of men; among whom, to a Buck who has the honour to serve his Majesty, a habit of swearing is an appendage as absolutely essential as a cockade or a commission: And many an one there is among this order, who will sit down with equal ardour and self-complacency, to devise the cut of a coat, or the form of an execration.

Nay, even the *female* sex have, to their no small credit, caught the *happy contagion*; and there is scarce a Grocer's wife in the kingdom, but has her innocent unmeaning imprecations, her little oaths "*softened into nonsense,*" and squeaking treble, mincing blasphemy into '*odsbodikins, slitterkins,* and such like, will "*swear you like a sucking dove, aye, an it were a nightingale.*"

That it was one of the accomplishments of *boys*, is more than sufficiently obvious, when there is scarce one, though he be but five years old, that does not lisp out the oaths he has heard drop from the mouths of his elders; while the happy parent congratulates himself on the early improvement of his offspring, and smiles to discover the promising seeds of manly wit in the sprightly sallies of puerile execration. On which topic I remember to have heard an honest Hibernian divine, whose zeal for morality would sometimes hurry him a little beyond the limits of good grammar or good sense, in the height of declamation, declare, that "*the little children, that could neither speak nor walk, run about the streets blaspheming.*"

(To be continued.)

JEU DE MOTS.

PUNNING was, at least, no *crime* in the days of the first of the Stuarts, nor were kings and nobles above it. The great Lord Bacon was reduced to such extreme poverty towards the latter end of his life, that he wrote to James I. for assistance, in these words. "Help me, dear Sovereign, Lord, and Master, and pity me so far, that I who have been born to a *bag*, be not now in my age forced in effect to bear a *wallet*. Nor that I, who desire to live to study, may be driven to study to live." Those who may be disposed to excuse the "*Jeu de mots*," may not perhaps be so indulgent to a former letter of the same great man, to

prince Charles, wherein he hopes that, as "the father was his *Creator*, the son will be his *Redeemer*."

A person told M. de Sorbriere, that he was fond of books in *folio*; "There," said Sorbriere, "I differ from you, I like them best in *fructu*." The idiom of our language prevents the possibility of translation.

M. de Menage, one day found himself so entangled with the carriage of a gentleman, who happened to owe him a thousand crowns (*mille ecus*), that he could not pass for some time. "Mille excuses, Monsieur, mille excuses," cried the debtor to Menage, which Menage answered by "Mille ecus, Monsieur, mille ecus."

As we have dipped into the subject of punning, the following very ancient and equally whimsical capricio may hope for a little indulgence.

THE CONJUGAL BANQUET.

Twelve sorts of meats my wife provides,
Nor fails me of a dish,
Four are of flesh, of fruit are four,
The other four are fish.

For the first course she stores my board
With birds that dainties are,
And first a quail*, and next a rail,
A bittern and a jar†.

With these my appetite when cloy'd,
For fish she renders sharp,
And serves me up a lump, a pout‡,
A gudgeon, and a carp.

* Quail for quarrel, or rather quell.
See Johnson's Dictionary.

† Jar, an old word for the Ruff and Ree, from their quarrelling.

‡ A whiting pout.

Then the desert with fruit abounds,
 All fitting well the season,
 A medlar and an artichoke,
 A crab, and a *small reason*.

Nor can a man have such a wife,
 And not upon her doat,
 Who every day provides him fare,
 Which costs him not a groat.

The antiquity of this practice of playing on words, which is now so generally undervalued and ridiculed, is indubitable, and were it not that the ignoble term, a pun, would sound ill when connected with apostolic characters, highly respectable authority, indeed, might be produced in its favour. The Grecian oracles had lost their credit, long before their cessation, had not punning stood them in stead. To reckon up ancient punsters would be an endless task. Plautus loved quibbling as much as Shakspeare did. Even the ancient sages of the law could not refrain from punning; and we have nearly as many quibbles as orations of Cicero. He was not unhappy in his choice of puns, and among the rest, "*Hoc est, vere, sepulchrum patris, colere*," (which he said of a man who through avarice ploughed up the burying place of his family,) may take rank as a *bon mot*. Almost the whole artillery of those wits, who adorned the centuries before the last, was supplied from the abundant magazine of puns; and the great restorer of Italian poetry, the celebrated Petrarch, not content with punning on his mistress' name, in almost every one of his hundreds of sonnets, takes that beloved name to pieces in his fifth, and puns upon every separate syllable; and this not contenting him, he drags in Homer, literally by the *head and shoulders*, and puns upon *him* too.

Punning is treated with an unequalled species of cruelty. It is abhorred even while it amuses; and the very merriment which it never fails to raise round the convivial board, is almost always accompanied by detractive exclamations, of "Oh, this is *too bad*"—"I am *ashamed* of this," &c. &c. &c. while the blushing punster, actually shrinking from the mirth he has created, feels himself hurt at each burst of laughter, and generally takes great pains to convince the company, that he never punned before, nor will ever do so again. Yet a pun never loses a friend, nor, except in awkward hands, tinges the cheek of innocence. No families are set at variance by a pun, no reputations lost, no female honour tainted.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREE-
 BOOTER.

Sir,—Though you may probably see, at first glance, that the former of these articles is nearly a word for word translation from Cicero de Oratore, and the latter taken from Locke, on the understanding—yet the nature of your work, I think, does not preclude you from inserting them, if found sufficiently interesting.

Your obedient servant,
 M. M.

A FEW HINTS TO YOUNG
 ORATORS.

CONSIDER first what is to be said—secondly, In what words it is to be said—thirdly, In what manner it is to be said.

The introduction should be so expressed as to excite the atten-

tion of the hearers, and prepare them to receive the following part of the discourse favourably. The statement of circumstances should be brief, and plainly expressed, so as not to bewilder the senses with needless repetition. Favourable circumstances should be exhibited in a strong light, with all their weight and effect: unfavourable points should be lightly touched upon, and their effect diminished as far as possible by indirect allusions, or glossed over by palliating observations.

The arguments should always be strong and applicable, and clothed in forcible language. Never let your arguments shew the weak side of the question you espouse; but if there are strong arguments in your favour, dwell upon and enforce them with emphasis.

The address should be lively, affecting, and generally addressed to the passions. The conclusion may vary in different cases: A recapitulation of the arguments is sometimes proper, sometimes the other parts of the discourse. It should be animated, and decorated with all the graces of oratory, and the most forcible argument or pathetic address should be placed last,

A FEW HINTS TO YOUNG READERS.

Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is *thinking* makes what we read ours. The mind is backward in itself, to be at the pains to trace every argument to its original source, and to see upon what basis it stands, and how firmly: but yet it is this gives the advantage to one man

over another in reading. The mind should, by severe rules be, tied down to this, at first, uneasy task; use and exercise will give it facility, so that those who are accustomed to it, readily, with one cast of the eye, take a view of the argument, and presently, in many cases, see where it bottoms.

This way of reflecting on, and profiting by what we read, will be an impediment in the beginning; but when custom and exercise have made it familiar, will be dispatched on most occasions, without resting or interruption in the course of ones reading. The notions and views of a mind exercised that way, are wonderfully quick; and a man used to such sort of reflections, sees as much at one glimpse, as would require a long discourse to lay before another, and make out in an entire and gradual deduction. Besides when the first difficulties are over, the delight, and sensible advantage it brings, mightily encourage and enliven the mind in reading, which, without this, is very improperly called study.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF ANTIENT WRITINGS.

(Continued from our last.)

To this succeeded the method of painting the letters with pencils on linen and cotton; but whether these were of the same quality with those now in use, cannot be ascertained. It seems natural, that all linen used for writing must have been steeped in size or gum, or the ink and paint must have blotted. But as linen was too much subject to become mouldy, the skins of

beasts were substituted in its stead. The antient Persians and Ionians wrote on hides, from which the hair was scraped; and the shepherds, in former times wrote their songs with thorns and awls on straps of leather, which they wound round their crooks. The Icelanders scratched their *runes*, a kind of figurative writing or hieroglyphic, sometimes on walls; at others, on the balks and spars of their houses; and it is related of Thorkil Hake, that he wrote his own deeds in these characters on his chair and bed. Puricelli mentions a grant to the Ambrosian Church, at Milan, written by the kings Hugo and Lotharius, on the skin of a fish. The Arabians (according to the history of Mahomet,) took the shoulder-bones of sheep, on which they carved remarkable events with a knife; and after tying them with a string, they hung their chronicle up in their cabinet.

The Egyptian king, Ptolemæus Philadelphus, is said to have had 700,000 volumes in his library, among which were the works of Homer, written in gold letters on the skins of serpents and other animals: and we know from Isodorus, that the intestines of elephants have been also used for writing.

In his Majesty's library, at Hanover, there is a letter engraved on a golden plate, written by an independent Prince of the coast of Coromandel, to king George the Second, which is about three feet long, and four inches wide, and inlaid on both of the narrow sides with diamonds.

About this period the Egyptian paper was invented, and manufactured from the rind of

the paper plant, *Papyrus*, which grows in the marshes on the banks of the Nile, and is called, in the Egyptian language, *Berd*, or *al Berdi*. On this invention the Romans considerably improved, who, according to Pliny and Isodorus, had eight different kinds of paper. The Egyptian paper was first manufactured in Alexandria, by which means that city acquired such immense riches, that the Emperor Adrian and his successors laid an excessive impost on the same. In the abbey of St. Germain des Prez, at Paris, there is a complete work, written on Egyptian paper, and in the treasury of St. Mark at Venice, is the gospel of St. Mark, said to be written by himself: it is kept with great care and veneration in a silver case, gilt, in the form of a book; but it is so much injured by time, as to crumble to pieces on being touched. The Pergamians discovered the manufacture of useful parchment 300 years before Christ. The Chinese and Persians first invented paper, made of cotton, between 700 and 800 years before Christ. The Christian Disciples of Moorish paper-makers in 1085, at Toledo, and in 1238 at Valencia, made their paper from cotton rags, in moulds through which the water ran, for which reason it was called parchment-cloth. The time this paper was introduced into England is uncertain; but an antient manuscript has been seen of so early a date of 1049. The most antient linen paper that can be traced with certainty is in the year 1367. It has scissars for a water mark, which was one of the usual water marks in Germany and Italy in the fifteenth century.

THE MISCELLANY.

“Rebus et ordine dispar.”—HOR.

MISERIES OF TRAVELLING.

IN the room of an inn in which you are confined by the rain, or by sudden indisposition, the whole day, finding yourself reduced to the following *delassements de cœur*; and first for the morning:—examining the scrawled window panes, in hopes of curious verses, &c. and finding nothing more *piquant* than “I love pretty Sally Appleby, of Chipping-Norton.”—“Sweet Dolly Meadows,”—“A. B. G. M. T. S. &c. dined here July 4th, 1799,”—“I am very unhappy, Sam. Jennings,”—“Life at best is but a jest,”—“Wm. Wilkins is a fool,”—with “So are you,” written under it,”—“*dam pit*,” together with sundry half-finished initials scratched about.

Then for the evening recreations:—After having, for the twentieth time, held a candle to the wretched prints, or ornaments, with which the room is hung—such as female personifications of the Four Seasons, or the Cardinal Virtues, daubed over any how, with purple, red, and raspberry-cream colours—or a series of half-penny prints, called “Going out in the morning,”—“Starting a hare,”—“Coming in at the death,”—or a Jemmy Jessamy lover in a wood, in new boots, but without spurs, whip, horse, or hat, with his hair full dressed, on one knee in the dirt, before a coy Maypole Miss, in an old-fashioned riding-dress; both figures partly plain—or, a goggling wax Queen, bolt upright in a deep glass case, among the minikin pillars of a tawdry temple, wreathed with red foil, tinsel,

and bright green varnished leaves—or, the Map of England, with only about four counties, and no towns in it, worked in a sampler by the landlady’s youngest daughter, “aged 10 years”—or, a little fat plasterman, on the chimneypiece, with his gilt cocked hat at the back of his head, and a pipe in his mouth, being the centre piece to a china Shakspeare and Milton, in harlequin jackets, at the two extremities;—after getting all this by heart, asking in despair for some books; which, when brought, turn out to be Bracken’s Farriery; three or four wrecks of different Spelling Books;—Guaging made Easy;—a few odd volumes of the Racing Calendar;—an abridged Abridgment of the History of England, in question and answer, with half the leaves torn out, and the other half illegible with greasy thumbing; and a List of Terms, Transfer Days, &c.; with Tax Tables, &c.—in each of which you try a few pages, nod over them till nine o’clock, and then stumble to bed in a cloud of disgust.

A SPECIMEN OF FRENCHIFIED
AFFECTATION.

From “*Emily*,” a Tale by the Rev.
HENRY KETT.

SIR PEREGRINE FOPLING,
TO LADY A.

MADAM,—My *valet de chambre* has been fortunate enough to discover your *sejour*, at the moment when I was *au desespoir*, to know where a *billet-doux* would find you. The impression which you made upon my heart at Lady O.’s *dejeuner* was confirmed by our *tête-a-tête* at Lord R.’s *petit-souper*. To confess the truth, I was struck with your *tout-ensemble* at the

first *coup d'œil*. Your dress was completely imposing, yet allow me to say, that if it wanted any thing, a little more of the Parisian *costume*, and to be a little more *a la Grecque*. Your *beaux yeux* were irresistible, the whole *contour* of your face reminded me of the Venus de Medicis, and if you have any fault, it is your sometimes discovering a little *mauvais honte*. If you do me the honour to accept my matrimonial *projet*, you will, I assure you, find in me a *bon garçon plein d'esprit*. My *chateau* is *superbe*, the environs are spacious, there you may *promenade sans façon*, and enjoy all the *agréments* of a delightful *paysage*. You may be assured that with respect to settlements, I shall give you a *carte blanche*, I shall be *abimé*, should I fail to inspire you with sentiments favourable to my *penchant* for you. Do not consider this *billet doux* as a mere *bagatelle*, or idle *jue d'esprit*, but answer me with assurances of the same *tendresse*. I shall be a prey to *ennui*, till I receive your *contre projet*, which I shall deposit in my *porte feuille*, and preserve as an invaluable *bijou*. Adieu, *ma belle ange*, disclaiming all *verbiage*, as inconsistent with the dignity of a person of *ton*.—I am with the highest consideration,

Your cher ami,

PEREGRINE FOPLING.

POET'S CORNER.

—“neque est ignobile carmen.”
VIR.

Mr. EDITOR, — Among the varied contents of your publication, the “Poet's Corner,” though last, is, in my opinion,

by no means least in importance with respect to beauty and interest. Permit me to call the attention of your Readers to the following beautiful similies, and the able critique which accompanies them. Although the two first are *in prose*, I have ventured to include them, considering their omission would destroy the connection of my extract, which, with your permission, I will entitle

SIMILIES.

One of the best performances of Junius, observes Mr. Baker, closes with a simile which several have not scrupled to pronounce the finest in any language, “Private credit is wealth;—public honor is security.—The feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight, strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.” It is difficult to mention another where the image is at the same time so exquisitely beautiful and proper, and so happily illustrative and confirmatory of the argument.

The simile used by Mr. Burke to describe the rise of Mr. Charles Townshend, on the decline of Mr. Pitt,—“Even then, even before this splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and for his hour became lord of the ascendant:”—has uncommon merit, but it yields to that of Junius.

One of the finest similies which we have received from antiquity, is that in which Homer compares Ulysses trying his bow, to a minstrel fitting the strings of his harp:—

Then, as some heavenly minstrel, taught
to sing
High notes responsive to the trembling
string,
To some new strain, when he adapts
the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, strains, and draws them to
and fro;
So the great master drew the mighty
bow,
And drew with ease.

Pope's Odyssey, xxi. v. 440.

Another simile descended to
us from antiquity, and particu-
larly celebrated, is that in which
Androgeos, falling unawares in
the way of the Trojan Hero, is
compared to a peasant who has
set his foot upon a snake.

As when some peasant, in a bushy
brake,
Has with unwary footing pressed a
snake,
He starts aside astonished! when he
spies
His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling
eyes,
So from our arms surprised Androgeos
flies.

Dryden's Æneid, ii. v. 510.

That the two last similes pos-
sess an uncommon degree of me-
rit, must be acknowledged; yet it
may be questioned whether either
can be compared to one of a poet,
who seldom rose above mediocri-
ty, but who on this occasion cer-
tainly struck the noblest chords
of the lyre. He applies it to
athiests, who, while they enjoy
the blessings, deny the existence
of the divinity.

Le Nil a vu sur ses rivages,
De noirs habitans des deserts,
Insulter par leurs cris sauvages,
L'astre éclatant de l'univers:
Cris impuissans, fureurs bizarres!
Tandis que ces monstres barbares
Poussaient d'insolens clameurs,
Le Dieu, poursuivant sa carrière,
Versait des torrens de lumière,
Sur ces obscurs blasphémateurs.

Le Franc Pourpignan.

An hypercritic would perhaps
ask, whether it would not have

been better to have left the ex-
clamation, "*Cris impuissans, fureurs bizarres!*" to the sugges-
tion of the Reader's own mind;
and whether the epithet "*ob-
scurs,*" in the last line, as it is
applied to persons upon whom
the sun was pouring a torrent of
light, be altogether happy? Is
it not what the English seldom
utter, but what hardly occurs in
any language but theirs—the
βους ἐπὶ γλῶττις?

I am, Mr. Editor,
Your Reader, and obdt. Servant,
NEMO.

SIR,—The following lines are
the production of Mr. *Bishop*,
whose estate contains three but-
chers, named *Palmer*, and two
tenants, named *Deacon*. Hence
the allusions in the second and
third lines. The whole is a lu-
dicrous parody on some lines in
the Second Canto of *Marmion*.
It has not ever been in print, and
is very much at your service for
better for worse.

M. M.

THE AUTO DU FÉ.

In conclave met in order due,
With *Palmer*s three, and *Deacons* two
The *Bishop* gives his stern command—
Prepar'd the Immolaters stand!
Th' attempt were idle here to trace
Their dress or figure, form or face;
Scott has so oft such groups pourtray'd,
Nor left a wrinkle undisplay'd,
'Twere meet that your steps were
beckon'd
To Walter's *Marmion*, Canto Second.

The victim in his narrow cell,
His sentence nor his crime could tell;
His tongue had never told a lie,
Nor treason spoke, nor heresy:
Unknown to slander, rage, or spleen,
His quiet life had sinless been,
Unless pure indolence be sin,
And fat without be crime within;
(And if it be, nine out of ten
Bishops and *Priests* are guilty men).

But innocence nor sin controuls
 Their firm resolves—relentless souls;
 Forth to the stable yard they hie,
 And drag the captive from his sty;
 Deep in his throat they plunge the
 knife,
 And thus condole his ebbing life—
 “Piggy, let thy sorrows cease!
 Piggy, wiggy, part in peace!”

And think'st thou that, the victim dead,
 To save his soul a pray'r was said?

I tell thee, Reader, thou'rt mistaken,
 'Stead of *Saint Peter's* power so pure,
 They thought *Salt Petre* best could cure:
 No pray'r they said, no saint invok'd,
 But sought to get his fitches smok'd,
 And only car'd to save his bacon.

EPIGRAM,

(Almost *impromptu*) on Miss Snow.

I.

You've heard of the Chieftain*, whose
 rigour
 Would not to his Grandson allow
 The risk of impairing his vigour,
 By using a pillow of snow.

* It is reported of old, that Sir Ewen Cameron, of Lochiel, when upwards of seventy, that he was surprised by night on a hunting expedition. He wrapped him in his plaid, and lay contentedly down upon the snow, with which the ground happened to be covered; among his attendants, who were preparing to take their rest in the same manner, he observed that one of his Grandsons, for his better accomodation, had rolled

II.
 But oh! had the sturdy Highlander
 Liv'd on, later ages to know;
 He ne'er could have been such a gander,
 As refuse to be pillow'd by Snow.

III.

The snow of the Ancients was freezing,
 And cold to the toes and the fingers;
 But our *Snow* is witchingly pleasing
 And warms us, wherever shelingers

IV.

Then who, if it lay in his power,
 Would not all other pleasures forego,
 To be pillow'd, for one fleeting hour,
 On the bosom of unsullied Snow.

Φ

a large snow ball, and placed it below his head. The wrath of the ancient Chief was awakened by a symptom of what he conceived to be degenerate luxury. “Out upon thee” said he, kicking the frozen bolster from the head which it supported, “art thou so effeminate as to need a pillow.”

Notes to Lady of the Lake,

Canto 2. note 16.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. P. and A Friend behind the Curtain, are unavoidably postponed.
 Φ., R. Olden, and H. are received.

We must apologize to J. A. M. for our seeming want of gallantry, in not sooner noticing her contribution.

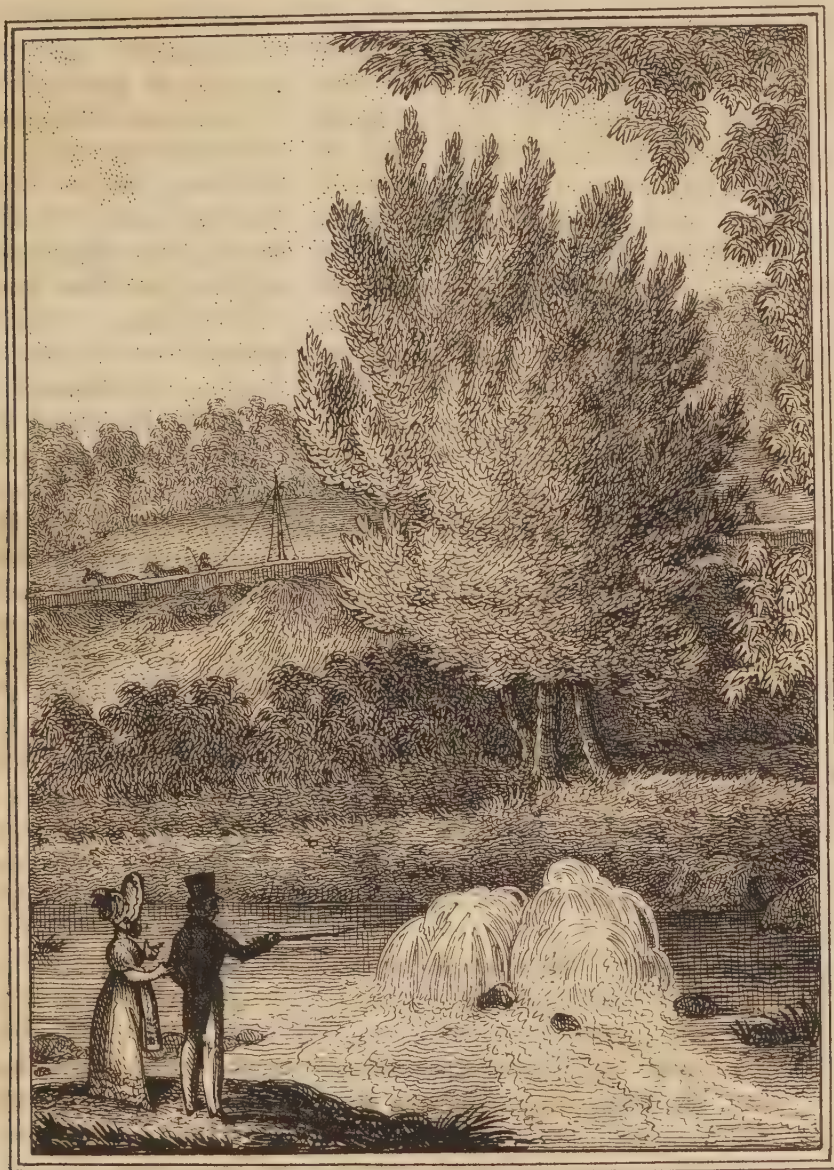
G's verses are better than his first, but still inadmissible.

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THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex rapto vivens.

No. X.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1823. [PRICE 2d.



Drawn on Stone by I. Baker.

THE SOURCE OF THE THAMES.

THE Source of the Thames, like that of the Nile, has been variously assigned, in consequence of the different contributory springs which feed its early stream from the borders of Gloucestershire and Wiltshire. But on the authority of antient maps, deeds, and other antiquarian documents, as well as the

name of the spot itself, which in all time has borne the title of the Thames Head, the river must be said to issue in a small valley in the parish of Cotes, in Gloucestershire, at the distance of about two miles and a half from Cirencester, a considerable town in the same county. The soil of the field where the spring rises is a fine gravel; a very uncommon circumstance in the open country of Cotswould. At a small distance from its Source it runs under the Akman-street Road, leading from Cirencester to Bath, and enters the parish of Kemble, in the county of Wilts. It runs for about a mile, widening very considerably from the accession of several other springs, till it comes opposite to the village already named, which rises prettily on its upland situation, crowned with its taper spire, an object that enlivens the surrounding country. The stream now acquires the breadth of about twelve yards, over which there is a foot-bridge, formed by large stones, laid on piles, which may be considered as the first on the river, unless a couple of flat stones, laid across its previous and much narrower stream, may claim that title.

At a small distance from the spring, but on the high ground above it, runs the canal, made a few years since, to form a junction between the Thames and the Severn.

Some account of the river itself, will be naturally expected to form a part of this paper, which expectation we shall endeavour to gratify.

From its Source it flows on in a rivulet character till it reaches Cricklade, in Wiltshire, where being increased by the contri-

bution of several inferior streams, it assumes a more attractive appearance. Approaching Kemsford, it re-enters its native country, dividing it from Berkshire at Inglesham. The river enlarges as it approaches Letchlade, a town in Gloucestershire, situated on the confines of Berkshire and Oxfordshire, and receiving the waters of the Lech and Coln, it becomes navigable for vessels from ninety to a hundred tons burthen; and at the distance, according to the river admeasurement, of one hundred and thirty eight miles from London.

The river now divides the counties of Berks and Oxford, passing by Buscot, Farringdon, Stanton, Harcourt, and Ensham, till after a succession of beautiful meanders, it reaches Oxford. It then proceeds by Illey, and flowing beneath the redundant swells and rich scenery of Nuneham, it approaches Abingdon. In the course of a few miles it receives the waters of the Thame, an insignificant stream, and, at no great distance, flows beneath the ancient bridge of Wallingford. The country through which it now runs is replete with beauty—the Streatly Hills, the sweet village of Goring, the splendid seat of Basildon, the woods of Hardwick, the antient magnificence of Maple-Durham, and the pretty village of Caversham, succeed each other, till the river approaches the vicinity of Reading.

The Thames now continues its course to Henley, and after washing the foot of that brow, which acknowledges the fine improvements of Park Place, it flows through the arches of Henley Bridge, one of the most elegant of the many structures that

stretch across it, when its northern bank at Fawley is in the county of Buckingham.

We now come to the most beautiful part of a river that abounds in beauties. From Henley to Maidenhead Bridge there is a most delightful succession of them. The Thames, before it reaches Marlow, serpentine through its vale in a variety of pleasing curves, as if it lingered to reflect the richness of the scenery on either side of it. The small remains of Medmenham, the antient figure of Bisham Abbey, Harleyford House and its woody uplands, are succeeded by the town of Marlow, whence, through various scenes of sylvan attraction, Hedsor and Cliefden appear in the near horizon, when the stream continues its course till it flows beneath them, and the heights of Taplow, to Maidenhead, and in a few miles reaches Windsor. The magnificence of Windsor Castle appearing on its brow on one side, and the academic Groves of Eton College on the other, form a scene of contrasted interest and beauty. The stately towers of the former long continue to give splendour to the prospect, and they scarce cease to be visible when the river reaches Runnymede, where our ancestors obtained the charter of those liberties, which every Briton now enjoys beneath his own vine, and his own fig-tree, in peace and security. Here Cowper's Hill rises in the view, and here we shall pause in our course, and give those beautiful lines, in which the poet of the spot gives a description of the river, which will enliven and add importance to our own.

Mine eye, descending from the hill,
surveys
Where *Thames* among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames, the most lov'd of all the ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs;
Hasting to pay a tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth
t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er each he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers who their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse knights, resumes the wealth he gave,
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, or mock the ploughman's toil;
But Godlike his unwearied bounty flows,
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common as the sea or wind;
When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tribute of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his floating towers,
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants;
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;
So that to us, nothing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example as it is my theme!
Though deep yet clear; though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'er flowing full.

Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall
boast,
Whose fame's in this, like lesser cur-
rents lost.

Staines and Chertsey, with their respective bridges, are the next places that are washed by the Thames. The scenery of Ham Farm, Wooburn Farm, and Oatlands, give beauty and splendour to its banks: and having passed the small retired village of Shepperton, and flowed through Walton Bridge, its Middlesex side is decorated with a long line of handsome mansions, that form the beauty of Sunbury and Hampton. Here the palace is a magnificent object, and the stream glides on between the royal park on the one side, and the elegant country houses of Thames Ditton on the other, till it reaches the antient county town of Kingston, in Surrey. The river now assumes a more polished and classical character. Twickenham, with its gardens and its meads, and Ham, scarce seen in its leafy bowers, adorn the banks of the river, till it flows beneath the lofty brow of Richmond; when it passes on, with the tide's accelerated wave, between the royal gardens, and the lawns of Sion to Kew, where its rural character may be said almost to end; or at least is blended with the mill and the manufactory, the lengthened street, the active occupations of life, and the busy hum of men. It now reaches the metropolis, and having washed the shores of the first city, it becomes itself the finest harbour in the world. It afterwards assumes a new and indeed a stupenduous character. Forests of masts, docks of vast extent, the great naval arsenals,

and the immense moving navigation, possess and adorn it, till after a course of more than two hundred miles, it yields its abundant waters to the sea.

The charms Italian meadows shower,
The orange grove, the myrtle bower,
The roaring cat'ract wild and white,
The Lotos flower of azure light;
The fields where ceaseless summer
smiles,

The bloom that decks th' Ægean isles;
The hills that touch th' empyreal plain,
Olympian Jove's sublime domain;
To other streams all these resign:
Still none, oh Thames! shall vie with
thine.

Far other charms than they possess,
Thy ever verdant margin bless.
Where Peace with Freedom, hand in
hand,

Walks forth along the sparkling
strand;

A cheerful toil and glowing health,
Proclaim a patriot nation's wealth.
The blood-stained scourge no tyrants
wield,

No groaning slaves invert the field;
But willing Labour's careful train,
Crowns all thy banks with waving
grain;

With beauty decks thy sylvan shades,
With livelier green invests thy glades:
And grace, and bloom, and plenty
pours,

On thy sweet meads and willowy
shores;

The field where herds unnumbered
rove,

The laurell'd path, the beechen
grove;

The oak in lonely grandeur free,
Lord of the forest and the sea;
The spreading plain, the cultur'd hill,
The tranquil cot, the restless mill,
The lonely hamlet calm and still;
The village spire, the busy town,
The shelving bank, the rising down,
The fisher's boat, the peasant's home,
The woodland seat, the regal dome,
In quick succession rise to charm
The mind, with virtuous feelings
warm;

Till where thy widening current
glides,

To mingle with the turbid tides;
Thy spacious breast displays unfurl'd
The ensigns of th' assembled world.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BAY OF
NAPLES.

WE sailed at five, and after firing our farewell signals to our friends on shore, we soon found ourselves in the middle of the bay of Naples, surrounded by the most beautiful scenery in the world. It fell calm for an hour, as if on purpose to give us time to contemplate all its beauties.

The bay is of a circular figure; in most places upwards of twenty miles in diameter; so that, including all its breaks and inequalities, the circumference is considerably more than 60 miles. The whole of this space is so wonderfully diversified by all the riches both of art and nature, that there is scarcely an object wanting to render the scene complete; and it is hard to say, whether the view is more pleasing from the singularity of many of these objects, or from the incredible variety of the whole. You see an amazing mixture of the ancient and modern; some rising to fame, and some sinking to ruin. Palaces reared over the head of other palaces, and ancient magnificence trampled under foot by modern folly. Mountains and islands, that were celebrated for their fertility, changed into barren wastes, and barren wastes into fertile fields and rich vineyards. Mountains sunk into plains, and plains swelled into mountains. Lakes drank up by volcanoes, and extinguished volcanoes turned into lakes. The earth still smoking in many places, and in others throwing out flame. In short, nature seems to have formed this coast in her most capricious mood; for every object is a *lusus naturæ*. She never seems to have gone seri-

ously to work, but to have devoted this spot to the most unlimited indulgence of caprice and frolic.

The Bay is shut out from the Mediterranean by the island of Capre, so famous for the abode of Augustus, and afterwards so infamous for that of Tiberius. A little to the west lie those of Ischia, Prosida, and Nisida; the celebrated promontory of Miceum, where Æneas landed; the classic fields of Bara, Cuma, and Puzzoli; with all the variety of scenery that formed both the Tartarus and Elysium of the ancients; the Camphi Phlegrei, or burning plains, where Jupiter overcame the giants; the Monte Novo, formed of late years by the fire; the Monte Barbaro; the picturesque city of Puzzoli, with the Solfaterra smoking above it; the beautiful promontory of Paesillippe, exhibiting the finest scenery that can be imagined; the great and opulent city of Naples, with its three castles, its harbour full of ships from every nation, its palaces, churches, and convents innumerable. The rich country from thence to Portici, covered with noble houses and gardens, and appearing only a continuation of the city. The palace of the King, with many others surrounding it, all built over the roofs of those of Herculaneum, buried nearly a hundred feet by the eruptions of Vesuvius. The black fields of lava that have run from that mountain, intermixed with gardens, vineyards, and orchards. Vesuvius itself, in the back ground of the scene, discharging volumes of fire and smoke, and forming a broad track in the air over our heads, distending without being broken or dissipated to the utmost verge of

the horizon. A variety of beautiful towns and villages, round the base of the mountain, thoughtless of the impending ruin that daily threatens them. Some of these are reared over the very roofs of Pompeia and Stabia, where Pliny perished, and with their foundations have pierced through the sacred abodes of the ancient Romans, thousands of whom lie buried here, the victims of this inexorable mountain. Next follows the extensive and romantic coast of Castello Mare, Sorrentun, and Mola; diversified with every picturesque object in nature. It was the study of this wild and beautiful country that formed our greatest landscape painters. This was the school of Poussin, and Salvator Rosa, but more particularly of the latter, who drew many of his most celebrated pieces from bold craggy rocks that surround this coast; and no doubt it was from the daily contemplation of these romantic objects that they stored their minds with that variety of ideas they have communicated to the world with such elegance in their works.

Now should I tell you this extensive coast, this prodigious variety of mountains, vallies, promontories, and islands, covered with everlasting verdure, and loaded with the richest fruits, is all the produce of subterraneous fire, it would require, I fear, too great a stretch of faith to believe me; yet the fact is certain, and can only be doubted by those who have wanted time or curiosity to examine it. It is strange, you will say, that nature should make use of the same agent to create and destroy; and that what has been only looked upon as the consumer of countries, is in

fact the very power that produces them. Indeed this part of our earth seems to have undergone the sentence pronounced upon the whole of it; but, like the Phoenix, has risen again from its ashes, in much greater beauty and splendour than before it was consumed. The traces of these dreadful conflagrations are conspicuous in every corner—they have been violent in their operations, but in the end have proved salutary in their effects. The fire in many places is not extinguished, but Vesuvius is the only spot where it rages with any degree of activity.

After contemplating this delightful prospect till sunset, the wind sprung up again, and we have now almost reached Capre, thirty miles distant from Naples. The night is dark, and Vesuvius is flaming at a dreadful rate: we can observe the red hot stones thrown to a vast height in the air; and after their fall, rolling down the side of the mountain. Our ship is going so smoothly, that we are scarce sensible of the motion, and if the wind continues, before to-morrow night we shall be in sight of Sicily.

BRYDONE.

PROGRESS OF THE ANTIENT
DRAMA IN ENGLAND.

MANY licentious pleasantries, observes Mr. Warton, were introduced into the religious representations, which might imperceptibly lead the way to subjects entirely profane, and to comedy, perhaps, earlier than is imagined—In these plays, the Devil was very frequently introduced, and usually repre-

sented with horns, a very wide mouth, (by means of a mask) staring eyes, a large nose, a red beard, cloven feet, and a tail. His constant attendant was Vice (the buffoon of the piece) whose principal employment was to belabour the Devil with his wooden dagger, and to make him roar for the entertainment of the populace.

As the *Mysteries* or *Miracle plays*, frequently required the introduction of allegorical characters, such as Charity, Sin, Death, Hope, Faith, or the like, and as the common poetry of the times began to deal much in allegory, at length plays were formed entirely consisting of such personifications. These were called *Moralities*, and indicate dawnings of the dramatic art; they contain some rudiments of a plot, and even attempt to delineate characters and to paint manners. Hence the gradual transition to real historical personages was natural and obvious.

We have a curious account in a book entitled "Mount Tabor, or Private Exercises of a Penitent Sinner," by R. W. Esq. 1639, an extract from which, will give the reader a more accurate notion of the old *Moralities*, than a long dissertation on the subject.

"UPON A STAGE-PLAY, WHICH I SAW WHEN I WAS A CHILD.

In the city of Gloucester, the manner is (as I think it is in other like corporations), that when players of enterludes come to towne, they first attend the Mayor, to enforme him what nobleman's servants they are, and so to get licence for their publicke playing; and if the Mayor like the actors, or would shew respect

to their lord and master, he appoints them to play their first play before himself and the Alderman, and Common Councill of the city: and that is called the *Mayor's Play*; where every one that will, comes in without money; the Mayor giving the players a reward as hee thinks fit, to shew respect unto them. At such a play, my father tooke me with him, and made me stand between his leggs, as he sate upon one of the benches, where we saw and heard very well. The play was called, *The Cradle of Security*, wherein was personated a king, or some great prince, with his courtiers of several kinds, among which, three ladies were in special grace with him; and they keeping him in delights and pleasures, drew him from his graver counsellors, hearing of sermons and listening to good counsell and admonition, that in the end they got him to lye down in a cradle upon the stage, where these three ladies, joyning in a sweet song, rocked him asleepe, that he snorted againe, and in the mean time closely conveyed under the cloathes wherewithall he was covered, a vizard like a swines snout upon his face, with three wire chains fastened thereunto; the other end wherof being holden severally by those three ladies; who fall to singing againe, and then discovered his face, that the spectators might see how they had transformed him, going on with their singing. Whilst all this was acting there came forth of another doore, at the furthest end of the stage, two old men; the one in blew, with a serjeant at arms, his mace on his shoulder; the other in red, with a drawn sword in his hand, and leaning with the

other hand upon the other's shoulder; and so they went along with a soft pace round about by the skirt of the stage, till at last they came to the cradle, when all the court was in the greatest jollity; and then the foremost old man with his mace stroke a fearful blow upon the cradle; wherewith all the courtiers with the three ladies and the vizard all vanished, and the desolate prince starting up barefaced, and finding himself thus sent for to judgment, made a lamentable complaint of his miserable case, and so was carried away by wicked spirits. This prince did personate in the *Morall*, the wicked of the world, the three ladies, Pride, Covetousness, and Luxury, the two old men, the End of the World and the Last Judgement. This sight took such impression in me, than when I came towards man's estate, it was as fresh in my memory as if I had seen it newly acted."

(To be continued.)

ON SWEARING.

(Continued from our last.)

THUS then through all ranks and stages of life, is *swearing* the very hinge of conversation! It is the conclusive supplement to argument, the apology for wit, the universal medium through which every thought is conveyed; and as to the violent passions, it is (to use the words of the poet) "*the very midwife of the mind*," and is equally serviceable in bringing forth the sensations of anger or kindness, hope or fear; the extacies of extravagant delight, or the agonies of comfortless despair. What

mortal among us is there, that when any misfortune comes on him unexpectedly, does not find himself wonderfully lightened of the load of his sorrow, by pouring out the abundance of his vexation in showers of curses on the author of his calamity? What gamester, who has reduced himself from opulence to beggary, by the intemperate indulgence of a mad infatuation, does not, after sitting down and venting his execrations for half an hour against his ill fortune and his folly, get up again greatly relieved by so happy an expedient.

Since then the advantages arising from an early initiation into the practice of swearing, must so evidently appear to every person unprejudiced against it, by notions (now indeed almost out of date) of religion and morality, I cannot but be surprised, that no one has yet attempted to reduce to system, and teach the theory of an art, the practical part of which is so universally known and adopted. An undertaking of this kind could not surely fail of success; especially in an age like this, when attempts of a much more arduous nature, are every day presented to our notice: when pigs are brought to exercise all the functions of rationality; and Hibernians profess to teach the true pronunciation of the English tongue.

It is not so very far removed, but that some of my readers must recollect the time, when the noble art of *boxing* was, by the ever-memorable Figg and Broughton, reduced to a complete and perfect system; and the nobility and gentry were taught theoretically as well as practically, to bruise the bodies,

and (to use a technical term) *darken the day-lights* of each other, with the vigour of a Hercules, tempered with the grace of an Apollo. And it is but a few years ago that a celebrated foreigner actually instructed some persons of no inconsiderable rank, of both sexes, in the art of *eating soup* with ease and dexterity; (though, in my humble opinion, few people could need a preceptor to shew them the way to their mouths.)

Of much more utility, and surely not less successful, would be the plan I recommend. Many there were, who, from tenderness of age, or delicacy of constitution, were precluded from the diversion of *boxing*; to many the science of *soup-eating* was useless and impracticable, merely from having none to eat; but all have their *oaths* in their own power, and of them neither emptiness of pocket nor corporeal or mental imbecility prevent the free and uncontrouled use; and almost every one, however nig-gardly he may be in parting with any other of his possessions, scatters these with the most liberal profusion.

Thus, then, if fostered by the hand of a skilful linguist, this science might perhaps in time come nearer than any other to realise the extravagant idea of the ingenious but romantic Bishop Wilkins, of an universal language. At present, indeed, there are some slight inconveniences attending the project, among which no small one is, that according to their present general usage, oaths, like Yorick's French friseur, by expressing too much, generally mean nothing; insomuch that I now make it a rule to lessen my belief to every assertion, in pro-

portion to the number of needless corroborative oaths by which it is supported. Nor, am I, indeed, unreasonable in this; and in most cases how can I do otherwise? Is it in human nature to suppose, that when one of my friends declares his joy at seeing me, and his kind concern for my health, by intimating a hearty wish of my eternal perdition, that he really means what he says?

It has been observed by some ancient philosopher, or poet, or moralist (no matter which), that nothing could be more pernicious to mankind, than the fulfilling of their own wishes; and in truth I am inclined to be of his opinion; for many a friend of mine would, had his own imprecations on himself taken effect, long ere this have groaned under the complication of almost every calamity capable of entering a human imagination. And with regard to the world at large, were this to be the case, I doubt whether there would be at this present time a leg or limb of any kind whole in his Majesty's service. So habitual, indeed, was this custom become to an officer of my acquaintance, that though he had lost one of his eyes in the defence of his country, he could not forego his favourite execration, but still used to vent his curses on them both, with the same ease and indifference as when they were both in his possession; so *blind* was he rendered to his own defects, by the continued practice of this—amusement. For in no other light than as an amusement or a polite accomplishment can it be considered by those who practice it. Did they consider it as a vice, they could not, I am sure, perse-

vere in the indulgence of one, which has not even the common excuse of having for its aim the pursuit of pleasure, or the gratification of a darling appetite. I cannot believe they would so disinterestedly damn themselves, and vent in public company such imprecations, as in darkness and solitude they would tremble to conceive.

As an accomplishment, therefore, and as an agreeable indication of youthful gaiety, it must, no doubt, be considered;—and should any one take the hint here offered him, and commence instructor in this noble science, let him get his advertisement drawn up in the following style; professing, that

“Having added to the early advantages of a Billingsgate education the deepest researches, and most indefatigable industry, &c. &c., he now stands forth as an apt and accomplished teacher of the never-to-be-sufficiently extolled, the all-expressive, all-comprehensive, &c. &c. *art of swearing*. Ladies and Gentlemen instructed in the most fashionable and elegant oaths, the most peculiarly adapted to their several ages, manners, and professions, &c. &c. He has now ready for the press, a book entitled, *The complete Oath Register; or, Every Man his own Swearer*; containing oaths and imprecations for all times, seasons, purposes, and occasions. Also, *Sentimental Oaths for the Ladies*. Likewise, *Execrations for the Year 1824*.”

Let him, I say, do this, and he may, I believe, assure himself of no little encouragement among the world at large.

B.

THE TOOTHACH.

TOOTHACH—there is something spasmodic in the very word. It has absolutely a *taste*, a strong *chalybeate* taste, to one experienced in the sensation. All plagues, it is said, teach patience: it may be so, but at least there is no denying that this is one of the roughest and most harrassing of all such preceptors. And yet the poor soul in this little purgatory finds none to pity him. If a man breaks a leg, or an arm, or two or three ribs,—or fracture his skull, or, in short, meet with any other comparatively trifling accident, he is laid upon the easiest couch, his nurse treads softly about his apartment, his knocker is tied up, his friends send diligent enquiries respecting the progress of his recovery, and all is solace and compassion. But the presence of the pitiable victim of this *king-plague* does not in any degree restrain the bursts of mirth:—nay it is not unlikely he may be tantalized with the delightful tidings of an infallible remedy, which, alas! proves to be the old, often recommended specific—to fill the mouth with cold water, and—and—sit—on the fire till it boils. Why is it that a pain, one of the most torturing and vexatious of all those that agonize the human frame, one that our bard looks upon as capable of softening the aspect of the grim king of terrors himself—

——To die,—to sleep,—

No more; and by a sleep, to say we
end

The *toothach*, and the thousand natural
shocks,

That flesh is heir to—

—why, I say, is it that such a pain calls forth so little commi-

seration, even from those who have smarted under it? Oh Last (among physicians, though last, not least) our renowned countryman!—and oh! Rabelais, thou merry wag!—ye have pointed out a remedy which, while few anticipate it without a shudder, yet suffices to steel the hearts of the otherwise compassionate, against the feelings of humanity. Yes, the facetious French physician, periphrastically, recommends that the offending tooth be well washed in wine, and then—laid in the sun to dry. How many voluntarily perform the former part of the operation, how few dare promptly resort to the latter!

Probably it was from observing that his suffering patients too frequently stopped short in the middle of the prescription of Rabelais, that the erudite Last thought it necessary thus plainly and tersely to lay down the proper mode of treatment:

“ I plucks 'em out.”*

Oh for the nerves and the firm resolution of the man who, with unpalpitating heart, knocks at the dentist's door, waits for an hour his turn to be excruciated, receives the grinding wound of the preparatory lancet, hears the rattle of the horrid instrument of extraction as it is taken from its repository, and feels the cold—cold—steel enter his head to lacerate his already bleeding jaws—the very thought relieves my present anguish.

It is certainly possible to diminish the violence of pain by the force of reason. The patient endurance of lengthened gnawing bodily torment, without falling into either irritability of temper

or despondence, extorts admiration from the observer, and is at the same time of great service to the sufferer. If we picture to ourselves Scaevola, unmoved, holding forth his hand to be consumed by fire,—if we call to mind the myriads of martyrs who have submitted without a murmur to be burned, or impaled, or sawn asunder—or the devotees of the East, who voluntarily, and with perfect composure, subject themselves to the most painful self-denials, the most irksome and protracted inconveniences of posture, what are we—what am I, that I thus effeminately yield to the effects of a mere spark? No; I am resolved to act a better part, and here I sit, tranquilly to bear——

When! confound that twinge. Farewell patience, for the present. Last and Rabelais, ye are my oracles. Shakspeare, I doubt you. And thou, vile, execrable peg! ere the sun shall have attained his meridian height, thou shalt no longer form any part of me; that is, if my friend Bell retain his accustomed skill and strength of arm: thou shalt no longer serve to hang one rebellious thought, one peevish action upon: and, if once I get thee out, I will take good care that, as a greater man formerly said on a *less important* occasion, thou gettest not in again. Haste, welcome dawn!

A. P.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A singular Stratagem, practised by the Inhabitants of Carthagera, for taking Wild Geese.

NEAR the city of Carthagera, to the eastward of Monte de la

* Exam. before the Coll. of Phys.

Popa, is a large lake, called La Crenega de Tescas, abounding with fish, but reckoned unwholesome. The water of this lake, communicating with the sea, is salt, but without increase or decrease, the difference of the tides here being insignificant. Every evening vast flights of geese retire here from all the neighbouring countries, as their natural place of rest during the night. The persons who catch these birds throw into the lake about fifteen or twenty calabashes, which they call *totumos*, and the geese being accustomed to see these calabashes floating on the water, never avoid them. In three or four days the persons return early in the morning to the lake with another calabash, having holes in it for seeing and breathing through. This calabash he places on his head, and walks in the water with only the calabash above the surface. In this manner, with all possible stillness, he moves towards the geese, pulling them under water with one hand, and then securing them with the other. When he has thus taken as many of them as he is able to carry, he makes for the shore, and delivers them to his companion, who waits for him at a certain distance in the water. This done, he renews his sport, either till he has taken as many as he desires, or the birds begin to disperse themselves over the country.

ULLOA.

THE HONOUR AND ADVANTAGE
OF A CONSTANT ADHERENCE
TO TRUTH.

PETRARCH, a celebrated Italian poet, who flourished about

four hundred years ago, recommended himself to the confidence and affection of Cardinal Collonna, in whose family he resided, by his candour and strict regard to truth. A violent quarrel occurred in the household of this nobleman, which was carried so far, that recourse was had to arms. The Cardinal wished to know the foundation of this affair; and that he might be able to decide with justice, he assembled all his people, and obliged them to bind themselves, by the most solemn oath on the Gospels, to declare the whole truth. Every one, without exception, submitted to this determination; even the Bishop of Luna, brother to the Cardinal, was not excused. Petrarch, in his turn, presenting himself to take the oath, the Cardinal closed the book, and said. "*As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient.*"

A story similar to this, is related of Zenocrites, an Atheanean philosopher, who lived three hundred years before Christ, and was educated in the school of Plato. The people of Athens entertained so high an opinion of his probity, that one day when he approached the Altar, to confirm by an oath the truth of what he had asserted, the judges unanimously declared his *word* to be sufficient evidence.

THE MISCELLANY.

"Rebus et ordine dispar."—HOR.

UTOPIA UNIVERSITY.
December 9657.

I. Give a comparative sketch of the principal English Theatres,

with the dates of their erection, and the names of the most eminent candle-snuffers at each. What were the stage-boxes? What were the offices of prompter, ballet-master, and scene-shifter? In what part of the theatre was the one-shilling gallery? Distinguish accurately between Operas and Puppet shews.

II. Where was Downing-street? Who was prime minister when Cribb defeated Molineux? and when and where did the battle take place? Explain the terms of milling—fibbing—cross-buttock—neck and crop—bang up—and prime.

III. Give the dates of all the parliaments, from their first institution to the period of the hard frost on the Thames. In what month of what year was Mr. Abbot elected speaker? Why was he called “the little man in the wig?” When the speaker was out of the chair, where was the mace put?

IV. Enumerate the principal houses of call in and about London, marking those of the Taylors, Bricklayers, and Shoemakers, and stating from what brewery each house was supplied with brown stout? Who was the titular Saint of the Shoemakers? At what time was his feast celebrated? Who was St. Swithin? Do you remember any remarkable English proverb concerning him?

V. Give a ground plan of Gillead House. Mention the leading topics of the Guide to Health, with some account of the Anti-Impetigines,—Daffy’s Elixir,—Blair’s Distemper Powders,—Ching’s Worm Lozenges,—and Hooper’s Female Pills.

VI. Give characters of Wat Tyler, Jack Cade, and Sir Francis Burdett. Did the latter return from the Tower by water or land. On what occasion did Mr. Lethbridge’s “hair stand on end?” Correct the solœcism and give the reason of your alteration.

VII. Enumerate the roads on which double toll was taken on Sundays. Did this custom extend to Christmas days or Good Fridays? Who was toll-taker at Tyburn when Mrs. Brownrigs was executed?

VIII. Distinguish accurately between sculls and oars—boat and punt—jackass and donkey—guager, exciseman, and surveyor—pantaloons, trowsers, gaiters, and overalls. At what places of education were any of these forbidden? which? and why?

IX. Express the following words in the Lancashire, Derbyshire, London, and Exmoor dialects; bacon, poker, you, I, doctor, and turnpike gate.

X. Mention the principal coach inns in London, with a correct list of coaches that set out from the Bolt-in-Tun. Where were the chief stands of hackney coaches? What was the number of that in which the Princess Charlotte drove to Connaught House? To what stand do you suppose this removed after it had set her down?

XI. Give a succinct account, with dates, of the following persons; Belcher, Mr. Waithman, Major Cartwright, Marten van Butchell, Carlile, and the Editor of the New European Magazine.

XII. Draw a Map of the Thames, with the surrounding

country, marking particularly Wapping, Blackwall, Richmond, and the Isle of Dogs. Distinguish between Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Newcastle-under-Lyne. Gloucester and Double-Gloucester, and the two Richmonds. What celebrated teacher flourished at any of them? and who were his most eminent disciples?

XIII. What were the various sorts of papers in use amongst the English? To what purpose was whited-brown chiefly applied? What was size? Distinguish between this and College Sizings, and state the ordinary expense of papering a room.

XIV. "For every one knows little Matt's an M. P." Frag. Com. Inc. ap. Morn. Chron. vol. 59, p. 1624. B.

What reason can you assign for the general knowledge of this fact? Detail, at length, the ceremony of chairing a Member. What were the hustings? Who paid for them? Explain the abbreviations, Matt.—M. P.—Tom—Dick—F. R. S.—LL. D.—and A. S. S.

XV. What was the distinguishing title of the Mayors of London? Did any other city share the honour? Give a list of the Mayors of London, from Sir Richard Whittington to Sir Wm. Curtis, with an account of the cat of the first, and the weight of the last. What is meant by Lord Mayor's Day? Describe the Apothecaries' barge, and give some account of Marrowbones and Cleavers.

XVI. When was Sprying and Marsden's lemon acid invented? Distinguish between this and essential salt of lemons. Enu-

merate the patentees, especially those of liquid blacking.

XVII. Scan the following lines:—

But for shaving and tooth-drawing,
Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,
Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man.

What is known of the character and history of Dicky Gossip?

ANECDOTE.

AMONG the many architectural conceits which meet the eye in Regent Street, there is one house in particular, that violates every *order* of architecture; being ornamented with pillars regularly tapering from the capital to the base, like the legs of a dining-table. Whilst the workmen were employed upon this fantastic elevation, a gentleman, who happened to be passing, enquired from one who seemed to be their Foreman, by what new *order* he was working. "Sir," said he, "by Mr. Nash's *positive order*."

CURIOUS HISTORICAL ANECDOTE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

When the Princess Elizabeth came forth from her confinement in the Tower, she went into the church of Allhallows Steyning, in Mark Lane, the first church she found open, to return thanks for her deliverance from prison. As soon as the pious work was concluded, and the thanksgiving finished, the Princess and her attendants retired to the *King's Head*, in Fenchurch Street, to take some refreshment; and here

Her Royal Highness was regaled with *pork and pease*. The memory of this visit is still preserved there, and on the 17th November, Her Highness's birth day, many people meet to eat pork and pease in honour of the day. It must be observed, however, that as the Princess came from her confinement in the Tower, (according to Nichols in his Progresses,) in the month of May, the original day has probably been forgotten, and the birth-day substituted instead. A print of the Princess Elizabeth, from a picture by Hans Holbein, hangs in the great room of the tavern, and the dish (which appears to be of a mixed metal) in which the pork and pease were served up, as well as the plate the Princess eat off, are placed on either side of it, though much decayed by time and long services.

POET'S CORNER.

—————"neque est ignobile carmen."
VIR.

THE HOLLY TREE.

O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree.
The eye, that contemplates it well,
perceives
Its glossy leaves;
Ordered by an intelligence so wise,
As might confute the Atheist's sophis-
tries.

Below—a circling fence its leaves are
seen,
Wrinkled and keen:
No grazing cattle through their prick-
ling round
Can reach to wound;

But as they grow where nothing is to
fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless
leaves appear.

I love to view these things with
anxious eyes,
And moralise;
And in the wisdom of the Holly Tree,
Can emblems see,
Wherewith perchance to make a plea-
sant rhyme,
Such as may profit in the after time.

So, though abroad perchance I might
appear,
Harsh and austere:
To those who on my leisure would
intrude
Reserved and rude:
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly
Tree.

And should my gentle youth, as youth
is apt I know,
Some harshness shew;
All vain asperities I day by day,
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age
should be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly
Tree.

And as when all the summer trees are
seen
So bright and green,
The Holly Trees their fadeless leaves
display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods
we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly
Tree.

So serious should my youth appear
among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem among the young and
gay,
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

OH! sweeter than the flagrant flower
At dewy evenings close,
The will united with the power
To succour human woes.
And softer than the softest strain
Of Music to the ear,
The pleasure that we give and gain,
By gratitude sincere.

As when the moon in silent night,
Sheds o'er the earth her placid light,
And all is hushed around,
Our souls in solitude serene,
According with the tranquil scene,
Enjoy a calm profound:—
So Friendship's lamp the human breast
illumes,
A flame that guides the heart, but
ne'er consumes.

But when the sun's meridian blaze,
Darts from the south his piercing rays,
When nature pants for breath,
The daring mortal who aspires
To brave his penetrating fires,
Is struck with pain or death:
So Love's bright torch o'er human
reason throws,
A flame that cheers, but scorches as
it glows.

J. A. M.

A DYTIE TO HEY DOWN.

Copied from an old MS. in the Cotton
Library, entitled "Divers things of
Hen. VIII.'s time."

Who seeks to tame the blustering
winde,
Or cause the floods bend to his wyll,
Or els against dame Nature's kind,
To change things frame by cunning
skyll:

That man I think bestoweth paine,
Thoughe that his laboure be in vaine.

Whe strives to break the sturdye steele,
Or goeth about to staye the sunne:
Who thinks to cause an oke to reele,
Which never can by force be done:
That man likewise bestoweth paine,
Though that his laboure be in vaine.

Who thinks to strive against the
streame,
And for to sayle without a maste;
Unlesse he thinks perhapps to faine,
His travell ys forelorne and waste;
And so in cure of all his paine,
His travell ys his chieffest gaine.

So he lykewise, that goes about
To pleese eche eye and every eare,
Had need to have withouten doubt
A golden gift with hym to beare;
For evyll report shall be his gaine,
Though he bestowe both toyle and
paine.

God grant eche man one to amend;
God send us all a happy place;
And let us pray unto the end,
That we may have our princes grace:
Amen, Amen! so shall we gaine
A dewe reward for all our paine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank A. P. and W. E. H. for their contributions.

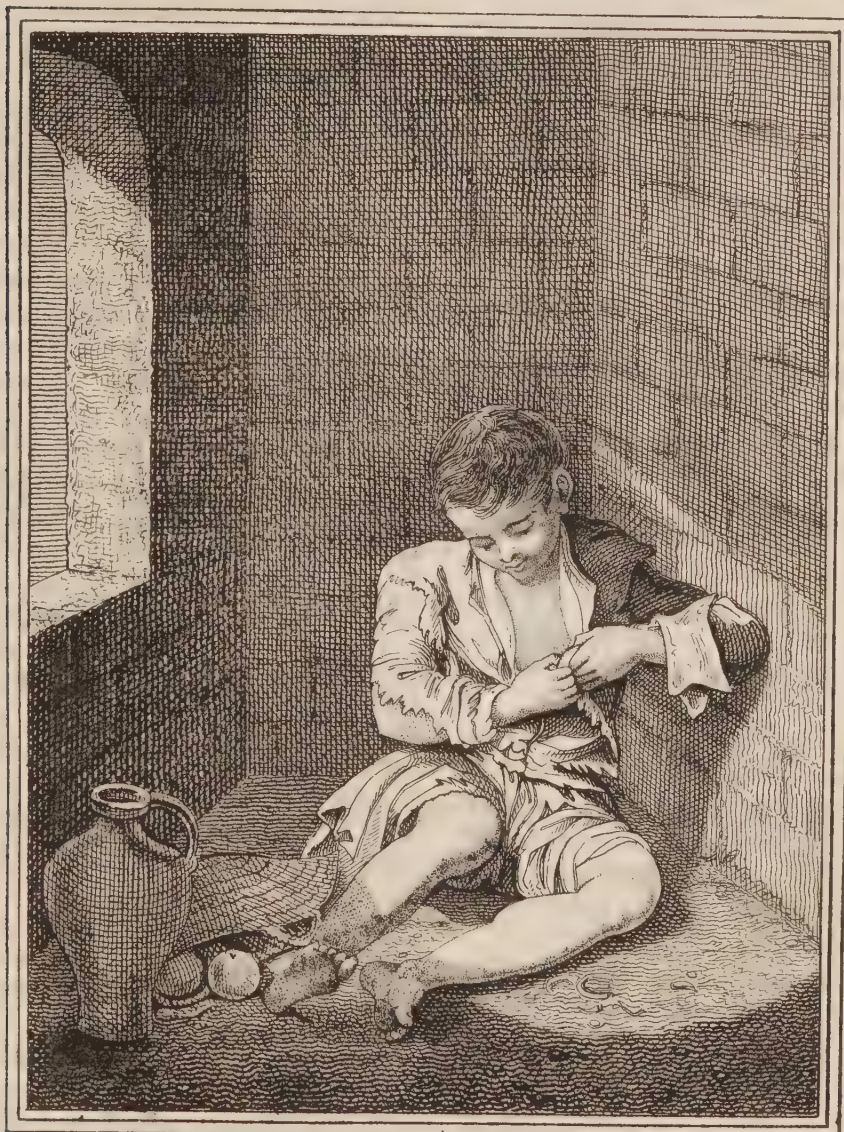
✍ We have to apologize to our Subscribers and the Public for the very limited circulation of our Last Number (IX.), which was owing to the awkward management of our late Lithographic Printer, by which we were reduced to the necessity of procuring a fresh Drawing, and placing the Lithographic Department of our Work in the more able hands of Messrs. CHATER and Co.

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THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex rapto vivens.

No. XI.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1823. [PRICE 2d.



Murillo's 'The Drummer' on Stone by Baker.

Printed by H. Chater & Co. 35, Fleet Street.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF MURILLO, WITH A BRIEF NOTICE OF HIS PAINTINGS.

MURILLO was born at Pilas, near Seville, in 1613, and as he shewed a very early inclination to painting, he was instructed by his uncle John del Castillo, an artist of some note, whose subjects were fairs and markets; in which style Murillo painted several pictures, while he continued with that master. But

M

his principal knowledge in the art, was derived from Velasquez, who directed his studies, and frequently retouched his designs.

Many writers assert that he studied at Rome, and improved himself excessively in that city; and yet, Velasco, a Spanish author, affirms that he never was in Italy, but arrived at the excellence he possessed, by copying the works of Titian, Rubens, and Vandyck, which were at Madrid, and the Escorial; and also by studying after the antique statues, which are in the royal collections. However, he became an excellent painter, and was employed by the King of Spain, to paint several historical pictures, which raised his reputation through every province of his own country. These paintings being afterwards sent to Rome, as a present to the Pope, the Italians were so much pleased with his performances, that they called him a second Paul Veronese. In Spain he designed and finished several grand altar-pieces, for the churches and convents at Madrid, Seville, Cordova, Cadiz, and Grenada; and some of his compositions are in the churches of Flanders.

Murillo also excelled in painting portraits and landscapes; he had an exquisite pencil; his colouring is mellow, and produces a surprising effect, by the clearness of his tints, skilfully opposed by proper shadows; his carnations are excellent, and there is a striking character of truth and nature in all his paintings. In every part relative to colouring, he seems perfect, but not quite correct; and if his choice had been better, and his taste and knowledge of the an-

tique more extensive, his works might have been ranked with those of the most eminent professors of the art. Yet his pictures are justly in great esteem through all Europe, and bring very large prices.

Some of the finest paintings of Murillo are in the Convent of St. Francis, at Seville. The subject of one of them is, Moses striking the Rock; and another is, Christ miraculously Feeding the Five Thousand; in which there are a great number of figures, well disposed, and beautifully coloured. But the picture which Murillo preferred to all his other works, is that of St. Thomas distributing Alms to the Poor, the Aged, and the Infirm.

But although it appears from the foregoing narrative that Murillo's genius, taste, and abilities qualified him to execute subjects of history with general applause, yet his favourite subjects were beggar boys, as large as life, in different actions and amusements, which he usually designed after nature, and gave them a faithful and powerful expression. His original pictures of these subjects possess the highest merit, and are held in sufficient estimation to be admitted into the most celebrated collections of our nobility.

The original picture, of which we have endeavoured to give our readers a slight, though far from adequate idea, in point of celebrity of execution holds a most distinguished rank amongst the paintings of Murillo. The action of the figure we trust needs no explanation. The subject, though admirably treated, is low: and, at the same time, that the picture does honour to the pencil of the

artist, it by no means displays the refinement of his taste. In fact it appears that a happy choice of subject was less the painter's object than the exact imitation of nature. And we cannot but regret that he should have united such simplicity of design, such force of colouring, such inimitable execution, in a production upon which the eye cannot dwell without a feeling, if not of disgust, at least of repugnance. F.

LODDIGES' GARDENS AT
HACKNEY.

There is, in some minds, a degree of enthusiasm that gives an exquisite zest to the enjoyment of intellectual pleasures, arising out of the contemplation of the works of nature, or the more important achievements of human power. This extreme sensibility, no doubt, renders the woes of life more afflicting to those who bear it about them, than they would be to those who possess it not; but it is also productive of the highest mental gratifications. I must ever remember the first time I stepped on to the terrace at Richmond-hill. All circumstances conspired to make that well-known landscape, which at once bursts on the eye from the eminence, most delightful to me. The day was beautifully fine—towards the end of the summer—ere the brown tints of autumn had mixed to any decided extent in the dark green foliage below. The season's heat had, for some weeks, been so frequently tempered by refreshing showers, that the meadows wore the hue of spring. The shadows of some

heavy—yet not threatening—clouds, gave depth and body to the mass of verdure; while that enchanting feature of the rich picture, the broad expanse of the silver Thames, dotted across by a line of cattle quietly standing in its cool stream, threw a finishing lightness on the whole. The full force of the enthusiasm of taste bore on my mind. A similar feeling has often been aroused by the passing banners of our intrepid warriors, unfolding in their undulations the names of places rendered immortal by the victories of British arms. A venerable abbey—the tomb of a great and good man—the ocean in its rage—these, and other objects of equal interest, cause an expansion of the heart, the value of which can be appreciated by the enthusiast alone. They flash a sunshine on the mind, that amply compensates for the endurance of all the darkness which it disperses.

I am yet enjoying such an excitement, experienced a short time since, on entering the great hot-house of Messrs. Loddiges, the indefatigable horticulturists. Their taste has led them to erect in this conservatory, which is devoted to Tropical plants, a stage from which a most magnificent spectacle of vegetation presents itself at one view. The immense Plantain, not, as in its wild state, torn by winds and deformed by insects, but in all its undisfigured majesty, is rivalled only by its neighbour the *Urania*. The latter plant, with leaves of twenty-five feet in length, and nearly three in breadth, almost overwhelms the understandings of those who have seen none but the productions of our ordinary gardens.

From the platform which the visitor is directed to ascend, he sees Palms, fan-leaved, and of every character of that "Royal Race," as Linnaeus terms the genus, in profusion. For my own part, I should scarcely have been surprised, had I seen the tiger creeping with wary malignity, or the elephant in untamed activity throwing up his proboscis, beneath their high-arched foliage.

But it is time to descend from my eminence, and give (if I can), not a full description, but some faint and sober idea of this romantic place—and I much mistake if even those who are not *botanists* will not be gratified by it.

The proprietors of the garden, a venerable German and his two sons, have, on little more than twelve acres of ground, situated on the right of Hackney, collected almost every vegetable production that the best inventions in horticulture (the very best being their own) can preserve in our climate. As well as an increasing stock can be calculated on, they possess not fewer than 18,000 vegetable productions, of *different species*; more than half of which are *rare*, and some *unique*, in this country. The hot-houses are warmed by steam-pipes, ingeniously arranged, and supplied by a double apparatus, so that in case of an accidental failure of the water or fire for the one, the other may preserve the precious collection. Both the hot-houses and the green-houses are veined throughout their roofs by fine metallic tubes, perforated at proper distances, by means of which, gentle showers, resembling the natural rain, are at

pleasure let fall on the plants beneath.

At this delightful repository may be seen, full of life and vigour, plants of all magnitudes; from the little Aretia of the Alps, which, with its profuse yet delicate blossom, does not lift its head above an inch and a half from the earth, to the magnificent *Musa Paradisiaca* (the Plantain), which towers forty feet from its root, though in fact it is merely an enormous esculent, possessing nothing of the character of timber.

To attempt to describe the elegance and splendour which reign here would be vain. Forms pyramidal, spiral, waving, present themselves on all sides. Flowers of the most brilliant hues, either uniform or variegated, bewilder the eye like a rapid succession of objects in a kaleidoscope. Even leaves, such as those of the *Maranta Zebra*, if viewed apart from the other beauties of the place, would excite the highest admiration. In many instances, Nature seems to have been playful in her works, and to have indulged in downright *bizarrierie*; as in some uncommon plants of the Cactus tribe.

Here the classical visitor will be introduced to the true Alexandrian laurel, of the very species which in ancient times rewarded the hero and the bard. Here too he may muse over a specimen of the *Heliconia*, from Mount Helicon, the Papyrus, and the sacred Lotus.

Our fair countrywomen will be delighted to see, in actual growth, things familiar to them in other shapes: Tea—bohea and green; Coffee, Chocolate, Cocoa, Cinnamon, Cloves, Gin-

ger, Pimento, Nutmeg, Sago, and Arrowroot.

Here are also the Date, the Areca (producing the Betel Nut, with which the Chinese *beaux* and *belles* dye their teeth of a red colour), the Mango, the Bread Fruit tree, the Camphor, the Sugar Cane, the Bamboo, the plant that yields the gum of which Indian rubber is manufactured, and the only Teak tree that ever lived in this country.

There are some vegetables which our limited knowledge leads us to call poisonous, though it may fairly be conjectured that they afford powerful medicines. One of the most prominent of these, which cannot without risk be touched with the naked hand, so nearly resembles a snake in colour, shape, and dimensions, that no animal, aware of the dangerous properties of the serpent tribe, would approach it incautiously; this is the *Caladium Seguinum*, or Dumb Cane, the juice of which, when it enters the human frame, besides being otherwise detrimental, paralyses the faculty of speech for a time.

The *Jatropha Urens*, on being touched, however lightly, produces the effect of a sharp sting.

Those who have been delighted by the peculiarity of the Sensitive Plant, will be further gratified by the *Hedysarum Gyrans*, the younger leaves of which, under a warm sun, are constantly in spontaneous and rapid motion. The *Dionæa Muscipula* may also be noticed with the Sensitive Plant. This vegetable bears a kind of pod, which opens like the shells of a cockle, strongly jointed near the stem that holds it. Within the pod are a number of fine fibres, and the instant any insect enters the pod and touches either

of these fibres, the shells close on their victim, and hold it fast until death has deprived it of motion, when they return to their former position.

Here may be seen the Air Plant, a species of the *Epidendrum*, suspended in baskets, and having no communication with either earth or water, yet vegetating in strong luxuriance, and blossoming, supported solely by the nourishment that it derives from the surrounding atmosphere.

The garden contains no fewer than 1,260 different species of Roses, forming a *Gulistan*, which probably even Persia herself does not outvie.

In short, in this collection, the first in the world, and approached only by the botanical garden at Vienna, have these persevering cultivators, in every region, from the tropics up to 76 degrees of latitude, gathered something rare, beautiful, curious, or majestic, whether vegetating in air, in earth, or in water.

But what give the most steady gratification, are some objects of humble appearance, and which, to an unexperienced eye, require for their detection some of that good-natured explanation that is always afforded to inquiring visitors by Messrs. Loddiges. These shew the kind bounty of Providence towards animals, in its government of the vegetable kingdom. I will instance but one — the *Nepenthes Distillatoria*, or Pitcher plant, which grows in great abundance in stagnant fetid swamps. This “spring in the desert” is in shape like a tall jug, and has over it a cover, resembling that with which some old-fashioned silver tankards are furnished. When of full size, it is about six inches in height, and

one in diameter. In those unwholesome marshy places in India, and particularly in Ceylon, where pure water is not easily to be met with, the *Nepenthes* filters the necessary element through the fine fibres with which its lower extremity is lined. The cover then closes of itself, to exclude insects and vermin, and to prevent evaporation, and the plant stands ready to supply men and cattle with its chrysal contents.

Atheist!—though I almost doubt whether there really does exist such a character to answer the appeal—if neither the contemplation of the all-glorious sun, nor that of the starry heavens, have taught thee the lesson of truth; if thou hast been deaf to the voice of the thunder—blind to the lightning of the clouds; if neither the fragrance of the balmy gale nor the gratefulness of juicy fruits, nor the refreshing coolness of the limpid stream; if none of these delights have entered into thee for aught but sensual enjoyment, through thy clouded senses,—betake thyself, with thy cold philosophy, to the examination of the wonders of the vegetable world. If that does not convince thee that there is a ruling Providence, Almighty and All-good—continue in thine own dreary fancy, the creature of a blind chance—an ephemeris—the being of a day—come into the universe only to vanish from it. For myself, I am willing to believe that *there is a God that governs the Earth!* Not a bird that carols from the spray—not a blade that points its rich luxuriance to the sky—not a beetle that spreads its gemmed armour to the sun, but proclaims the glorious truth. In this happy

conviction, which constantly calls for gratitude and praise, the most delightful exercises of the mind, I live, and hope to die; while thou—but surely I am addressing an unreal mockery. There never was (whatever shape the pride, or the self-sufficiency, or the hypocrisy of man may have assumed), nor is, nor ever will be, a real Atheist.

A. P.

CUSTOMS AND INVENTIONS,
ANTIQUENT AND MODERN.

It was somewhat singular, although not unjust, that formerly by custom, the river Meander, in Ionia, might be indicted (as we are informed by Strabo) for all mischief done to the neighbouring lands by its floods, and particularly when its banks were undermined and fell into the stream. If any damages were granted against the river, they were paid by those who rented its ferries.

There cannot be a stronger proof that the bulk of mankind have had nearly the same ideas in all ages, than that *Idyllium of Theocritus*, adapted to modern times by the ingenious Robert Lloyd*. Whoever will take the pains of comparing the two poems, will find that the chit-chat of two Grecian women of a middling rank, the adventures they meet when in pursuit of a fine sight, their distresses, escapes, observations, and return homewards, are, with hardly any alteration, the same in London in 1823, that they were in Egypt some hundred years before the Christian æra.

* *St. James' Magazine*, 1762.

It was the custom of Charle-
main to affix to the treaties which
he consented to, a waxen seal,
impressed by the pommel of his
sword; "and with the point,"
added the Emperor, "I will sup-
port it."

To ride a white horse was for-
merly an emblem of dominion.
Manuel, Emperor of the East, and
Sigismond of Germany, who vi-
sited Paris in the reign of Charles
VI., although they were treated
with respect and munificence,
yet had only black horses allotted
them to ride on. Charles the
V. was mounted in the same
manner when, in 1539, he was
hospitably entertained by Francis.
And we are told by Froissart,
that our Black Prince, when he
entered London in triumph, after
the glorious battle of Poitiers,
gave a white courser to his Royal
captive, King John, while he
rode "a little black hobby" be-
side him.

In the Isle of Minorca, we are
told by Armstrong, that it is
usual, during their dances, for an
inhabitant to say to a dancer—
"Why do you not say something
gallant to your partner?" To
which the polite reply always is
this—"What should I say to her,
but that she has the face of a rose?"

It is remarkable enough, that
the custom of placing grotesque
figures, like the Chinese Manda-
rins, with ductile heads on chim-
ney-pieces, should have prevailed
among the Greeks, as the follow-
ing quotation from Alciphron's
Haleuticon shows:—"Ὡς περ τὰ
πρόσωπα τὰ κόφα ἃ ἐπὶ ταῖς κάμι-
ναις ἰστάμενα ὁρῶμεν προφιλῶς
ἐπιγινόντες."—"As we see the fi-
gures placed on chimneys, though
they cannot hear what we say,
nod to us in a friendly manner."

Neither Pancirollus, in his

Treatise on Lost Inventions, nor
Dutens, in his ingenious work on
the Antient's acquaintance with
many of those Arts which are
supposed to be modern, have
mentioned hot-houses and con-
servatories; yet that these were
used by the Romans, is evident
from two epigrams of Martial:—

Pallida ne Cilicam timeant pomaria
brumam,
Mordeat et tenerum fortior aura
nemus,
Hibernis et objecta notis, specularia
puros,
Admittunt soles, et sine face diem.
L. viii. Ep. 14.

Lest wintry frosts should blast the
shrinking fruit,
Or winds too piercing nip the tender
shoot;
Through lucid walls that cheek cold
Eurus, play
Sol's purest rays the genuine warmth
of day.

Invida purpureus urat ne bruma ra-
cemos,
Et gelidum Bacchi munera frigus
edat,
Condita perspicuâ vivit vindemia gem-
mâ,
Et tegitur felix, nec tamen uva latet.
L. viii. Ep. 68.

On Bacchus' gifts lest envious winter
prey,
And blast the purple produce on the
spray,
Beneath the crystal roof the vintage
glows,
And skreen'd, not hid, the happy clus-
ter grows.

The oath used among the High-
landers, in judicial proceedings,
contains a most solemn denun-
ciation of vengeance, in case of
perjury, and involves the wife and
children, the arable and the mea-
dow land, of the party who takes
it, altogether in an abyss of de-
struction. When it is adminis-
tered there is no book to be
kissed, but the right hand is held
up while the oath is repeated.
To prove the superior idea of

sanctity which this imprecation conveys to those who have been accustomed to it, it may be sufficient to relate the expression of a Highlander, who, at Carlisle Assizes, had sworn positively, in the English mode, to a fact of consequence. His indifference during that solemnity having been observed by the opposite party, he was required to confirm his testimony by taking the oath of his own country to the same. "No, no," said the mountaineer, in the Northern dialect, "ken ye not thar is a hantle o' difference 'twixt blaing on a buke, and domning one's ain saul?"

The punishments used in the early ages were savage as the people. Maiming, putting out of the eyes, &c. were so common, that it used, during the reigns of the successors of Charlemain, to be part of each vassal's duty, and of his oath of allegiance, "to defend the person of his lord, and never consent that he should be maimed as to any part of his body."

The horrid custom of tying a criminal to an unbroken horse, who was then driven, full speed, through brakes and forests, was actually inflicted on Brunehaul, or Brunechild, a very wicked Queen of France, somewhat earlier than the æra above mentioned. This was confirmed by the examination of her tomb, in the Abbey of St. Martin, at Autun, in 1632, one thousand years after her death. In it were found the remains of her bones, and the rowel of a spur, which it was formerly the custom to fix on the sides of horses used in such executions, in order to render them more furious*.

* Mod. Univ. Hist. vol. 23.

The punishment of breaking on the wheel was used in Paris as early as the year 584, when Fredegonda, the wife of King Chilperic I. obliged many persons, and those of her own sex too, to submit to this dreadful manner of execution, on pretence of their having bewitched to death the Prince Thierry, son to Childbert II.

NATURAL HISTORY.

An Account of the dreadful Earthquake at Calabria, in 1638, related by the celebrated Father Kircher, as it happened while he was on his Journey to visit Mount Ætna.

[I need scarce inform the reader that Kircher was considered as a prodigy of learning.]

"Having hired a boat, in company with four more, two Friars of the order of St. Francis, and two Seculars, we launched, on the 24th of March, from the harbour of Messina, in Sicily, and arrived the same day at the Promontory of Pelorus. Our destination was for the city of Euphemia, in Calabria, where we had some business to transact, and where we designed to tarry for some time. However, Providence seemed willing to cross our design, for we were obliged to continue three days at Pelorus, upon account of the weather; and though we often put out to sea, yet we were as often driven back. At length, however, wearied with the delay, we resolved to prosecute our voyage; and although the sea seemed more than usually agitated, yet we ventured forward. The gulph

of Charybdis, which we approached, seemed whirled round in such a manner as to form a vast hollow, verging to a point in the centre. Proceeding onwards, and turning my eyes to Ætna, I saw it cast forth large volumes of smoke, of mountainous sizes, which entirely covered the whole island, and blotted out the very shores from my view. This, together with the dreadful noise and the sulphureous stench, which was strongly perceived, filled me with apprehensions that some dreadful calamity was impending. The sea itself seemed to wear an unusual appearance; those who have seen a lake in a violent shower of rain, covered all over with bubbles, will conceive some idea of its agitations. My surprise was still increased by the calmness and serenity of the weather; not a breeze, not a cloud, which might be supposed to put all nature thus into motion. I therefore warned my companions that an earthquake was approaching; and, after some time making for the shore with all possible diligence, we landed at Tropæa, happy and thankful for having escaped the threatening dangers of the sea.

“But our triumphs were of short duration; for we had scarce arrived at the Jesuit's College in that city, when our ears were stunned with a horrid sound, resembling that of an infinite number of chariots driven fiercely forward, the wheels rattling, and the thongs cracking. Soon after this, a most dreadful earthquake ensued, so that the whole tract upon which we stood seemed to vibrate, as if we were in the scale of a balance that continued wavering. The motion, however, soon grew more violent; and

being no longer able to keep my legs, I was thrown prostrate on the ground. In the mean time, the universal ruin around me redoubled my amazement. The crash of falling houses, the tottering of towers, and the groans of the dying, all contributed to raise my terror and despair. On every side I saw nothing but a scene of ruin, and danger threatening wherever I should fly. I commended myself to God as my last refuge. At that hour, O how vain was every sublunary happiness! Wealth, honour, empire, wisdom—all mere useless sounds, and as empty bubbles in the deep. Just standing on the threshold of eternity, nothing but God was my pleasure; and the nearer I approached, I only loved him the more. After some time, however, finding that I remained unhurt amidst the general concussion, I resolved to venture for safety, and running as fast as I could, reached the shore, but almost terrified out of my reason. I did not search long here till I found the boat in which I had landed, and my companions also, whose terrors were even greater than mine. Our meeting was not of that kind where every one is desirous of telling his own happy escape; it was all silence, and a gloomy dread of impending horrors.

“Leaving this seat of desolation, we prosecuted our voyage along the coast, and the next day came to Rochetta, where we landed, although the earth still continued in violent agitation. But we were scarce arrived at our inn, when we were once more obliged to return to the boat, and in about half an hour we saw the greatest part of the town, and the inn at which we

had set up, dashed to the ground, burying all its inhabitants beneath its ruins. In this manner, proceeding onward in our little vessel, finding no safety at land, and yet, from the smallness of our boat, having but a very dangerous continuance at sea, we at length landed at Lopizium, a castle mid way between Tropæa and Euphemia, the city to which, as I said before, we were bound. Here, wherever I turned my eyes, nothing but scenes of ruin and horror appeared; towns and castles levelled to the ground; strombals, though at sixty miles distance, belching forth flames in an unusual manner, and with a noise which I could distinctly hear. But my attention was quickly turned from more remote to contiguous danger. The rumbling sound of an approaching earthquake, which we were by this time grown acquainted with, alarmed us for the consequences; it every moment seemed to grow louder and approach more near. The place on which we stood now began to shake most dreadfully, so that, being unable to stand, my companions and I caught hold of whatever shrub grew next us, and supported ourselves in that manner.

"After some time, this violent paroxysm ceasing, we again stood up, in order to prosecute our voyage to Euphemia, that lay within sight. In the mean time, while we were preparing for this purpose, I turned my eyes towards the city, but could only see a frightful black cloud, which rested upon the place. This the more surprised us, as the weather was very serene. We waited, therefore, till the cloud was past away; and then turning to look for the city, it was totally sunk.

Wonderful to tell! nothing but a dismal putrid lake was seen where it stood. We looked about to find some one that could tell us of its sad catastrophe, but could see none! All was become a melancholy solitude! a scene of hideous desolation! Thus proceeding pensively along in quest of some human being that could give us some information, we at length saw a boy sitting by the shore, and appearing stupified with terror. Of him, therefore, we inquired concerning the fate of the city, but he could not be induced to give us any answer. We entreated him with every expression of tenderness and pity to tell us, but his senses were quite wrapped up in the contemplation of the danger he had escaped. We offered him some victuals, but he seemed to loath the sight. We still persisted in our offices of kindness, but he only pointed to the place of the city, like one out of his senses; and then running up into the woods, was never heard of after. Such was the fate of the city of Euphemia! and as we continued our melancholy course along the shore, the whole coast, for the space of two hundred miles, presented nothing but the remains of cities, and men, scattered, without a habitation, over the fields. Proceeding thus along, we at length ended our distressful voyage by arriving at Naples, after having escaped a thousand dangers, both at sea and land."

INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS
TO A SERIES OF ESSAYS ON
PHRENOLOGY.

EVERY discovery in science, either relating to mind or matter

—before it is implicitly believed, should be closely investigated and accurately examined, in all its different bearings—in the latter, as it is connected with the known and immutable laws, which direct the operations of the physical world; but in the former department we must be more particularly cautious in admitting any theorem or proposition, however plausible in sophistry, or rendered comparatively respectable, by the exertions of talent to support its doctrines. A mistake in accounting for natural phenomena is excusable; and when it arises from a zeal to discover the secrets of science, in order that they may administer to the comfort and improvement of mankind, is almost commendable. But the case is widely different with regard to moral philosophy. An error, however trifling and insignificant it may appear upon the first glance, will in this important branch of human knowledge, be the cause of misery (if not punishment) to thousands of individuals, who may adopt its tenets, without examining the nature and tendency of its principles—merely because it has the potent claim of novelty, and is ushered into notice by men eminent for genius and learning. But let it be remembered, that these do not in any degree elucidate the truth of its doctrines, or demonstrate the utility of its conclusions.

Were it necessary to prove the truth of these assertions, numberless hypotheses might be reproduced, which have deservedly sunk into neglect and oblivion—though once strenuously upheld by the efforts of those, whose names are recorded in

unfading characters on the pages of literature and history.

I am not aware of any theory, to which these remarks more forcibly apply, than to the modern system of Phrenology. It shall therefore be the object of the following essays to shew that its existence is inseparably united with materialism; and that its deductions, if allowed, would ultimately terminate in the subversion of all religious feelings, and substitute in their place the cold-hearted doctrines of fatality.

In a discussion like the present, every one must be aware, how impossible it is, to express the various faculties and energies of the mind, their different relations and connections with each other, and their corresponding influence on the human frame, without sometimes employing abstruse and technical terms: These however I shall avoid wherever I can, without diminishing the force of my reasonings.

There are certain men, who have commenced the study of the mind, by the observation of external objects, or material forms. They have been capable of tracing their mutual dependence in a physical point of view: they have clearly perceived that an indispensable connection subsists between them; that each is united to the other in a regular gradation, from the lowest link in the chain, to that mysterious and unknown power of the mind, Perception. This however presents an insurmountable barrier against their further progress. And as they can conceive no existence independent of material agency, they have thence drawn the conclusion—that all the mental phenomena are the peculiar

functions of certain organs. And as the physiology of the brain is so imperfectly understood, to it has been assigned that power; and which is indeed warmly supported by the Materialists, who maintain that the faculties of the mind and brain are as essentially connected with each other, as fire and heat; or in other words, that the very existence of the mind is dependant on the brain, and is, in fact, nothing more than an unknown property or modification of highly organized matter.

But as certain manifestations of the mind are different in their nature and operations, it was urged as a proof of the absurdity of their theory, that an organ, *sui generis*, had no more power to produce such distinct and various effects, than one animal has to generate another of a different and distinct species, which is inconsistent with the laws of natural philosophy. But it was left to Gall and Spurzheim to discover this discrepancy, and to supply a remedy. They accordingly have, with great labour and considerable ingenuity, dissected the mind, and arranged its energies into three classes—moral feeling—intellectual faculties—and animal propensities; which have their functions and situations displayed by certain peculiar developements of the brain, and a corresponding elevation of the cranium, each acting by its own power as a distinct organ.

The consideration of these gratuitous divisions and hypothetical doctrines, is the writer's sole object in offering to the public his observations on Phrenology.

SCRUTATOR.

A PETITION TO THOSE WHO HAVE
THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF
EDUCATION.

I ADDRESS myself to all the friends of youth, and conjure them to direct their compassionate regards to my unhappy fate, in order to remove the prejudices of which I am the victim. There are twin sisters of us; and the two eyes of a man do not more resemble, nor are capable of being upon better terms with each other, than my sister and myself, were it not for the partiality of our parents, who make the most injurious distinctions between us. From my infancy, I have been led to consider my sister as a being of a more elevated rank. I was suffered to grow up without the least instruction, while nothing was spared in her education. She had masters to teach her writing, drawing, music, and other accomplishments; but if by chance I touched a pencil, a pen, or a needle, I was bitterly rebuked; and more than once I have been beaten for being awkward, and wanting a graceful manner. It is true, my sister associated me with her upon some occasions; but she always made a point of taking the lead, calling upon me only from necessity, or to figure by her side.

But conceive not, Sirs, that my complaints are instigated merely by vanity—No: my uneasiness is occasioned by an object much more serious. It is the practice in our family, that the whole business of providing for its subsistence falls upon my sister and myself. If any indisposition should attack my sister, and I mention it in confidence upon this occasion, that she is

subject to the gout, the rheumatism, and the cramp, without making mention of other accidents—what would be the fate of our family? Must not the regret of our parents be excessive, at having placed so great a difference between sisters, who are so perfectly equal. Alas! we must perish from distress: for it would not be in my power even to scrawl a suppliant petition for relief, having been obliged to employ the hand of another in transcribing the request, which I have now the honour to prefer to you.

Condescend, Sirs, to make my parents sensible of the injustice of an exclusive tenderness, and of the necessity of distributing their care and affection among all their children equally.

I am, with profound respect,
Sirs,

Your obedient Servant,
THE LEFT HAND.

THE MISCELLANY.

"Rebus et ordine dispar."—HOR.

UTOPIA UNIVERSITY.
(Continued from our last.)

I. Find the *actual value* of 0, and from hence explain the *general expression* of a man sending a circular letter to his creditors.

II. Construct a craniometer on the principle of the hydrometer, pointing out the uses to which such an instrument would be applicable.

III. An orifice is cut, reaching from the surface to the centre of the earth—In what time will a cub of given magnitude descend with the velocity acquired, in a chace of a given number of miles?

IV. Find the periodic time of the honey-moon, and determine in *general* when the horns are first apparent.

V. The successive ascents of wind in the stomach are in *musical progression*. Required a proof.

VI. Where must an eye be placed, to see distinctly the books missing from the University Library, the fountain of the Nile, and the author of these problems?

VII. Given that a man can stand 24 hours on two legs, show that the same man can stand 12 hours on one.

VIII. Investigate an expression for the law of the centrifugal force in modern extempore discourses.

IX. To determine the least possible quantity of material, out of which the modern dress of a fashionable female may be constructed.

X. Prove all the roots of radical reform to be either irrational or impossible.

XI. Given the three sides of a steel triangle just immersed in sulphuric acid. Required a *solution* of the triangle.

XII. Compare the eccentricities of Lord Stanhope, the Comet in 1811, and Sir Frederick Flood.

XIII. Reconcile Hoyle and Euclid, the latter of whom defines a *point* to be without magnitude, the former equal to five.

XIV. Sum your rental to *n* terms by the method of increments: your debts, *ad infinitum*, by the different method.

XV. Find practically the nature and length of the lunar caustic.

XVI. Seven funipendulous *bodies* are suspended from different points in a common system at the Old Bailey: to find the centre of oscillation.

(To be continued.)

POET'S CORNER.

———"neque est ignobile carmen."
VIR.

CRITIQUE UPON EPIC POETRY.

THE Epic Poem on which I ground my present critique, has for its chief characteristics, brevity and simplicity. The author,—whose name I lament that I am, in some degree, prevented from consecrating to immortal fame, by not knowing what it is—the author, I say, has not branched his poem into excrescences of episode, or prolixities of digression; it is neither variegated with diversity of unmeaning similitudes, nor glaring with the varnish of unnatural metaphor. The whole is plain and uniform; so much so, indeed, that I should hardly be surprised if some morose readers were to conjecture, that the poet had been thus simple rather from necessity than choice; that he had been restrained not so much by chastity of judgment, as sterility of imagination.

Nay, some there may be perhaps, who will dispute his claim to the title of an Epic Poet, and will endeavour to degrade him even to the rank of a ballad-monger. But I, as his commentator, will contend for the dignity of my author, and will plainly demonstrate his poem to be an Epic Poem, agreeable to the example of all Poets, and the consent of all Critics heretofore.

First it is universally agreed, that an Epic Poem should have three component parts; *a beginning, a middle, and an end*:—secondly, it is allowed, that it should have one *grand action*, or *main design*, to the forwarding of which, all the parts of it should

directly or indirectly tend; and that this design should be in some measure consonant with, and conducive to, the purposes of *morality*;—and thirdly, it is indisputably settled, that it should have a *Hero*. I trust that in none of these points the poem in question will be found deficient. There are other inferior properties which I shall consider in due order.

Not to keep my readers longer in suspense, the subject of the Poem is, "*The Reformation of the Knave of Hearts*." It is not improbable, that some may object to me that a knave is an unworthy Hero for an Epic Poem; that a Hero ought to be all that is great and good. The objection is frivolous. The greatest work of this kind which the world ever produced, has "*The Devil*" for its Hero; and supported as my author is by so great a precedent, I contend that his Hero is a very decent Hero; and especially as he has the advantage of Milton's, by reforming at the end, is evidently entitled to a competent share of celebrity.

I shall now proceed to the examination of the Poem in its different parts. The *beginning*, say the Critics, ought to be plain and simple; neither embellished with the flowers of poetry, nor turgid with the pomposity of diction. In this how exactly does our author conform to the established opinion! he begins thus,

The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts—

Can any thing be more clear! more natural! more agreeable to the true spirit of simplicity! Here are no tropes,—no figurative expressions,—not even so much as an invocation to the Muse. He does not detain his readers by any needless circumlocution; by un-

necessarily informing them, what he *is* going to sing; or still more unnecessarily enumerating what he *is not* going to sing: but according to the precept of Horace,

————— in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit,—

That is, he at once introduces us, and sets us on the most easy and familiar footing imaginable, with her Majesty of Hearts, and interests us deeply in her domestic concerns. But to proceed,

The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day.

Here indeed the prospect brightens, and we are led to expect some liveliness of imagery, some warmth of poetical colouring;—but there is no such thing.—There is no task more difficult to a Poet than that of rejection. Ovid, among the antients, and Dryden, among the moderns, were perhaps the most remarkable for the want of it. The latter from the haste in which he generally produced his compositions, seldom paid much attention to the "*limæ labor*,"—"the labour of correction," and seldom therefore rejected the assistance of any idea that presented itself. Ovid, not content with catching the leading features of any scene or character, indulged himself in a thousand *minutiæ* of description, a thousand puerile prettinesses, which were in themselves uninteresting, and took off greatly from the effect of the whole; as the numberless suckers, and struggling branches of a fruit tree, if permitted to shoot out unrestrained, while they are themselves barren and useless, diminish considerably the vigour of the parent stock. Ovid had more genius, but less judgment than Virgil; Dryden more ima-

gination, but less correctness than Pope; had they not been deficient in these points, the former would certainly have equalled, the latter infinitely outshone the merits of his countryman. Our author was undoubtedly possessed of that power which they wanted; and was cautious not to indulge too far the sallies of a lively imagination. Omitting therefore any mention of—sultry Sirius—sylvan shade—sequestered glade—verdant hills—purling rills—mossy mountains—gurgling fountains, &c. &c. he simply tells us that it was "*All on a summer's day*." For my own part, I confess, that I find myself rather flattered than disappointed; and consider the poet as rather paying a compliment to the abilities of our readers, than baulking their expectations. It is certainly a great pleasure to see a picture well painted; but it is a much greater to paint it well one's self. This therefore I look upon as a stroke of excellent management in the Poet. Here every reader is at liberty to gratify his own taste; to design for himself just what sort of "summer's day" he likes best; to choose his own scenery, dispose his lights and shades as he pleases, to solace himself with a rivulet or a horse-pond, a shower or a sun-beam, a grove or a kitchen garden, according to his fancy. How much more considerate this, than if the poet had, from an affected accuracy of description, thrown us into an unmannerly perspiration by the heat of the atmosphere, forced us into a landscape of his own planning, with perhaps a paltry good-for-nothing zephyr or two, and a limited quantity of wood and water. All this Ovid would undoubtedly have done. Nay, to use the expression of a

learned brother commentator, "*quovis pignore decertem*," "I would lay any wager," that he would have gone so far as to tell us what the tarts were made of; and perhaps wandered into an episode on the art of preserving cherries. But our Poet, above such considerations, leaves every reader to choose his own ingredients, and sweeten them to his own liking; wisely foreseeing, no doubt, that the more palatable each had rendered them to his own taste, the more he would be affected at their approaching loss.

"All on a summer's day."

I cannot leave this line without remarking, that one of the Scribleri, a descendant of the famous Martinus, has expressed his suspicions of the text being corrupted here, and proposes, instead of "All on," reading "Alone;" alleging, in favour of this alteration, the effect of solitude in raising the passions. But Hiccius Doctius, a High Dutch commentator, one nevertheless well versed in British literature, in a note of his usual length and learning, has confuted the arguments of Scriblerus. In support of the present reading, he quotes a passage from a poem written about the same period with our author's, by the

celebrated Johannes Pastor*, intitled "*An Elegiac Epistle to the Turnkey of Newgate*," wherein the gentleman declares, that rather indeed in compliance with an old custom, than to gratify any particular wish of his own, he is going

"——— All hanged for to be,
Upon that fatal 'Tyburn tree—"

Now as nothing throws greater light on an author than the concurrence of a contemporary writer, I am inclined to be of Hiccius' opinion, and to consider the "all" as an elegant expletive; or, as he more aptly phrases it, "*elegans expletivum*." The passage therefore must stand thus:

The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day.

And thus ends the first part, or *beginning*, which is simple and unembellished; opens the subject in a natural and easy manner; excites, but does not too far gratify our curiosity; for a reader of accurate observation may easily discover, that the Hero of the poem has not, as yet, made his appearance. B.

* More commonly known, I believe, by the appellation of Jack Shepperd.

(To be continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Constant Reader's "Sonnet to the Rising Sun," puzzles us. The Poet soars far beyond our comprehension.

"——— The maid, whose *par*
Dwells not, most glorious orb, beneath thy sphere."
We fear has turned his brain.

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THE COLOSSEO AT ROME.

THE Colosseo, so called from the colossal statue of Nero, that stood near it, is, without exception, the most wonderful ruin of antiquity. This, as well as the Temple of Peace, was built by

Vespasian: and Rome owes, to use the words of a late elegant historian, to the most covetous of its sovereigns, two of its best monuments. Martial, who lived under Domitian, prefers it to the

seven wonders of the world.—*Omnis Cæsareo cedat labor amphitheatro.*

This immense edifice consists of four orders of architecture, the Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite, each according to the best proportions of the best of times, and was calculated to contain eighty thousand spectators. The form is oval—being the best adapted to give each person a view of the arena. Its height, measured from the exterior, is 156 feet—in length it is 278 feet—and in breadth 177.

Though less perfect than that at Verona, the distribution of the seats is still discernible, and the means of access to them. Convenience was not less attended to than magnificence, and the whole was admirably contrived to receive at one time, such an astonishing concourse of spectators, who entered and went away with more ease, and less confusion, than at a modern theatre. The front row, reserved for the Emperor, principal Magistrates, and Vestal Virgins, was defended by a kind of *jalousie* of wire from an accidental spring of a wild beast. Knights had seats allotted to them behind the Senators. The whole was covered with an awning, which served as a defence either against the sun or rain.

The Arena was so called, being covered with sand. It was a place of combat. The gladiator had by this means firmer footing, and the blood, which was shed there in abundance, was less offensive to the eye of the spectator. It was a shocking pastime, and suited to a people who lived by conquest, and delighted in blood. The arena, without doubt, contributed not a little to their

ferocity. There the best hearts lost the sensibility that was natural to them, and learned to look on distress unmoved;—there the Roman soldier learnt to despise death, and the Emperors to inflict it without remorse. Claudius, it is said, became more cruel by constantly attending diversions of this kind. Unarmed Christians were here exposed to wild beasts to be torn piecemeal: naked gladiators inflicted and received a thousand wounds: criminals were set to murder each other in cold blood—such were the diversions that the people of Rome, men, women, and children, ran as eagerly to see, as ours to a puppet-show; and yet the very same people when they heard that excellent verse of Terence—“*Homo sum, humani nil a me alienum puto,*” approved the sentiment, and the theatre shook with their applause!

To conclude, the Colosseo, which once rung with the shouts of eighty thousand people, is become the most quiet and most retired spot in Rome.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A CANADIAN WINTER.

A CANADIAN Winter will necessarily be a subject of much curiosity to the natives of England, or of any of the southern countries of Europe. It presents a view of nature perfectly new, and a variety of phenomena so highly interesting, that they cannot fail to arrest the attention of any one at all conversant in natural philosophy.

In Canada there cannot with propriety be said to be more than two seasons of the year; summer

and winter. The earth has scarcely laid aside her mantle of snow, when you begin to feel the force of summer heat; and although the weather in September is mild and pleasant, it partakes more of the summer than the autumn of temperate climates. The season of vegetation seems kindly prolonged, till it is surprised in a manner at once by the return of winter, without much of what may be termed autumn weather.

Frost is felt in October, but the sun still retains sufficient power to make the weather, during the whole day, tolerably warm.

During the month of November the frost becomes daily more severe, and snow begins to fall; your house is now put upon the winter establishment; stoves are placed in your rooms, and in the passages; the windows are well secured and made tight; and you lay aside your summer dress, and adopt flannels and furs.

One snow storm now succeeds another, till the whole face of the country is covered. The eye looks in vain for any patch of ground to rest upon—the trees alone remain visible—the chilling grasp of winter is every where felt, and every precaution is taken to resist its effects.

There is something very awful and terrific in a Canadian snow storm. A heavy fall is generally accompanied by a violent gale of wind, which driving forward the snow with amazing velocity, and forming a thousand eddies according to the inequalities of the surface, and the resistance which opposing objects occasion, you are able to form an idea of the velocity of the wind—it becomes, as it were, visible. The

most severe snow storms experienced in Canada, come from the North East, the frozen regions of Hudson's Bay, and Labrador.

The snow soon covers the ground to the depth of several feet, and wheel carriages can no longer be used; in their place a sort of sledge is substituted, which in Canada is called a *cariole*. It is placed on what are called runners, which resemble in form the irons of a pair of skais, and rise up in front in the same manner, from nine to twelve inches above the snow. The body of the *cariole* varies in shape according to the fancy of the owner. Sometimes it resembles a phaeton, sometimes a vis à vis, sometimes a chariot. The *cariole* in short is the name for all kind of vehicles used in winter, from a market cart to a state coach. At one time you see them conveying a dashing buck up one street and down another at a gallop, to the no small annoyance of persons who are fond of keeping their bones whole, which these gentlemen seem very careless about; at another you behold the close covered family machines, conveying an old lady quietly and steadily to church, or to have a little gossiping with a friend; and sometimes you see them coming in from the country conveying beef and mutton, turkies and geese, for the supply of the market.

About the beginning of December all the small rivers are frozen so completely, and covered with snow, that bridges for passing them are no longer necessary. Even the great river St. Lawrence is arrested in its course. It freezes completely over, a few leagues above Que-

bec, and serves occasionally as a road to Montreal. But it is seldom frozen quite across, opposite to Quebec, or in the basin. As the river narrows here the current is increased, and the tide sets up and down with such force, that it generally keeps the floating masses of ice in motion. When the river does freeze over opposite to Quebec, it is called in the language of the country, a *pont*, because it answers the purpose of a bridge to the people who live below the city, and who then bring up provisions, and fire wood in great quantities.

A variety of circumstances must combine to form a *pont*; when many very large masses of ice happen to come in contact, and fill the whole shore from one side of the river to the other, they become stationary. If this occurs during neap tides and in calm weather, the frost fixes the whole, and it becomes a solid mass before the rising tide can derange it; when it has stood a few days, it generally acquires strength enough to resist every impulse it may receive, till the warmth of the April sun begins to affect it.

All these circumstances so seldom happen at the same time, that it is about ten years since the river *took* opposite to Quebec. This year, however, I have had the pleasure of seeing it in that state, and it certainly is an interesting and curious sight. For a distance of eight miles, you see an immense sheet of ice as smooth as a mirror. Thousands of people crowd upon it every day, and booths are erected for their entertainment. In one quarter you see numbers of people enjoying the amusement of skating; in

another carioles driving in different directions; for the ice is so strong, that horses go on it with the greatest safety. Occasionally there are cariole races upon it; and they glide over the ice with astonishing rapidity. In short when the *pont takes* (as they term it) it occasions a kind of jubilee at Quebec.

In one point of view it is a subject of real rejoicing to the city—as it is accompanied with many substantial advantages. Provisions of all kinds, and fire wood, a no less essential article in this country, fall in price, as soon as the *pont* enables the people below Quebec, to bring their surplus stock to market in their carioles, without the expence and risk of passing the river in canoes. The canoes used for winter navigation among the ice are formed out of one solid piece of wood, the trunk of a large tree scooped out, and formed on the outside somewhat like a boat; some of them are very large, and carry with ease fifteen or twenty people. The passing the St. Lawrence in these vessels in the middle of winter is a very extraordinary operation. The time of high water is chosen, when the large masses of ice are almost stationary. The canoe is launched into the water, where there is an opening—and the crew are provided with ropes, boat-hooks, and paddles. When they come to a sheet of ice they jump upon it; draw the canoe up after them; push it to the other side; launch it into the water, paddle till they come to another sheet—again hand up the canoes, cross the ice, and launch it again—and so on until they reach the city. You see from twenty to thirty canoes

crossing in this manner at the same time; and you cannot help trembling for them, when you see two immense fields of ice coming together and they between, apparently in the greatest danger of being crushed to pieces; but the people extricate themselves with great dexterity. When the navigation of the St. Lawrence becomes impracticable, little business is done by the merchants, who then appropriate a considerable part of their time to amusements. And indeed it is necessary to be doing something to give a little variety to the sameness of a six months winter. They have parties of pleasure in town—and parties of pleasure in the country, in which you have dancing, music, and the social enjoyments of conviviality.

People are less liable to suffer from cold in Canada than they are in England, notwithstanding the greater severity of the weather. Many reasons are assigned for this fact.

The air is extremely dry here in winter, being deprived of its moisture by congelation; the intense frost causing a deposition of the aqueous particles in the shape of hoar frost. Now, it has been accurately ascertained by experiment, that cold dry air is not so good a conductor of heat from our bodies as cold moist air: from whence it follows, that the thermometer may show a very low temperature in cold dry air, without our being sensible of a great degree of cold; and that in the cold moist atmosphere of England, the thermometer may not be under the freezing point, and yet the quantity of caloric or heat carried off from the body be greater, than

if the thermometer shewed a temperature many degrees below zero. Were the effects of cold here on one's feelings to increase in proportion as the thermometer falls, it would sometimes be impossible to exist in this country; but the evil carries its cure with it; the frost deprives the air of moisture, and consequently decreases its power of carrying from the body the heat it contains. If we wish to know how the weather is to effect us we should consult an hydrometer as well as a thermometer.

An Englishman can with difficulty form an idea of the cold of Canada, or of its effects until he sees them. The thermometer sometimes falls in January, the coldest month of the year to sixty degrees below the freezing point, and continues at that temperature for several days.—*Gray's Letters from Canada.*

(To be continued.)

LITERARY QUACKERY.

"Lord bless me!" said an acquaintance of mine the other day as he ran over the lettering on the backs of Mr. Valpy's Delphin Classics, "Lord bless me! I did not know before, that Virgil wrote operas."

Reader, my good friend, before you indulge in a laugh at this mistake, just take a survey of the extent of your own literary acquirements. I will honestly confess, for my part, and am willing to be held up as an example, that I *feel* this to be an age of literary charlatanism. Let me ask you, my dear brother and sister contributors to the scores of periodical productions which enlighten us at the present day; let me ask you, how often have

you quoted from books you never read, in languages you did not understand, on subjects quite beyond the reach of your comprehension? Now consider that your eternal welfare is far more important to you than the gratification of a little vanity, ere you answer, "Never." Well then you are fellow culprits, and since you own it so candidly; I will give you the benefit of my observations and experience in this matter.

My education was of a very humble description. I began to read a few of the classics, which were, as usual, for the benefit of the schoolmaster, laid aside one after another, each in its turn to make way for a book of higher order; so that after spending my seven years at the *Academy*, I left it, very little wiser than when I entered it, but provided with a most ample foundation for a disposition not a little inclined by nature to vanity and presumption. Such time as I could spare from the business by which I was to get my bread, I passed in ill-directed efforts to become a scholar. Had I but known the extent of my own ignorance, or duly estimated what real knowledge was, I should have done well in thus endeavouring to improve myself; but, alas! I thought myself on a par with men of high literary attainments, and chance giving me opportunities of being frequently in the company of such men, I acted accordingly, and bitterly have I smarted for my folly. Loquacious and self-sufficient, I soon exposed myself to the most mortifying derision. May you, gentle reader, if you need the lesson, profit by that which I now teach you.

I yet thrill with horror at the

recollection of being quietly set right when I had flourished off among a knot of well-read men, with a piece of false Latin. "Answer me that," said I, after laying down some silly position, "Answer me that, *et eras mihi magno Apollo*." Not a quotation have I since made from memory: every line I have penned, that was not of my own composition, have I copied from the book whence it was taken, and collated letter by letter. As for quotations *vivâ voce* (I believe the *accent* is right) I never indulge in them. My memory is a bad one, and none but those who have memories as certain as death should cite in conversation, unless indeed they know and understand the works from which they draw.

Another rule that I have had occasion to establish is, never to quote from any but the *original* work. I was once nearly caught: good luck saved me, or I should have sent, for insertion in a Miscellany, an article of my own composition, containing the following ingenious piece of *mistification*, in which I had copied some one, I forget whom, who had purposely and out of mere wantonness of fancy, thus distorted the bard of Avon:

On this brow
Hyperion's curls. The front of Jove
himself.
An eye like Marr's to threaten and
command
A station: like The Herald. Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven, kissing Hill.

In fact, I had always found friend Shakspeare too hard for me, and understood him but imperfectly. I wanted a quotation, this perverted passage contained some words that seemed pat to my purpose, so (I did not trouble

myself to investigate its meaning) —down it went. And yet I have often laughed at Ploughtail, as jolly an old Suffolk farmer as ever lived, and who loved the *belles lettres* and a full glass of ale, who would gravely, when his Hebe stinted him in his draught, hold his glass over his shoulder, and say, "Molly, this wont do—Fill up, Molly. You know what Pope says, Molly, 'drink deep or taste not the—the—*chalybeate* spring.' Fill it up, Molly."

And seriously, *seriatim*, I have not for many years used a single word out of my own language, the meaning of which I did not perfectly well understand. It is dangerous in the extreme to venture on the ocean of learning without rudder, compass, and charts.

Be very careful on the score of Geography. A droll trick was played off by the Editor of a Paris newspaper, on a rival caterer for the public mind, who was infected by this species of quackery. To you, right worthy Freebooter, it is unnecessary to remark that it would be very inconvenient for two hostile armies to engage on the top of the Jung Frau; and you likewise know that the Valais below that mountain possesses nothing that can be called *cavalry*, beyond a few poor mules. Sly Editor the First announced a battle on the summit of the Jung Frau, adding that the cavalry of the Valais greatly distinguished itself in the engagement. Editor the Second transcribed this account in his paper, accompanying it with very serious comments, aye, and very sensible comments too. The gravity with which he

floundered in the net spread for him, occasioned, you will readily conceive, "a great laugh at the time."

By the bye, these same Parisian Editors have made sad work, in their overweening self-sufficiency. When Sir William Garrow was Attorney-General, and visited their gay metropolis, I remember they gave him, peaceable man, high rank in the army, and announced the arrival of *General Garrow*. On another occasion, when a change in our administration was talked of, they slandered the character for consistency possessed by a certain popular baronet. *Sir Burdet* was to be the new Chancellor of the Exchequer; and they added that the *Marquis de Lansdowne* was to become *Speaker of the House of Commons*.

No man can lay claim to universal knowledge, and the best informed must be ignorant of many things. The wise and unassuming will, however, take care not to affect a knowledge which they do not possess. There is nothing more laughable than to see a silly fellow gravely running into a palpable blunder. Dr. Johnson was at a loss for the etymology of the word *curmudgeon*. The difficulty was solved for him in an anonymous communication, and the Doctor, in his great work, gave it to the public in this manner, "CURMUDGEON, from the French, *cœur mechant*—An unknown correspondent." Ashe, in his Dictionary, makes this ludicrous mistake: "CURMUDGEON, from the French, *cœur* unknown, and *mechant* a correspondent." We will, however, consider this case as *not* in point, and charitably

suppose that the error was chargeable upon an amanuensis.

It is very hazardous to use terms of art unless they are well understood by the person who uses them. "How goes on your affair with Thompson?" said a friend of mine the other day to a mutual acquaintance, who replied with great simplicity: "oh! I am happy to say it is completely settled: we are quite *at issue* now; thank Heaven!" And I lately heard a lady, who wished to prevent her intended tenant from making certain alterations in a house she was about to let to him, desire her solicitor, Mr. Kite, to put a *claw* into the lease, to that effect.

Pronunciation is a terrible stumbling block even to those who have read much, and profitably, if unfortunately they have not had the advantage of *conversing* with men of letters. It cost me many severe lessons ere I was taught to avoid *hard* words and *hard* names. I have very importantly prated of Sardanapalus, Telemachus, Skipio, Melpomene, Thalia, and so on, till I have over and over again been laughed into profound silence. The French words engrafted on our language were my bane. With me *fracas* was fracass, *eclat* eclatt, *faux-pas* fox-paw, *debut* debutt, *placard* playcard, and if when in France I had wanted water, I certainly should *not* have cried out *O, O*.

The bare mention of Chronology brings the blood rushing into my face. I rather think that I, and not Columbus, was the discoverer of the New World, for in profoundly discussing the bullion question, I imported the precious metals from Peru long

before that enterprising personage was born; Alexander, Julius Cæsar, and Pompey the Great, have been occasionally indebted to me for lengthening their lives by a few centuries or so; I have resuscitated the famous William Penn in the person of good Mr. Penn of Spring Gardens.

Let the confession I make with so much public spirit, atone for my presumptuous sins. And once more, seriously, *seriatim*, as I said before, in this literary age, when one person in ten *writes for the public*, and one in five *speaks* for the good of the state; in this century of committees, debating clubs, and so forth; let me recommend great caution in venturing out of the plain common path. *Ne sutor ultra*—or rather in plain English (for I forget whether the final word of the Latin adage is *crepidum* or *crepidam*) "let the cobbler stick to his last."

A. P.

LOUD WHISPERERS.

DEAR SIR,—My case will perhaps seem at first sight unworthy of serious consideration; but it has been very truly observed by many very wise men that there are trivial mortifications which being considered by the world as too insignificant for their pity, are more particularly perhaps on that account equally painful to the sufferer with the most serious misfortunes.

The circumstances which I at present allude to are the loud whispers, the half suppressed fits of laughter, and those other nameless rudenesses which are

not so pointed as to bring a *Jemmy Fellow* into danger of a serious reprimand—but are generally too well understood by the victim of their raillery, and are very long and severely felt. Perhaps I shall better elucidate my meaning by a candid recital of the particular affair which induced me to write to you, of which you will make what use you please, and grant generous allowances to the first female correspondent who claims your countenance and support.

I have been educated very far from the gay and fashionable world; and my heart now palpitates at the recollection of what I felt, when on the morning of my eighteenth year my father offered me a journey to London, I accepted it with transport, and have actually been in town now a whole fortnight. It would be dull and uninteresting to give you an account of all the raptures I have felt at the variety of scenes, which have the powerful charm of a novelty, added to all that is pleasing, to recommend them.

An invitation to a ball awaited my arrival; and great was the metamorphosis made in my appearance, to qualify me for the very best company. After a last look of approbation at my glass, I had scarcely courage to encounter my father's eye with a sight so new to him. I hesitated as I entered the room; he surveyed me with a look of mingled affection and surprise; my huge muff fell from my hand, and appeared to me at that moment more formidable than the animal could have done to whom it originally belonged. By an approving smile, however, from my father, the muff was reinstated in my

favour; the *whim* of my cap was changed into *taste*, the feathers drooped more gracefully than ever; and I adjusted my handkerchief in perfect good humour with its enlarged and extended size. Thus self-complacent, my mind was left at ease to dwell upon the delightful expectations I had formed from the ball. My watch surely beat more tedious hours than when I was in the country. The moment however at length arrived. I entered the room full of a thousand chimeras; and as I felt a warm animated glow of partiality for every body I saw, I never once conceived but that they all felt a reciprocal lively prepossession in my favour.

While the lady of the house was introducing me to the circle of her friends, and my heart was exulting with a joy not to be described, a smart well-dressed beau tripped up to a lady near me, and significantly repeated, in a loud whisper,

"So stiff, so mute, some statue you would swear,
"Stepp'd from its pedestal to take the air."

I turned suddenly round and caught his eye, a titter followed, and in one moment I was humbled to the dust. Judge of my sensations; confused, mortified, and all my hopes of pleasing flown. In vain I endeavoured to recover my cheerfulness; my partner was pleasing and attentive; but the frightful figure who had thus put me out of humour with myself, came so often near me in the dance, and his odious rhyme so jingled in my ears, that it was to no purpose I reasoned against those feelings, which the con-

sciousness of guilt itself could hardly have encreased.

Pray tell me, my dear Sir, whence do people derive the right to trifle with the ease and comfort of others? The advantages of fortune and education, which this gentleman, I find, may boast of, were no advantages to me. They might have been extremely pleasing, had they induced him to behave with common propriety to a person (said to be handsome) certainly *young* and a *stranger*, and who could not, therefore, possibly have offended him.

As *good breeding* is founded on *good sense*, and clearly meant to prevent uneasy feelings, should there not be some badge worn by those gentlemen, who defy laws it is so much the interest of society to revere, that we may know how to escape their insults? I will not say that a highwayman would *frighten* me less with a pistol pointed at my breast, but I am certain I could forgive him sooner: the one is an open attack, from which, if you *can*, you *may* defend yourself; in the other case there is no temptation, but from the hope of giving pain, and witnessing the cruel effects of it; — a pleasure which I do not recollect that Milton has ascribed to his fallen angels.

Let me then hope that you, Sir, will bestow some salutary admonitions on persons of this description; and will take the trouble to inform them, that the behaviour, of which I complain, is utterly unworthy of a gentleman, of a man of honour, courage, and benevolence. I am, dear Sir,

With the greatest respect,

Your humble servant,

A MORTIFIED COUNTRY GIRL.

DESCRIPTION OF WIT.

FIRST it may be demanded, what the thing we speak of is about? or what this facetiousness doth import? To which questions I might reply, as Democritus did to him who asked the definition of a man, 'Tis that which we all see and know.' Any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance, than I can inform him, by description. It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an opposite tale: sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound: sometimes it is wrapt in a dress of humourous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly divesting or clearly retorting an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it; sometimes an affect-

ed simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness giveth it being; sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose. Often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable; being answerable to the numberless roivings of fancy and windings of language.

It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the plain and simple way, which, by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression, doth affect or amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit, and reach of wit more than vulgar: it seemeth to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable: a notable skill, that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him, together with a lively briskness of humour, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination. It also procureth delight, by gratifying curiosity with its rareness, as semblance of difficulty; (as monsters not for their beauty, but their rarity, as juggling tricks not for their use, but their abstruseness, are beheld with pleasure:) by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts; by instilling gaiety and airiness of spirits; by provoking to such dispositions of spirit, in way of emulation or complaisance, and by seasoning matters, otherwise distasteful or insipid, with an unusual, and thence grateful tang.

BARROW.

THE MISCELLANY.

—
“*Rebus et ordine dispar.*”—HOR.
—

EXTRAORDINARY CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

THE circumstances attending a criminal prosecution, in one of the largest cities of Italy, are of so singular a nature as to excite at once the pity, contempt, and risibility of the reader.

On the 21st of June, 1774, two dogs, in the city alluded to above, were publicly executed, after being duly tried and convicted of having wilfully, maliciously, and at the instigation of the devil, devoured a child a short time before. They were tried according to all the forms of law by the superior tribunal, and sentenced to die by the hand of the executioner, and then to be quartered. The judges, unwilling to burden their consciences with the effusion of innocent blood, thought fit to submit the case to one of the most eminent lawyers of the city. His decision was as follows:—

“Being requested to give my opinion respecting the sentence which the magistrates of this city have, in their infinite wisdom, pronounced on two bull-dogs, I hereby declare that such sentence is perfectly consistent with justice and sound reason, since it agrees with the ancient laws of Moses and Solon, and is confirmed and strengthened by the opinions of the oldest and most enlightened philosophers, no less than the sentences pronounced at different times by many European tribunals.

“It coincides with the laws of

Moses, inasmuch as by these the ox who had killed a man was condemned to die. 'If an ox gore a man or a woman that they die, then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten.' *Exod.* xxi. 28. Again, in *Genes.* ix. 5. 'Surely your blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it.'

"The judges of Athens, conformably to one of Draco's laws, sentenced the pillar erected in honour of Nicon, a celebrated artist of that city, to be thrown into the sea, because it had fallen upon a man and had killed him. The divine Plato directs in his code, that a horse or other animal which has killed a man be put to death; and Pliny, lib. viii. c. 18. informs us, that in pursuance of a similar law he had seen a great number of lions hanged in Africa. That great and experienced lawyer, Anthony Manories, assures us, that several peasants' dogs were condemned to die, because they had devoured a Franciscan friar; and he adds, that he had been himself consulted on the case. Muller even relates that the Saxons punished a horse which had been instrumental in carrying off a woman; not to mention many other similar sentences, and adducing the authorities of great men, which would lead me into too great lengths. What I have already advanced is more than sufficient to prove, that the magistrates of the city of —— have most justly condemned the two dogs to an ignominious death, by the hand of the executioner, since, without the slightest motive, or the smallest provocation, they devoured a poor helpless infant, that the memory of so black a

deed may be perpetuated among men."

Weighty as these reasons may be, still we are of opinion that the lives of these four-footed culprits would have been spared, had they been allowed to employ counsel in their defence. Their advocate would undoubtedly have grounded his arguments on Seneca and Aristotle, the latter of whom expressly says, that no animal can be either virtuous or vicious. Had all his arguments failed, he would at least have demanded time for the examination of witnesses, and have proved by them that there was no malice *prepense*, and that his clients were not the assailants. In this case the culprits would perhaps have got off with five years' service on board of the galleys; or, by means of an appeal to the sovereign, they might perhaps have obtained a commutation of the sentence into confinement for a certain time on bread and water.

But a severer doom awaited them. All the spectators at the execution took warning by them, and lamented their fate. Their unfortunate end called forth the genius of an Italian poet, by whom it was recorded for the benefit of posterity. Here follows a translation of some of the concluding stanzas of his performance:—

"You may perhaps suppose that these four-footed sinners went to meet death with deep penitence and contrition. Ah! no; on their brows scowled proud defiance, and unshaken courage was their conductor; with tails erect, and looks wild and bold, they approached. So far from manifesting repentance for their crime, they seemed ra-

ther to long for the relics of their bloody feast; a fresh proof of the truth of the proverb, that chains and prisons do not produce amendment. And yet at the sight of the culprits all hearts were moved, every eye was fixed upon them, and in each glistened a tear; the executioner alone was convulsed with laughter. The cruel minister of vengeance at length brandished the club to give the fatal blow; with force it fell upon the skulls of the unhappy dogs, and extended them half dead upon the ground. The welkin rings with their howls, all the dogs of the city yell responsive, and the fiery Sirius himself barks in the expanse of heaven! But their indignant shades already tread the downward path of hell, on their way to that abode which the pious Charon has assigned to animals. The triple-headed Cerberus, who guards the entrance, espies them; he growls at the approach of dogs who have died ignominiously on the scaffold; his tremendous barkings scares their affrighted manes far away from the shores of the Styx.

"They wander about in the thickets which border the infernal stream, and there await the arrival of their judges and executioner, in order to pass it with them."

UTOPIA UNIVERSITY.

(Concluded from our last.)

XVII. Required to express the *function* of a sinecure.

XVIII. To compare the dimensions of the base of the Hottentot Venus, and that of the broad-bottomed administration.

XIX. The curve is an old wo-

man bent double very nearly. Determine the point of *contrary flexure*, and find, if possible, the *latus rectum*.

XX. Find the *whole area* of the wooden spoon, and compare that of the Holy Land with the area of that part of it, generally called Clapham Common.

XXI. Investigate the magnifying power of the eye of Baron Munchausen, and show that any straight line placed before it will form a conic section, no other than the common hyperbola.

XXII. Construct a theorem, by the assistance of which the periodic time of *status pupillaris* may be expanded to any number of terms.

XXIII. In the general equation (algebra, part second) show, that the probable reason why Wood invariably uses p and q in preference to the other letters of the alphabet, may be deduced from the *general expression*, Mind your p's and q's.

XXIV. Given a Berkshire pig, a Johnian pig, and a pig of lead, to compare their respective densities.

ANECDOTE.

THE whole library of one of the Scilly isles consisted, about a century ago, of the Bible, and the History of Doctor Faustus. The island was populous, and the western peasants being seldom deficient in literature, the conjuror's story had been handed from house to house, until, from perpetual thumbing, little of his enchantments or catastrophe was left legible. On this alarming conjuncture, a meeting was called of the principal inhabitants, and a proposal was made, and

unanimously approved, that as soon as the season permitted any intercourse with Cornwall, a supply of books should be sent for. A debate now began, in order to ascertain what those books should be; and the result was, that an order should be transmitted to an eminent bookseller at Penzance, to send them *another Doctor Faustus*.

POET'S CORNER.

——— "neque est ignobile carmen."
VIR.

CRITIQUE UPON EPIC POETRY.

(Continued from our last.)

——— Servetur ad inum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi
constet.

Hor.

From his first entrance to the closing
scene,
Let him one equal character maintain.
Francis.

HAVING thus gone through the first part, or *beginning* of the Poem, we may naturally enough proceed to the second.

The second part, or *middle*, is the proper place for bustle and business;—for incident and adventure.

"The Knave of Hearts,
He stole those tarts."

Here attention is awakened; and our whole souls are intent upon the first appearance of the Hero. Some readers may perhaps be offended at his making his *entré* in so disadvantageous a character

as that of a *thief*. To this I plead precedent.

The Hero of the Iliad is made to lament very pathetically—that "life is not like all other possessions, to be acquired by theft"—a reflection, in my opinion, evidently shewing, that, if he *did* refrain from the practice of this ingenious art, it was not for want of an inclination that way. We may remember too, that in Virgil's Poem, almost the first light in which the *pious* Æneas appears to us, is as a *deer-stealer*, nor is it much excuse for him that the deer were wandering without keepers; for though he might, from this circumstance, have been unable to ascertain whose property they were, he might, I think, have been pretty well assured they were not *his*.

Having thus acquitted our Hero of misconduct by the example of his betters, I proceed to what I think the master-stroke of the Poet.

"The Knave of Hearts,
He stole those tarts,
And—took them—quite away!"

Here, whoever has an ear for harmony, and a heart for feeling must be touched! There is a desponding melancholy in the run of the last line! An air of tender regret in the addition of "*quite away!*" a something so expressive of irrecoverable loss! so forcibly intimating the "*Ah nunquam reditura!*" "They never can return!" In short such an union of sound and sense, as we rarely, if ever, meet with in any author, antient or modern. Our feelings are all alive—but the Poet, wisely dreading that our sympathy with the injured Queen might alienate our affections from his Hero, continues

immediately to awaken our fears for him, by telling us, that

"The King of Hearts,
Call'd for those tarts—"

We are all conscious of the fault of our Hero, and all tremble with him, for the punishment which the enraged Monarch may inflict;

"And beat the Knave—full sore!"

The fatal blow is struck! we cannot but rejoice that guilt is justly punished, though we sympathize with the guilty object of punishment. Here Scriblerus, who, by the bye, is very fond of making unnecessary alterations, proposes reading "score" instead of "sore," meaning thereby to particularize, that the beating bestowed by this Monarch, consisted of *twenty* stripes. But this proceeds from his ignorance of the genius of our language, which does not admit of such an expression as "*full score*," but require the insertion of the particle "*a*," which cannot be on account of the metre. And this is another great artifice of the Poet: by leaving the quantity of beating indeterminate, he gives every reader the liberty to administer it, in exact proportion to the sum of indignation which he may have conceived against his Hero; that by thus amply satisfying their resentment, they may be the more easily reconciled to him afterwards.

"The King of Hearts,
Call'd for those tarts,
And beat the knave full sore!"

Here ends the second part, or *middle* of the Poem; in which we see the character, and exploits of the Hero, pourtrayed with the hand of a master.

Nothing now remains to be examined, but the third part, or *end*. In the *end* it is a rule pretty well established, that the work should draw towards a conclusion, which our author manages thus:

"The Knave of Hearts,
Brought back those tarts,—"

Here every thing is a length settled; the theft is compensated; the tarts restored to their right owner; and poetical justice, in every respect strictly, and impartially administered.

We may observe that there is nothing in which our Poet has better succeeded, than in keeping up an unremitted attention in his readers to the main instruments, the machinery of his Poem, viz. the *Tarts*; insomuch, that the aforesaid Scriblerus has sagely observed, that "he can't tell, but he doesn't know, but that the Tarts may be reckon'd the Hero of the Poem." Scriblerus, though a man of learning, and frequently right in his opinion, has here certainly hazarded a rash conjecture. His arguments are overthrown entirely by his great opponent, Hiccius, who concludes by triumphantly asking "Had the tarts been eaten, how could the Poet have compensated for the loss of his Heroes?"

We are now come to the *denouement*, the setting all to rights: and our Poet, in the management of his *moral*, is certainly superior to his great antient predecessors. The moral of their fables, if any they have, is so interwoven with the main body of their work, that in endeavouring to unravel it we should tear the whole. Our Author has very properly preserved his whole and entire for

the end of his poem, where he completes his main design, the Reformation of his Hero, thus:

"And vow'd he'd steal no more."

Having in the course of his work, shown the bad effects arising from theft, he evidently means this last moral reflection, to operate with his readers as a gentle and polite dissuasive from stealing.

"The Knave of Hearts,
Brought back those tarts,
And vow'd he'd steal no more."

Thus I have carefully gone through the several parts of this wonderful work; and clearly proved it in every one of these parts, and in all of them together, to be a *due and proper Epic Poem*; and to have as good a right to that title, from its adherence to prescribed rules, as any of the celebrated masterpieces of antiquity. And here, I cannot help again lamenting, that by not knowing the

name of the Author, I am unable to twine our laurels together; and to transmit to posterity the mingled praises of Genius and Judgment; of the Poet and his Commentator.

B.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

This elegant little Sonnet is found in old Play, entitled Alexander and Campaspe, written by JOHN LILYE, a celebrated writer in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd,
At Cardes for Kisses; Cupid pay'd:
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and teame of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lippe, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how)
With these, the crystal of his browe,
And then the dimple of his chinne;
All these did my Campaspe winne.
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of mee.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Poor Robin Hood!

"—— jubes renovare dolorem?"

A Letter for the Author of "The Retort," &c. lies at the Publishers.

We regret "Phren." came too late for insertion in this Number.

We feel much obliged to W. E. H. for his last communication, and for the very methodical manner in which his paper is written out.

The subject upon which T. P. T. last writes, has, we fear, been treated upon by too many of our contemporaries to be now interesting.

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THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex rapto vivens.

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RANDALL'S MILL, NINE ELMS.

OF the great variety of objects, which art and nature immediately offer, or in their infinite combinations present to the pencil of the artist, it becomes him to select such as are best suited to

his particular designs, or to the bent of his genius, whatever may be its tendency.

The local circumstances which predominate over his labours in a work like the present, often

preclude the exercise of his taste and judgment upon subjects, whose interest and importance render them worthy of a more extended representation than our limited frontispiece can afford. This explanation, the picturesqueness of the unobtrusive object we have selected for our present number, and the interesting descriptive and historical matter its immediate neighbourhood furnish, will, we trust, plead some apology for its insignificance.

This Mill is a very fine machine of its kind, and is not without its effect on the eye of those who pass by water between London and Chelsea. It enlivens the flatness of that part of the Surrey shore; and, in several points, very agreeably breaks the range of high grounds in the distance. It is situate near the Nine Elms, in the vicinity of Vauxhall, belongs to Mr. Randall, and is employed in the starch manufactory.

On the same side of the river, just above the bridge which stretches from Chelsea to Battersea, stood the old family mansion of the Bolingbroke family—in which was born Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, one of the most splendid characters, of which this country can boast. He possessed a splendour of talent of which there are few examples: of his eloquence Lord Chesterfield, a living witness, and a judge beyond all challenge, declares himself unable to give an adequate idea: of his superiority as a statesman and a writer, his works inform the present as they will every future age: of the social charm, in which he maintained a charac-

teristic pre-eminence, we find repeated and affectionate testimonies in the Letters of Pope and the Dean of St. Patrick. The mansion was pulled down about the year 1778, and the scite is now occupied by a malt distillery, and a horizontal wind-mill, which is a very conspicuous object on the bank of the river. The form of this mill is that of a truncated cone, 143 feet in height, 52 in diameter at the base, and 45 feet at the top. The external and internal parts of the machine are nearly similar. The out frame, or case, is composed of ninety-six planks, placed perpendicularly on moveable pivots, so that the apertures may be increased or diminished according to the force of the wind. The inner part, which nearly fills the diameter of the outer one, is in like manner formed of ninety-six perpendicular moveable planks, fixed to an upright shaft. When these are properly adjusted, (which can be done by pulling a rope,) the wind rushing through the openings of the outer frame, acts upon the flat surfaces of the inner planks, or sails, and turns the shaft round with the degree of velocity required by the person who regulates it. This shaft acts upon other parts of the machinery in the same way as the water-wheel of a common mill.

Nearly adjoining this mill is Battersea Church, which was rebuilt in the year 1777, and is a neat structure of brick. It has a square tower at the west end, with a clumsy spire, in which the architect seems to have borrowed the form of an extinguisher. It is without either aisles or chancel, and the com-

munion table stands in a recess, above which is an antient window of painted glass, which belonged to the old church. It contains the portraits of Henry the Seventh; his grandmother, Margaret Beauchamp, and Queen Elizabeth. Against the south wall is a monument to the memory of Sir Edward Wyater, a captain in the East India service in the reign of Charles the Second, whose exploits, as recorded on his tomb, are of such an extraordinary nature as required a far more credulous age to allow of its admission into a place of Christian worship. His bust, which is of a large size, and ornamented with whiskers, is at the top, and his adventures are represented in *basso relievo*, beneath the inscription, which records them. One of these is the total defeat of forty Moorish horsemen by the sole prowess of his single arm; and the other, the overthrow of a tiger by the following stratagem. Being pursued by that fierce animal in the woods, he took his station by the side of a pond, and when the tiger flew at him, he caught the beast in his arms, fell back into the water with him, got upon him, and held him down till he was completely drowned. The truth of these deeds, however, which rival the renowned feats of Baron Munchausen, are vouched for in the epitaph.

The limits of our paper, we fear, will not admit of our crossing the river, and conducting our readers along the opposite shore to Millbank—and more especially as we have, in a former number, given some description of the principal feature of the walk, the

Royal Hospital of Chelsea, a foundation which is at once a proud monument of national munificence, of public virtue, and of British glory.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A CANADIAN WINTER.

(Continued from our last.)

To see the Canadian winter in all its majesty, and to feel it in all its rigour; it is necessary to take a journey into the different parts of the country. This I have done, I have made a tour as high up as Montreal, and gone into the province of Vermont, in the United States. Lake Champlain, one hundred and twenty miles in length, was frozen over: we crossed it on the ice. Having provided myself with a good horse and cariole; and laid in a stock of provisions and liquors, and moreover, having taken the necessary precautions to guard against the severity of the climate, I left Quebec on one of the coldest mornings I have ever experienced. The wind blew from the south-west; the sun shone bright, and glistened on the dry pellucid snow, which the wind raised into the air, whirling it about, and dashing or darting on my face the minute crystals like a shower of needle points, occasioning a smarting sensation which made me feel more keenly the severity of the cold. What a strange figure a Canadian traveller is, wrapped up in his various vestments! In addition to the usual number of coats and waistcoats, I had a very large double cloak, a large fur

cap, and fur tippet; and what added greatly to my comfort and defence against the cold wind, I had a very large muff, in which I was often obliged to bury my face when the wind blew keen, for you will recollect, that as the cariole is an open carriage, it affords no defence from the cold. With all the clothing and coverings you can put on, still you can with difficulty keep yourself warm. The winter travelling in Canada is sometimes very expeditious. It is surprising with what speed a good Canadian horse will travel, drawing a cariole over the ice. There have been instances of a single horse having drawn a cariole, with two people in it, no less than ninety miles in twelve hours; which is more than the mail coach rate with all their changes. When this happens, the roads must be very smooth and hard, which is generally the case when a severe frost has succeeded a thaw. The Canadian horse is a remarkably hardy animal; his best pace is a trot. He is accustomed to a great deal of bad usage and hard work, and he is the most *willing creature* in the world, as he never *refuses the draught*. You will see them brought from the country into Quebec in the coldest weather, and left standing in the open air without covering, for hours together, while their owners are transacting their business, or drinking in a public house; and they seem not to be the worse for it. In the winter time the Canadian horse, like all other quadrupeds of the country, acquires an increased quantity of fur to protect him from the cold; and the Canadians never use the currying comb. When the horses have been

heated by fast driving in a cold day, they appear to have a sort of icicle at every hair, and really make a very grotesque appearance; and you frequently see icicles two or three inches in length, hanging at their noses. Previous to my commencing my tour, there had been a heavy fall of snow for some days, so that the roads were in bad order for expeditious travelling. I seldom went more than from thirty to forty miles a day. I had not proceeded far, ere I found the great difference, in point of beauty, between the winter and summer scenery. Instead of the fine variety, which, in summer presented itself, in tracing the course of the river—the gaiety, the liveliness of the moving waters, and passing vessels, the fine tints of the forest, and of the cornfields, the labourer employed in the business of the farm, every surrounding object reflected from the surface of the river; nothing now was to be seen but one continued solid plain—one indiscriminate field of snow; no rivers—no waters—no ships—not an animal in view, man nor beast, except now and then a muffled up traveller, hurrying along, as if anxious to get to a place of shelter. The St. Lawrence was so full of shelving masses of ice, which the frost had fixed in that position, that a road could not be made upon it; we continued therefore in the summer road, till we came to the river *du Loup*, which gave us for several leagues a pleasant road from the river *du Loup* to the river *Maskinougé* the distance is short, and we followed the course of the *Maskinougé* for several leagues, till we came to the St. Lawrence

on which we found a good road as far as Berthier.

On my arrival at Montreal I procured one of the *Yankie sleighs*, as they are usually termed, and left that place in a very cold hazy morning. Our first stage was from Montreal across the St. Lawrence to Laprairie, a distance of about nine miles. After travelling about two hours on the river, we began to think it was more than time to reach the other side. We continued our course for half an hour more; still no appearance of the place of our destination. In fact, we had lost our way. The weather was so thick and hazy we could see but a very short space, and our driver had struck into a wrong track. There were a variety of tracks on the river formed by the people coming from different parts of the opposite side, with fire-wood, &c. for Montreal. Indeed I reckoned from two to three hundred *sleighs* on that part of the river alone, all directing their course to Montreal. On inquiring of some of these people, we found that instead of crossing the river we had taken a direction upwards, and were very near the rapids, a little below a part of the country inhabited by a tribe called the *Caghnawaga* Indians, at a considerable distance from Montreal. We had to retrace our steps; and in about two hours more we arrived at Laprairie. This circumstance is trifling in itself. I mention it merely to shew you the liability to go astray, when travelling over a level surface of snow. You can hardly imagine any thing more easy than to cross from one side of the river to another, over a track which we had been accustomed

to look at every day, and yet we went considerably out of our road, in a very short space of time. It was a good lesson for us, for we had to go on lake Champlain, where, if once we lost ourselves, it might be long enough before we again found out the right road.

After leaving Laprairie, we very soon got into the primeval forest, through which a road has been cut as far as the American boundary line; and it is continued onwards to Lake Champlain. This is the principle communication in this district, between Canada, and the United States. For many miles the country is very level, and completely covered with large timber, principally pines. I saw no cross roads, so that it is a pass that might be defended with very few men. As we approached the American boundary we found a few settlements, composing what the Americans call a *pitch*. They cut down some trees, make a log-house, sow some corn, and so on till they produce something in the style of a farm. Instead of cutting down the trees, the Americans very frequently *ring* them as they term it, which is cutting a section of the bark quite round, soon after which the tree decays. We saw several potash manufactories as we approached the Lake, and the woods are continued close to the water: We found near the Lake a kind of public-house, where we stopped during the night. Next morning we could not proceed, because during the whole night it had blown very fresh, accompanied with a heavy fall of snow, which continued till near mid-day; and as every track on the Lake was covered, we could not

venture to go upon it, our conductor not being well acquainted with the different bearings of the land-marks. The Lake, though one hundred and twenty miles long, is not broad, seldom above ten to fifteen miles; and there are a great many islands and head lands, which direct the course of the pilot in summer, and the cariole or sleigh driven in winter. So soon as the weather moderated, we set out on the Lake; and took a guide for some time, till we should fall in with some one going our way, or discover a track in the snow to direct us.

Travelling on Lake Champlain is at all times really dangerous; and I would not advise any one to attempt it, if it can be avoided; which may generally be done by lengthening the route. It is very common for sleigh, horses, and men to fall through the ice, where the water is some hundred feet deep, and you have no warning of your danger till the horses drop in, pulling the sleigh after them; luckily the weak places are of no great extent; you extricate yourself from the sleigh as quickly as possible, and you find the ice generally strong enough to support *you*, though it would not bear the weight of the horses. You instantly lend your aid in pulling out the horses, and in endeavouring to save them, which is done in a manner perfectly unique, and which will require the greatest stretch of your faith in my veracity to believe—*the horses are strangled to save their lives*. When the horses fall through the ice (there are almost always two in an American sleigh), the struggles and exertions they make serve only to injure and sink them; for that

they should get out of themselves is, from the nature of the thing, perfectly impossible. When horses go on the Lake, they always have round their necks a rope with a running noose. I observed that our horses had each of them such a rope, and on enquiry, found out for what purpose it was intended. The moment the ice breaks, and the horses sink into the water, the driver and those in the sleigh get out, and catching hold of the ropes, pull them with all their force, which in a very few seconds strangles the horses; and no sooner does this happen, than they rise in the water, float on one side, are drawn out on strong ice, the noose of the rope is loosened, and respiration recommences; in a few minutes the horses are on their feet, and as much alive again as ever. This operation has been known to be performed two or three times a day on the same horses; for, when the spring advances, the weak places in the Lake become very numerous; and the people, whose business leads them often upon it, frequently meet with accidents. They tell you that horses which are so often on the Lake, get so *accustomed* to being hanged, that they think nothing about it. These weak places of the ice, which prove so often treacherous, have been later in freezing than the surrounding ice. In all lakes, and large bodies of fresh water, there are some places which never freeze, and some which freeze much later than others. It is to be accounted for in this way. The great body of the water is of a higher temperature than the atmosphere, although the surface has been cooled down below the

freezing point, and become ice. The water is constantly giving out its heat to the atmosphere, at some particular place, which thereby is kept from freezing for a considerable time; by and by, when the frost becomes very intense, that place at length freezes, but does not acquire the strength necessary to support the horses. There is another source of danger to the traveller on the lakes, which it is difficult to account for: viz. large cracks or openings, which run from one side of the lake to the other, some of them six feet broad at least. I had not proceeded many miles on the lake before I met with a crack; but, instead of an opening, I found that at this place the ice had shelved up to the height of several feet; and I learned that this was an indication of there being an opening further on. At the distance of eight or ten miles from this place, I was surprised to observe the driver put his horses to their full speed: I could see no cause for it. In a few minutes, however, I saw the crack or opening, about five feet broad: we were at it in a moment; it was impossible to check the horses, or to stop and consider of the probability of passing, or of the consequences. The driver, without consulting any one, had made up his mind on the subject;—the horses took the leap, and cleared the opening, carrying the sleigh and its contents with them. The concussion on the opposite side was so great, however, that the runners of the sleigh were broken, and there was a great chance of our being thrown, by the violence of the concussion, out of the sleigh into the gulf we had crossed:

this had very nearly taken place, but I was fortunate enough to regain my seat. By the help of some cords, we repaired our damage, and proceeded on our journey. We met with several other cracks, but as they were not in general above a foot or two in breadth, we passed them without fear or accident. When the ice was cleared of snow, which was frequently the case, I could see that it was about a foot in thickness; yet it made a crackling noise as we went along, and seemed to give to the weight of the sleigh and horses, as we advanced, which produced sensations not very pleasant.—*Gray's Canada.*

ON THE PECULIARITIES IN THE FORMATION OF THE MOLE.

THE mutual relation, arising from a subserviency to a common purpose, is very observable in the parts of a *mole*. The strong short legs of that animal, the palmated feet, armed with sharp nails, the pig-like nose, the teeth, the velvet coat, the small external ear, the sagacious smell, the sunk protected eye, all conduce to the utilities or to the safety of its underground life. It is a special purpose, specially consulted throughout. The form of the feet fixes the character of the animal. They are so many shovels; they determine its action to that of rooting in the ground; and every thing about its body agrees with this destination. The cylindrical figure of the mole, as well as the compactness of its form, arising from the terseness of its limbs, proportionally lessens its labour; because, according to its bulk, it thereby requires

the least possible quantity of earth to be removed for its progress. It has nearly the same structure of the face and jaws as a swine, and the same office for them. The nose is sharp, slender, tendinous, and strong; with a pair of nerves going down to the end of it. The plush covering, which, by the smoothness, closeness, and polish of the short piles that compose it, rejects the adhesion of almost every species of earth, defends the animal from cold and wet, and from the impediment which it would experience by the mould sticking to its body. From soils of all kinds the little pioneer comes forth bright and clean. Inhabiting dirt, it is of all animals the neatest. But what I have always most admired in the mole is its *eyes*. This animal occasionally visiting the surface, and wanting, for its safety and direction to be informed when it does so, or when it approaches it, a perception of light was necessary—I do not know that the clearness of sight depends at all upon the size of the organ. What is gained by largeness or prominence of the globe of the eye, is width in the field of vision. Such a capacity would be of no use to an animal which was to seek its food in the dark. The mole did not want to look about it; nor would a large advanced eye have been easily defended from the annoyance to which the life of the animal must constantly expose it. How indeed was the mole, working its way underground, to guard its eyes at all? In order to meet this difficulty, the eyes are made scarcely larger than the head of a corking-pin; and the minute globules are sunk so deeply in the

skull, and lie so sheltered within the velvet of its covering, as that any contraction of what may be called the eyebrows, not only closes the apertures which lead to the eyes, but presents a cushion, as it were, to any sharp or protruding substance which might push against them. This aperture, even in its ordinary state, is like a pinhole in a piece of velvet, scarcely pervious to loose particles of earth.—*Paley's Natural Theology*.

PROGRESS OF THE ANTIENT
DRAMA IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from No. 10.)

I AM unable, says Mr. Malone, to ascertain when the first Morality appeared, but incline to think not sooner than the reign of King Edward the Fourth (1460). The public pageants of the reign of King Henry the Sixth were uncommonly splendid; and being then first enlivened by the introduction of speaking allegorical personages, properly and characteristically habited, they naturally led the way to those personifications by which Moralities were distinguished from the simple religious dramas called Mysteries.

Mr. Warton observes, that Moralities were become so fashionable a spectacle about the close of the reign of Henry the Seventh, that "John Rastale, a learned typographer, brother-in-law to Sir Thomas More, extended its province, which had been hitherto confined either to moral allegory, or to religion blended with buffoonery, and conceived a design of making it the vehicle of science and philo-

sophy. With this view he published *A new INTERLUDE and a mery, of the nature of the iiij Elements, declaring many proper points of philosophy naturall and dyvers straunge landys, &c.* In the cosmographical part of the play, in which the poet professes to treat of dyvers straunge landys, and the new-found landys, the tracts of America recently discovered, and the manners of the natives are described. The characters are a Messenger, who speaks the prologue, Nature, Humanity, Studious Desire, Sensual Appetite, a Taverner, Experience, and Ignorance." In a manuscript in the Cottonian Library, in the British Museum, a narrative is given of the shows and ceremonies exhibited at Christmas, in the fifth year of this king's reign, 1490. "This Christmas I saw no disgysyngs and but *right few plays*, there was an abbot of misrule, that made much sport, and did right well his office. On Candell-mass day, the kynge, the qwene, my ladye the kynge's moder, with the substance of the lords temporell, present at the parlement, &c. wenten a procession from the chapell into the hall, and soe into Westminster Hall:—The kynge was that daye in a rich gowne of purple, pirlled withe gold, furred with sabuls:—att night the kynge, the qwene, and my lady the kynge's moder, came into the Whit hall, and ther had *a play*."

A proclamation was issued out in the year 1547, by King Edward the Sixth, to prohibit for about two months the exhibition of "any kind of interlude, play, dialogue, or other matter set forth in the form of a play, in the English tongue," describes

plays as a familiar entertainment both in London and the country, and the profession of an actor as common and established: "For as much as great number of those that be *common players of interludes and playes*, as well within the city of London, as elsewhere, within the realme, doe for the most part play such interludes as contain matter tending to sedition," &c. And in the household book of Queen Mary, in the Library of the Antiquarian Society, is an entry which shews that she also had a theatrical establishment: "Eight players of interludes, each 66s. 8d.—26l. 13s. 4d."

About the year 1570 (the 13th year of Queen Elizabeth) this species of drama began to lose much of its attraction, and gave way to something that had more the appearance of comedy and tragedy — *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, which was written by Mr. Still (afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells), in the twenty-third year of his age, and acted at Christ's College, Cambridge, 1566, is pointed out by the ingenious writer of the tract entitled *Historia Histronica*, as the first "that looks like a regular comedy" — that is the first play in which was neither mystery nor morality, and in which some humour and discrimination of character may be found. In 1561-2, Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, and Thomas Norton, joined in writing the tragedy of *Ferrex and Porrex*, which was exhibited on the 18th of January in that year, by the Students of the Inner Temple, before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall. The latter piece, Mr. Warton observes, is perhaps "the first specimen in our language of an heroick tale,

written in verse, and divided into acts and scenes, and cloathed in all the formalities of a regular tragedy." A correct analysis may be found in *The History of English Poetry*. And the play itself, within these few years, has been accurately reprinted.

MY MAIDEN BRIEF.

"A Lawyer," says an old comedy, which I once read in the British Museum, "is an odd sort of fruit—first rotten, then green, then ripe." There is too much truth in this homely figure. The first years of a young barrister are spent, or rather worn out, in anxious leisure. His talents rust, his temper is injured, his little patrimony wastes away, and not an attorney shews a sign of remorse. He endures term after term, and circuit after circuit, that greatest of miseries—a rank above his means of supporting it. He drives round the country in a post-chaise, and marvels what Johnson found so exhilarating in its motion—that is, if he paid for it himself. He eats venison and drinks claret; but he loses the flavour of both when he reflects that his wife (for the fool is married, and married for love too) has, perhaps, just dined for the third time on a cold neck of mutton, and has not tasted wine since their last party—an occurrence even beyond legal memory. He leaves the festive board early, and takes a solitary walk—returns to his lodgings in the twilight, and sees on his table a large white rectangular body, which for a moment he supposes may be a brief—alas! it is only a napkin. He is vexed,

and rings to have it removed, when up comes his clerk, drunk and insolent: he is about to kick him down stairs, but stays his foot, on calling to mind the arrears of the fellow's wages; and contents himself with wondering where the rascal finds the means for such extravagance.

Then in Court many are the vexations of the briefless. The attorney is a cruel animal; as cruel as a rich coxcomb in a ball room, who delights in exciting hopes only to disappoint them. Indeed, I have often thought the communications between solicitors and the bar has no slight resemblance to the flirtation between the sexes. Barristers, like ladies, must wait to be chosen; the slightest overture would be equally fatal to one gown as to the other. The gentlemen of the bar sit round the table in dignified composure, thinking just as little of briefs as a young lady of marriage. An attorney enters, not an eye moves: but somehow or other the fact is known to all. Calmly the wretch draws from his pocket a brief. Practice enables us to see at a glance that the tormentor has left a blank for the name of his counsel. He looks around the circle as if to choose his man; you cannot doubt but his eye rested on you;—he writes a name, but you are too far off to read it, though you know every name on your circuit upside down. Now the traitor counts out the fee, and wraps it up with slow and provoking formality. At length, all being prepared, he looks towards you to catch (as you suppose) your eye. You nod, and the brief comes flying; you pick it up, and find on it the name of a man three years your junior, who is sitting next to you: you

curse the attorney's impudence, and ask yourself if he meant to insult you?—Perhaps not, you say, for the dog squints.

My maiden brief was in town. How well do I recollect the minutest circumstances connected with that case! The rap at the door! I am a connoisseur in raps, --there is not a dun in London who could deceive me; I know their knocks but too well; they have no medium between the rap-ser-vile and the rap impudent. This was a cheerful touch; you felt that the operator knew he should meet with a face of welcome. My clerk, who is not much under the influence of sweet sounds, seemed absolutely inspired, and answered the knock with astonishing velocity. I could hear from my inner room the murmur of enquiry and answer; and though I could not distinguish a word, the tones confirmed my hopes; --I was not long suffered to doubt: my client entered, and the pure white paper, tied round with the brilliant red tape, met my eyes. He enquired respectfully, and with an appearance of anxiety, which marked him to my mind for a perfect Chesterfield, if I was already retained in — v. — ? The rogue knew well enough I never had had a retainer in my life. I took a moment to consider; and after making him repeat the name of his cause—I gravely assured him I was at perfect liberty to receive his brief. He then laid the papers and my fee upon the table, asked me if the time appointed for a consultation with the two gentlemen who were “with me” would be convenient? and finding that the state of my engagements would allow me to attend, made his bow and departed.

That fee was sacred gold, and I put it to no vulgar use.

Many years have now elapsed since that case was disposed of, and yet how fresh does it live in my memory; how perfectly do I recollect every authority to which I referred! how I read and re-read the leading cases that bore upon the question to be argued. One case I so *bethumbed*, that the volume has opened at it ever since, as inevitably as the prayer-book of a lady's maid proffers the service of matrimony. My brief related to an argument before the Judges of the King's Bench, and the place of consultation was Ayles's Coffee-house, adjoining Westminster Hall. There was I before the clock had finished striking the hour. My brief I knew by heart. I had raised an army of objections to the points for which we were to contend, and had logically slain every man of them. I went prepared to discuss the question thoroughly; and I generously determined to give my leaders the benefit of all my cogitations—though not without a slight struggle at the thought of how much reputation I should lose by my magnanimity. I had plenty of time to think of these things, for my leaders were engaged in court, and the attorney and I had the room to ourselves. After we had been waiting about an hour, the door flew open, and in strode one of my leaders, the second in command, less in haste (as it appeared to me) to meet his appointment, than to escape from the atmosphere of clients in which he had been enveloped during his passage from the court—just as the horseman pushes his steed into a gallop, to rid himself of the flies that are buzzing around

him. Having shaken off his tormentors, Mr. — walked up to the fire — said it was cold — nodded kindly to me — and had just asked what had been the last night's division in the House, when the powdered head of an usher was protruded through the half open door, to announce that "Jones and Williams was called on." Down went the poker, and away flew —, with streaming robes, leaving me to meditate on the loss which the case would sustain for want of his assistance at the expected discussion. Having waited some further space, I heard a rustling of silks; and the great —, our commander in chief, sailed into the room. As he did not run foul of me, I think it possible I may not have been invisible to him; but he furnished me with no other evidence of the fact. He simply directed the attorney to provide certain additional affidavits, tacked about, and sailed away. And thus ended our first consultation.

I consoled myself with the thought that I had at least all my materials for myself, and that from having had so much more time for considering the subject than the others, I must infallibly make the best speech of the three.

At length the fatal day came. I never shall forget the thrill with which I heard — open the case, and felt how soon it would be my turn to speak. Oh! how did I pray for a long speech! I lost all feeling of rivalry, and would have gladly given him every thing that I intended to use myself, only to defer the dreaded moment for one half hour. His speech was frightfully short, yet, short as it was, it made sad havoc with my stock of matter. The next speaker was

even more concise; and yet my little stock suffered again severely. I then found how experience will stand in the place of study: these men could not, from the multiplicity of their engagements, have spent a tithe of the time upon the case, which I had done, and yet, they had seen much which had escaped my research. At length my turn came. I was sitting among the back rows in the old Court of King's Bench. It was on the last day of Michaelmas Term, and late in the evening. A sort of darkness visible had been produced by the aid of a few candles dispersed here and there. I arose, but I was not perceived by the Judges, who had turned together to consult, supposing the argument finished. B— was the first to see me, and I received from him a nod of kindness and encouragement which I hope I never shall forget. The Court was crowded, for it was a question of some interest: it was a dreadful moment; the ushers stilled the audience into an awful silence. I began, and at the sound of an unknown voice, every wig of the white inclined plane at the upper end of which I was standing suddenly turned round, and in an instant I had the eyes of seventy "learned friends" looking me full in the face! It is hardly to be conceived by those who have not gone through the ordeal, how terrific is this mute attention to the object of it. How grateful should I have been for any thing which would have relieved me from its oppressive weight, a buzz, a scraping of the shoes, or a fit of coughing would have put me under infinite obligations to the kind disturber. What I said I know not; I knew not then; it is the only

part of the transaction of which I am ignorant; it was a "phantasma or hideous dream." They told me, however, to my great surprise, that I spoke in a loud voice, used violent gesture, and as I went along seemed to shake off my trepidation. Whether I made a long speech or a short one I cannot tell, for I had no power of measuring time. All I know is, that I should have made a much longer one, if I had not felt my ideas, like Bob Acres' courage, oozing out of my fingers ends. The Court decided against us, erroneously as I of course thought, the young advocate is always on the right side.

The next morning I got up early to look at the newspapers, which I expected to see full of one case. In an obscure corner, and in a small type, I found a few words given as the speeches of my leaders; and I also read that "Mr. — followed on the same side."—*From Knight's Quarterly Magazine.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREE-
BOOTER,

SIR,—The writer of an article signed "SCRUTATOR," in No. XI. seems to fall into an error pretty generally attributable to the opposers of Phrenology: in as much as he says, "its existence is inseparably united with materialism; and its deductions, if allowed, would ultimately terminate in subversion of all religious feelings, and substitute in their place the cold-hearted doctrines of fatality."

As a point of abstract discussion, the question of materialism appears to me as important, as it is impossible to be

determined. For it is a most erroneous notion to suppose, that the future destiny of mankind is necessarily dependant on the substance of which he is formed. Still, however, I deny most strenuously, that phrenology does lead to materialism. As far as I can understand their tenets, true phrenologists hold the brain to be only the *organ of the mind*—not the mind itself. The discussion of its essence they altogether avoid as above mortal comprehension. The words of an able advocate of the system in question, prove the truth of this assertion. "It appears to us," says he "that we know nothing whatever concerning the *substance* of the mind, that our faculties are not fitted to find it out, and therefore that it is mere self-delusion to pretend, either by observation or reasoning, to determine its essence." Indeed one of the most successful writers against scepticism (Mr. Rennell) says "It must certainly be allowed that this system does not, of logical necessity, terminate in materialism." The confession of such an adversary is worth a host of arguments. It is evident then that Scrutator has not studied the first principles of this science, or having studied, has wilfully misunderstood them. If either be the case, he is no fit person to constitute himself a judge between us and our religion.

But let us for argument's sake allow, that materialism is the result of these tenets. What then? If phrenology be not founded in truth, it can never overturn religion, or any other truth: because it is the nature of error to resolve itself into nothing, whilst truth will always

remain impregnable and unhurt. But if the system be true, and yet lead materialism, the absurdity of his objection is more striking; for it resolves itself into this—that materialism is the constitution of nature, and that this system is pernicious, because it makes that constitution known.

That phrenology leads to fatalism is a more serious charge, and would seem to deserve some answer. But as we have at present seen no arguments in support of his dicta on either of these heads, and as Mr. Editor,

—“In publica commoda peccem, Si longo sermone morer tua tempora.”

I shall content myself with the bare assertion, that phrenology—true and unperverted phrenology does *not* teach, that human actions are the result of natural laws, acting independently of human will—which I understand to be the interpretation of *fatalism*; and though no great lawyer, I imagine the *onus probandi* lies on the shoulders of Scrutator.

When however his vanguard of assertions (in which part of his forces he seems to place no small confidence) is followed up by a more formidable body of arguments, I promise to meet him on his own ground, and with his own weapons—assuring him, that if he militates against, or perverts the real doctrines of his adversaries, I shall feel it my duty as an humble individual of the body he attacks, to spend the last drop of my ink, in the cause of phrenology.

PHREN.

In our last No. we inserted a letter addressed by “A Country Girl,” to the Editor of a periodi-

cal work which flourished about the end of the last century, and we now subjoin the resolutions passed in the Committee to whom the letter was referred, and in whose opinion we are satisfied our readers will cordially concur: they are as follows.

GREGORY GRIFFIN, Esq. in the Chair.

Resolved unanimously,

I. That the being able to say by heart two or more lines of Pope, or any other poet or author whatsoever, does not constitute a *pretty fellow*, a wit, or a satirist.

II. That it is the opinion of this Committee, that wilfully and maliciously to insult the feelings of an unoffensive and unprotected female, is in the extreme mean, cowardly, and ungenerous.

Mr. GRIFFIN then leaving the chair, it was

Resolved,—That the thanks of the meeting be given to the Chairman for his active, candid, and impartial conduct.

Signed by the Chairman,

GREGORY GRIFFIN.

THE MISCELLANY.

—
“Rebus et ordine dispar.”—HOR.
—

A PERSON of quality came to my chambers at the Temple, and told me he had two devils in his head, (I wondered what he meant,) and just at that time one of them bid him kill me. With that I began to be afraid, and thought he was mad. He said he knew I could cure him, and therefore entreated me to give him something, for he was resolved he would go to nobody else. I perceiving what an opinion he had of me, and that

it was only melancholy that troubled him, took him in hand, warranted him, if he would follow my directions, to cure him in a short time: I desired him to let me be alone for about an hour, and then to come again—which he was very willing to do. In the mean time I got a card, and wrapped it up handsomely in a piece of taffata, and put strings to the taffata; and, when he came, gave it to him to hang about his neck; withal charged him, that he should not disorder himself, either with eating or drinking, but eat very little supper, and say his prayers duly when he went to bed; and I made no question but he would be well in three or four days. Within that time I went to dinner at his house, and asked him how he did? He said he was much better, but not perfectly well, for, in truth, he had not dealt clearly with me; he had four devils in his head, and he perceived two of them were gone, with that which I had given him; but the other two troubled him still. "Well," said I, "I am glad two of them are gone; I make no doubt to get away the other two likewise." So I gave him another thing to hang about his neck. Three days after he came to me at my chambers, and professed he was now as well as ever he was in his life, and did extremely thank me for the great care I had taken of him. I, fearing lest he might relapse into the like distemper, told him there was none but myself, and one physician more in the whole town, could cure the devils in the head, and that was Dr. Harvey (whom I had prepared), and wished him, if ever he found

himself ill in my absence, to go to him, for he could cure his disease as well as myself. The gentleman lived many years, and was never troubled after.

Selden.

POET'S CORNER.

—"neque est ignobile carmen."

VIR.

SONNET.

It cannot be the breeze that, tuneful,
sighs
In murmuring cadence by—no reed
is near—
That swelling strain—not, as of old,
we hear
The psalm from yon grey cloister,
pealing, rise
In melting chord—or comes it from
the skies
The heavenly music of some distant
sphere?
Again it pours on my enraptured
ear—
A love-pined maiden's spirit this way
flies,
And breathes her mortal ditty forth,
refined
By purer worlds—or else does death
remove
Some virtuous man, and chorus an-
gels joined
Sing his upspring from earth to joys
above?
'Tis thy bewildering sweep, Harp
of the Wind!
So fade my visions all of heaven and
love.

A. P.

TO THE HAREBELL.

With drooping bells of clearest blue,
Thou didst attract my childish view,
Almost resembling
The azure butterflies that flew,
Where on the heath thy blossoms
grew,
So lightly trembling.
Where feathery fern, and golded
broom
Increase the sand rock cavern's gloom,
I've seen thee tangled,
'Mid tufts of purple heather bloom,
By vain Arachne's treacherous loom,
With dew-drops spangled.

'Mid ruins crumbling to decay,
 Thy flowers their heavenly hues display,
 Still freshly springing.
 When pride and pomp have past away,
 On mossy tomb, and turret gray,
 Like friendship clinging.
 When glow worm lamps illumine the scene,
 And silvery daisies dot the green,
 Thy flowers revealing,
 Perchance to soothe the fairy queen,
 With faint sweet tones on night serene,
 Thy soft bells pealing.
 But most I love thy azure braid,
 When softer flowers are all decay'd,
 And thou appearest,
 Stealing beneath the hedge-row shade,
 Like joys that linger as they fade,
 Whose last are dearest.
 Thou art the flower of memory;
 The pensive soul recalls in thee,
 The year's past pleasures:
 And, led by kindred thought will flee,
 Till, back to careless infancy,
 The path she measures.
 Beneath autumnal breezes bleak,
 So faintly fair, so sadly meek,
 I've seen thee bending,
 Pale as the pale blue veins that streak,
 Consumption's thin, transparent cheek,
 With death-hues blending.
 Thou shalt be sorrow's love and mine;
 The violet and the eglantine
 With spring are banish'd,
 In summer's beam the roses shine,
 But I of thee my wreath will twine,
 When these are vanish'd.

THE WILLOW TREE.

A Pastoral Dialogue.

From the small black letter collection, entitled "The Golden Garland of Princely Delights;" collated with two other copies, corrected by conjecture.

WILLY.

How now shepherd, what means that?
 Why that willowe in thy hat?
 Why thy scarffes of red and yellowe
 Turned to branches of green willowe?

CUDDY.

They are chang'd, and so am I;
 Sorrows live, but pleasures die:
 Phillis hath forsaken me,
 Which makes me weare the willowe tree.

WILLY.

Phillis! shee that lov'd thee long?
 Is she the lass hath done thee wrong?
 She that lov'd thee long and best,
 Is her love turned to a jest?

CUDDY.

She that long time love profest,
 She hath robb'd my heart of rest:
 For she a new love loves, not mee,
 Which makes me weare the willowe tree.

WILLY.

Come then shepherd, let us joine,
 Since thy happ is like to mine;
 For the maid I thought most true,
 Mee hath also bid adieu.

CUDDY.

Thy hard happ doth mine appease,
 Companie doth sorrow ease:
 Yet, Phillis, still I pine for thee,
 And still must wear the willowe tree.

WILLY.

Shepherd, be advis'd by mee,
 Cast of grief and willowe tree:
 For thy grief brings her content,
 She is pleased if men lament.

CUDDY.

Herdsmen I'll be rul'd by thee,
 There lies grief and willowe tree;
 Henceforth I will do as they,
 And love a new love every day.

TO CORREPPONDENTS.

A. P. shall appear in our next.
 X., Dick, and ****, have been received.

Purphoros must excuse us.
 G. H. I.'s remarks shall be attended to.

Our Friends in the country will perceive that we have attended to their advice.

We are perfectly unaware of the circumstances which G. G. mentions but will certainly enquire into them.

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THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex rapto vivens.

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THE FONT IN WARE CHURCH, HERTS.

THIS Font is of considerable antiquity, and is supposed to have been given to the church by Thomas de Montacute about the time of Henry the Fourth; it is of stone, and of sufficient size for immersion. The sculptures upon it are well raised and exceedingly curious; its figure is octagonal, and on each face is a nich containing a representation of some saint. The effigies of St.

Christopher, St. George, and St. Katherine, are at this time in the most perfect state of preservation: at each corner between the saints are angels' heads, and below quatrefoils, with a sculptured fillet running quite round the Font. The church is a spacious edifice, dedicated to St. Mary, and consists of a nave, chancel, and aisles, with an embattled tower at the west end. The roof is of timber, and has been ornamented with paintings, of which there are now considerable remains. The sepulchral memorials are numerous, most of which have had their brasses taken from them. Among the eminent persons who have been interred here are Roger d'Armory, lord of Standon; his lady, Elizabeth, daughter of Gilbert de Clare, earl of Gloucester, the foundress of Clare-Hall, Cambridge; Sir Thomas Bouchier, son of Henry, first earl of Essex; and Sir Richard Fanshawe, bart. who was born at Ware, 1607. He received his education at Cambridge, and having increased his knowledge by travelling into foreign countries, was appointed ambassador to the Court of Spain by Charles the First. In the civil war he returned to England, and took a very active part in the royal cause, and in 1644 had the degree of L.L.D. conferred on him, by the University of Oxford. At the battle of Worcester, in 1651, he was taken prisoner by the Parliament's army. The rigors of his confinement brought on him a severe illness, on which he was permitted to retire into the country, after engaging not to extend his walk beyond the circuit of five miles. Ware Park was the place of his residence,

and here he employed his time in various poetic translations. In 1659 he went to Breda, and received the honour of knighthood from Charles the Second. After the restoration he was sent on several important missions, and died at Madrid in 1666, being at that time ambassador to the Court of Spain.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

ROME AND ITS ENVIRONS.

To Monsieur de Fontanes.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am just arrived at Rome from Naples, and send you all my journey has produced, for you have a right to this all—a few laurel leaves snatched from the tomb of Virgil, whom "*tenet nunc Parthenope.*" I should long since have given you a description of this classic region, but various circumstances have hindered me. I will not leave Rome, however, without saying a few words about so celebrated a city, we agreed that I was to address you without ceremony, and to tell you at a venture whatever impressions were made upon me in Italy. Without further preamble, then, I will attempt to give you an account of the environs of Rome, that is to say, the adjacent country, and the ruins.

You have read all that has been written on this subject, but I do not know whether travellers have given you a just idea of the picture, which the Roman territory presents. Figure to yourself something of the desolation of Tyre and Babylon; as described in Scripture—silence and solitude, as vast as the noise and

tumult of men who formerly crowded together on the spot. One may almost fancy that the prophet's curse is still heard, when he announced that two things should happen on a single day, sterility, and widowhood. You see here and there some remains of Roman roads, in places where nobody ever passes, and some dried up tracks of winter torrents, which at a distance have themselves the appearance of large frequented roads, but which are in reality the beds of waters formerly rushing onwards with impetuosity, though they have now passed away like the Roman nation. It is with some difficulty that you discover any trees, but on every side you behold the ruins of aqueducts and tombs, which appear to be the forests and indigenous plants of this land—composed as it is of mortal dust and the wrecks of empire. I have often thought that I beheld rich crops in a plain, but on approaching them, found that my eye had been deceived by withered grass. Under this barren herbage, traces of antient culture may sometimes be discovered. Here are no birds, no labourers, no lowing of cattle, no villages—a few miserably-managed farms appear amidst the general nakedness of the country, but the windows and doors of the habitations are closed, no smoke, no noise, no inhabitant proceeds from them—a sort of savage, in tattered garments, pale, and emaciated by fever, guards these melancholy dwellings, like the spectres who defend the entrances of abandoned castles in our Gothic Legends. It may be said, therefore, that no nation has dared to take possession of the country

once inhabited by the masters of the world; and that you see these plains as they were left by the ploughshare of Cincinnatus or the last Roman team.

It is in the midst of this uncultivated region that the eternal city raised her head. Decayed as to her terrestrial power, she appears to have resolved on proudly isolating herself. She has separated herself from the cities of the world, and, like a dethroned queen, has nobly concealed her misfortunes in solitude.

You will perhaps think from my description, that nothing can be more frightful than the Roman environs, but in this conjecture you are egregiously mistaken. They possess an inconceivable grandeur, and in contemplating them, you would be always ready to exclaim with Virgil,

Salve, Magna parens frugum, Saturnia
tellus,
Magna virum!

Nothing is so beautiful as the lines of the Roman horizon, the gentle inclination of the plains, and the soft flying *contour* of the terminating mountains. The valleys often assume the form of an arena, a circus, or a riding house. The hills are cut in terraces, as if the mighty hand of the Romans had moved the whole land at pleasure. A peculiar vapour is spread over distant objects, which takes off their harshness, and rounds them. The shadows are never black or heavy, for there are no masses so obscure, even among the rocks and foliage, but that a little light may always insinuate itself. A singular tint, and most peculiar harmony, unite the earth, the sky, and the water. All the surfaces unite at their

extremities, by means of an insensible gradation of colours, and without the possibility of ascertaining the point, at which one ends, or another begins. You have doubtless admired this sort of light in Claude Lorraine's landscapes. It appears ideal, and still more beautiful than nature; but it is the light of Rome.

I did not omit to see the Villa Borghese, and to admire the sun as he cast his setting beams upon the cypresses of Mount Marius, or on the pines of Villa Pamphili. I have also often directed my way up the Tiber to enjoy the grand scene of departing day at Ponte Mole. The summits of the Sabine mountains then appear to consist of *lapis lazuli*, and pale gold, while their base and sides are enveloped in a vapour which has a violet or purple tint. Sometimes antient Rome seems to have stretched into the west all the purple of her Consuls and Cæsars, and spread them under the last steps of the God of Day. This rich decoration does not disappear so soon as in our climate. When you suppose that the tints are vanishing, they suddenly reappear at some other point of the horizon. Twilight succeeds to twilight, and the charm of closing day is prolonged. It is true that at this hour of rural repose, the air no longer resounds with bucolic song; you no longer hear the "*dulcia linquimus arva*," but the victims of sacred immolations are still to be seen. White bulls, and troops of half-wild horses daily descend to the banks of the Tiber, and quench their thirst with its waters. You would fancy yourself transported to the times of the antient Sa-

bines, or to the age of the Arcadian Evander, when the Tiber was called Albula, and Æneas navigated its unknown stream.

I will acknowledge without hesitation that the vicinity of Naples is more dazzling than that of Rome. When the blazing sun, or the large red moon rises above Vesuvius, like a body of fire shot from its Volcanic crater, the bay of Naples and its banks fringed with orange trees, the Mountains of Soreto, the Island of Capri, the coast of Pozz-peoli, Baiæ, Misene, Cumæ, the Elysian Fields, and all this Virgilian district present to the view a magic spectacle, but it does not possess the imposing grandeur of the Roman territory.

Whoever occupies himself solely in the study of antiquities, and the fine arts, or whoever has no other ties in life, should live at Rome. He will there find, for his society a district which will nurture his reflections, and take possession of his heart, with walks, which will always convey to him instruction. The stone, upon which he treads will speak to him, and the dust, which the wind blows around him will be decomposed particles of some great human being. Should he be unhappy—should he have mingled the ashes of those whom he loved, with the ashes of the illustrious dead, what placid delight will he experience when he passes from the sepulchre of the Scipio's to the tomb of a virtuous friend, from the superb Mausoleum of Cecilia Matella to the modest grave of an unfortunate woman. He will fancy that their beloved shades find pleasure in wandering round these monuments, with that of a Cicero still lamenting

his dear Tullia, or an Agrippina still occupied with the urn of Germanicus. If he be a Christian, how will he be able to tear himself away from this land, which is become his own country—this land, which is become the seat of a second empire more sacred and more powerful than the first—this land, where the friends whom we have lost sleep with saints in their catacombs, under the eye of the Father of the Faithful, appearing as if they would be the first that awake from their long sleep, and the nearest to heaven.—*From Chateaubriand's Recollections of Italy, &c. &c. published in 1815.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

ON VOLCANOES.

THE famous Bishop Berkley gives the following interesting account of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius.—“In the year 1717, and the middle of April, with much difficulty I reached the top of Mount Vesuvius, in which I saw a vast aperture full of smoke; which hindered me from seeing its depth and figure. I heard within that horrid gulph certain extraordinary sounds, which seemed to proceed from the bowels of the mountain, a sort of murmuring, sighing, dashing sound; and between whiles, a noise like that of thunder or cannon, with a clattering like that of tiles falling from the tops of houses into the streets. Sometimes, as the wind changed, the smoke grew thinner, discovering a very ruddy flame, and the circumference of the crater streaked with red, and several shades of

yellow. After an hour's stay, the smoke being moved by the wind, gave us a short and partial prospect of the great hollow; in the flat bottom of which I could discover two furnaces almost contiguous; that on the left seeming about three yards over, glowing with ruddy flame, and throwing up red hot stones with a hideous noise, which, as they fell back, caused the clattering already taken notice of. May 8th, in the morning, I ascended the top of Vesuvius a second time, and found a different face of things. The smoke ascending upright, gave a full prospect of the crater; which, as I could judge, was about a mile in circumference, and a hundred yards deep. A conical mount had been formed, since my last visit, in the middle of the bottom, which I could see was made by the stones, thrown up and fallen back again into the crater. In this new hill remained the two furnaces already mentioned. The one was seen to throw up every three or four minutes with a dreadful sound, a vast number of red hot stones, at least three hundred feet higher than my head, as I stood upon the brink; but as there was no wind, they fell perpendicularly back from whence they had been discharged. The other was filled with red hot liquid matter, like that in the furnace of a glass house; raging and working like the waves of the sea, with a short abrupt noise. This matter would sometimes boil over, and run down the side of the conical hill, appearing at first red hot, and changing colour as it hardened and cooled. Had the wind driven in our faces, we had been in no small danger of stifling by

the sulphurous smoke, or being killed by the masses of melted minerals that were shot from the bottom. But as the wind was favourable, I had an opportunity of surveying this amazing scene for above an hour and a half together. On the fifth of June, after a horrid noise, the mountain was seen at Naples to work over; and about three days after, its thunders were renewed so, that not only the windows in the city, but all the houses shook. From that time it continued to overflow, and sometimes at night were seen columns of fire shooting upwards from its summit. On the tenth when all was thought to be over, the mountain again renewed its terrors, roaring and raging most violently. One cannot form a juster idea of the noise, in the most violent fits of it, than by imagining a mixed sound made up of the raging of a tempest, the murmuring of a troubled sea, and the roaring of thunder and artillery confused all together. Though we heard this at the distance of twelve miles, yet it was very terrible. I therefore resolved to approach nearer to the mountain; and, accordingly, three or four of us got into a boat, and were set a shore at a little town situated at the foot of the mountain. From thence we rode four or five miles, before we came to the torrent of fire that was descending from the side of the volcano; and here the roaring grew exceedingly loud and terrible as we approached. I observed a mixture of colours in the clouds above the crater, green, yellow, red, and blue. There was likewise a ruddy dismal light in the air, over the tract where that

burning river flowed. These circumstances, set off and augmented by the horror of the night, made a scene the most uncommon and astonishing I ever saw; which still increased as we approached the burning river. Imagine a vast torrent of liquid fire, rolling from the top, down the side of the mountain, and with irresistible fury bearing down and consuming vines, olives, and houses; and divided into different channels, according to the inequalities of the mountain. The largest stream seemed half a mile broad at least, and five miles long. I walked so far before my companions up the mountain, along the side of the river of fire, that I was obliged to retire in great haste, the sulphurous steam having surprised me, and almost taken away my breath. During our return, which was about three o'clock in the morning, the roaring of the mountain was heard all the way, while we observed it throwing up huge spouts of fire and burning stones, while falling resembled the stars in a rocket. Sometimes I observed two or three distinct columns of flame, and sometimes one only that was large enough to fill the whole crater. The burning columns and fiery stones seemed to be shot a thousand feet perpendicular above the summit of the volcano; and in this manner the mountain continued raging for six or eight days after. On the 18th of the same month, the whole appearance ended, and the mountain remained perfectly quiet without any visible smoke or flame."

THE AFFECTION OF ANIMALS FOR
THEIR YOUNG.

The following relation is extracted from the Journal of a Voyage for making Discoveries towards the North Pole.

Early in the morning the man at the mast-head of the Carcase gave notice that three bears were making their way very fast over the ice, and that they were directing their course towards the ship. They had without question been invited by the scent of the blubber of a sea-horse, killed a few days before, and which was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she-bear and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out from the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse that remained unconsumed, and ate it voraciously. The crew from the ship threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea-horse, which they had still left, upon the ice, which the old bear fetched away singly, laid every lump before her cubs as she brought it, and dividing it, gave each a share, reserving but a small portion to herself. As she was fetching away the last piece, they levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally. It would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling minds to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by this poor beast in the last moments of her expiring young. Though she was sorely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done others before, tore it in

pieces, and laid it down before them; and when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one and then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up. All this while it was pitiful to hear her moans. When she found she could not stir them, she went off, and when she had gotten at some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing her to entice them, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time as before, and having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round one and round the other, pawing and moaning. Finding, at last, that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and growled a curse upon the murderers; which they returned with a volley of musket balls. She fell between her cubs, and died, licking their wounds.

ON NOVELS.

Fabula nullius veneris, sine poudere,
et arte. Hor.
A silly story, without weight or art.

NOVEL-WRITING has by some late authors been aptly enough styled the younger sister of Romance. A family likeness, indeed, is very evident: and in their leading features, though in the one on a more enlarged, and in the other on a more contracted scale, a strong resemblance is easily discoverable between them.

An eminent characteristic of each is fiction: a quality which

they possess, however, in very different degrees. The fiction of romance is restricted by no fetters of reason or of truth; but gives a loose to lawless imagination, and transgresses as well the bounds of time and place, of nature and possibility. The fiction of the other, on the contrary, is shackled with a thousand restraints; is checked in her most rapid progress by the barriers of reason, and bounded in her most excursive flights by the limits of probability.

To drop our metaphors: we shall not, indeed, find in novels, as in romances, the hero sighing respectfully at the feet of his mistress, during a ten years' courtship, in a wilderness; nor shall we be entertained with the history of such a tour as that of *Saint George*; who, mounting his horse one morning in *Cap-padocia*, takes his way through *Mesopotamia*, then turns to his right into *Illyria*, and so, by way of *Grecia* and *Thracia*, arrives in the afternoon in *England*. To such glorious violations as these of time and place, romance writers have an exclusive claim. Novelists usually find it more convenient to change the scene of courtship from a desert to a drawing-room; and far from thinking it necessary to lay a ten years' siege to the affections of their heroine, they contrive to carry their point in an hour or two; as well for the sake of enhancing the character of their hero, as for establishing their favourite maxim of *love at first sight*, and their hero, who seldom extends his travels beyond the turnpike-road, is commonly content to choose the safer, though less expeditious, conveyance of a post-chaise, in

preference to such a horse as that of *Saint George*.

But these peculiarities of absurdity alone excepted, we shall find, that the novel is but a more modern modification of the same ingredients which constitute the romance; and that a *recipe* for the one may be equally serviceable for the composition of the other.

A romance (generally speaking) consists of a number of strange events, with a hero in the middle of them, who being an adventurous knight, wades through them to one grand design, namely, the emancipation of some captive princess from the oppression of a merciless giant; for the accomplishment of which purpose he must set at nought the incantations of the caitiff magician, must scale the ramparts of his castle, and baffle the vigilance of the female dragon, to whose custody his heroine is committed.

Foreign as they may at first sight seem from the purposes of a novel, we shall find, upon a little examination, that these are in fact the very circumstances upon which the generality of them are built; modernized, indeed, in some degree, by the trifling transformations of merciless giants to austere guardians, and of the dragons into maiden aunts. We must be contented also that the heroine, though retaining her tenderness, be divested of her royalty, and in the hero we must give up the knight errant for the accomplished fine gentleman.

Still, however, though the performers are changed, the characters themselves remain nearly the same. In the guardian we trace all the qualities which dis-

tinguish his ferocious predecessor, substituting only, in the room of magical incantation, a little plain cursing and swearing: and the maiden aunt retains all the prying vigilance and suspicious malignity: in short, every instrument but the claws which characterize her romantic counterpart. The hero of a novel has not, indeed, any opportunity of displaying his courage in the scaling of a rampart, or his generosity in the deliverance of enthralled multitudes; but as it is necessary that a hero should signalize himself by both these qualifications, it is usual to manifest the one by climbing the garden wall, or by leaping the park paling, in defiance of "*steel traps and spring guns*," and the other by flinging a crown to each of the post-boys on alighting from his chaise and four.

In the article of interviews, the two species of composition are pretty much on an equality, provided only they are supplied with a "*quantum sufficit*" of moonlight, which is an indispensable requisite; it being the etiquette for the moon to appear particularly conscious on these occasions—for the adorer, when permitted, to pay his vows at the shrine of his divinity. Custom has established in both cases, a pretty universal form of prayer.

Thus far the writers of novel and romance seem on a very equal footing to enjoy similar advantages, and to merit equal admiration. We are now come to a very material point, in which romance has but slender claims to comparative excellence—the choice of *names* and *titles*. However lofty and sonorous the names of *Amadis* and *Orlando*;

however tender and delicate may be those of *Zorayda* and *Roxana*, are they to be compared with the attractive alliteration, the seducing softness of *Lydia Lovemore* and *Sir Harry Harlowe*? of *Frederick Freeloze* and *Clarissa Clearstarch*? Or can the simple "*Don Belianis, of Greece*," or the "*Seven Champions of Christendom*" trick out so enticing a title-page, and awaken such pleasing expectations as the "*Innocent Adultery*," the "*Tears of Sensibility*," or the "*Amours of the Count de D**** and L—y ———?*"

B.

(To be continued)

AN AFFECTING INSTANCE OF MATERNAL TENDERNESS.

To prevent the Catholic missions in the interior of South America from being deserted, the Fathers make hostile incursions into the villages of the independent Indians, under the name of Entrados, which are avowedly undertaken for the conquest of souls, though it is obviously necessary, in the first place, to secure the bodies. To effect this, the natives are usually attacked in the night in their travels, and their children seized and carried off to be distributed among the Indians of the missions, as serfs. The following narrative affords an affecting instance of maternal tenderness, displayed on an occasion of this inhuman practice.

In 1797 the missionary of San Fernando had led his Indians to the banks of the Rio Guaviare, in one of those hostile incursions, which are prohibited alike by religion and the Spanish laws. They

found in an Indian hut a Guahiba mother with three children, two of whom were still infants. They were occupied in preparing the flour of casava. Resistance was impossible; the father was gone to fish, and the mother tried in vain to flee with her children. Scarcely had she reached the Savannah, when she was seized by the Indians of the mission, who go to hunt men, like the whites and the negroes in Africa. The mother and her children were bound, and dragged to the bank of the river. The monk seated in his boat, waited the issue of the expedition, of which he partook not the danger. Had the mother made too violent a resistance the Indians would have killed her; for every thing is permitted, when they go to the conquest of souls, (*à la conquista esperitual*) and it is children especially they seek to capture, in order to treat them in the missions as *pontos*, or slaves of the Christians. The prisoners were carried to San Fernando in the hope that the mother would be unable to find her way back to her home by land. Far from these children who had accompanied their father on the day on which she had been carried off, this unhappy woman shewed signs of the deepest despair. She attempted to take back to her family the children, who had been snatched away by the missionary; and fled with them repeatedly from the village of San Fernando, but the Indians never failed to seize her anew; and the missionary, after having carried her to be mercilessly beaten, took the cruel resolution of separating the mother from the two children; who had been carried off

with her. She was conveyed alone toward the missions of Rio Negro, going up the Atapabo. Slightly bound, she was seated at the bow of the boat, ignorant of the fate that awaited her; but she judged by the direction of the sun, that she was removing farther and farther from her hut and her native country. She succeeded in breaking her bonds, threw herself into the water, and swam to the left bank of the Atapabo. The current carried her to a shelf of rock, which bears her name to this day. She landed, and took shelter in the woods, but the president of the missions ordered the Indians to run to the shore, and follow the traces of the Guahiba. In the evening she was brought back, stretched upon the rock, (*la Piedra de la madre*), a cruel punishment was inflicted upon her with those of straps of manater leather, which serve for weeks in that country, and with which the alcades are always furnished. The unhappy woman, her hands tied behind her back with strong stalks of mavecune, was then dragged to the mission of Jairta.

She was then thrown into one of the caravansaries called Cas del Rey. It was the rainy season, and the night was profoundly dark. Forests till then believed to be impenetrable separated the mission of Jairta from that of San Fernando, which was 25 leagues, distant in a straight line. No other path is known, but that of the rivers; no man ever attempted to go by land from one village to another, were they only a few leagues apart. But such difficulties do not stop a mother who is separated from her child-

ren. The Guahiba was guarded in the caravansaries. Her arms being wounded, the Indians of Jairta had loosened her bonds, unknown to the missionaries and the alcades. She succeeded by the help of her teeth in breaking them entirely; disappeared during the night; and at the fourth rising sun was seen at the mission of San Fernando, hovering around the hut where her children were confined. "What that woman performed," added the missionary who gave us this sad narrative, "the most robust Indian would not have ventured to undertake. She traversed the woods at a season when the sky is constantly covered with clouds, and the sun during whole days appears but for a few minutes. Did the course of the waters direct her way? The inundations of the rivers forced her to go far from the banks of the main stream, through the midst of the woods where the motion of the waters is almost imperceptible. How often must she have been stopped by the thorny lianes, that form a net work round the banks they entwine. How often must she have swam across the rivulets that run into the Atapabo! This unfortunate woman was asked how she had sustained herself during four days? She said that exhausted with fatigue she could find no other nourishment than those large black ants called *vachacos*, which climb the trees in long bands, to suspend on them their ruinous nets." We pressed the missionary to tell us whether the Guahiba had peacefully enjoyed the happiness of remaining with her children, and if repentance had followed this excess of cruelty. He would not satisfy our

curiosity; but at our return from the Rio Negro we learnt that the Indian mother was not allowed time for the cure of her wounds, but was again separated from her children, and sent to one of the missions of the upper Oroonoka. There she died, refusing all kind of nourishment, as the savages do in great calamities.—*Baron Humboldt's Narratives.*

OBSERVATIONS ON THE YEAR
REGARDED AS A DIVISION OF
TIME.

Every year that can be divided by four without leaving a remainder, is a leap year. This rule was without an exception, during the continuance of the Julian calendar. At the time when Julius Cæsar was in power, he found that the year had got much wrong in its computation. By the assistance of some astronomers he corrected the computation of the year, and endeavoured to provide against the recurring of such a disorder for the future, by ordering, that as the year was found to consist of 365 days and six hours, or a quarter of a day, every fourth year should consist of 366 days, which would in every four years take up the six hours. This year was called leap year, or in the Roman calendar, bissextile. This last name was given to it from the place where this odd day was inserted. The 24th of February was called the sixth of the calends of March; and this day being twice repeated by its insertion at that place, was therefore named bissextile. This regulation of the year, from Julius Cæsar,

who ordered it, was called the Julian calendar. But when astronomy became to be better understood, it was found that the year still got wrong, notwithstanding this regulation: for about the year 1580, the vernal equinox fell upon the 11th of March, which, about the time of the Council of Nice, 325, fell upon the 21st, making a difference of about ten days. This error was traced to the following cause. The adding one day every four years was too much by more than eleven minutes each year: for the year, instead of consisting of 365 days 6 hours, contained only 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 49 seconds. Gregory XIII. who was at that time Pope, for the correction of this error, in 1582, published his bull, ordering ten days to be struck from the calendar, by appointing the 5th of October to be the 15th. This correction was adopted immediately in a great number of countries of Europe. But England never adopted it until 1752, when the style was altered by an Act of Parliament. By this time the error amounted to eleven days: and that number was struck out of the calendar, by making the 3d of September be called the 14th. And a provision was also inserted in the Act, to prevent that error from again recurring. By adding, as has been already observed, a day every four years, was adding too much, by upwards of eleven minutes every year. This, in 133 years, amounts to about one day, or three days in the space of 400 years. The correction then is, to drop three days every 400 years, which is done in the following manner. Every hundredth year, by the Julian calen-

dar, was a leap year; but such centuries as cannot be divided by four, are by this regulation not to be leap years; and in every four centuries there are found three of them not divisible by four. Thus of 18, 19, 20, 21—20 only is divisible by four—but 18, 19, 21 are not: and therefore, by appointing the 18th, 19th, and 21st centuries not to be leap years, we drop three days in 400 years. This calendar is called the Gregorian, from Pope Gregory XIII.

The Jewish Computation of Time.

The Jews had two beginnings of their year. Their civil year began with the month Thisri; and their sacred year with the month Nisan. As the months of the Jews were lunar, so their year consisted but of 354 days—they were in consequence obliged to add every third year a thirteenth month, to make their years agree with the course of the sun; by which means their festivals always returned at the same season. The last month, Adar, used in the intercalary years, consisted only of twenty-nine days.

The first division of the day was into morning, noon, and night; and these are the only parts of a day mentioned in the Old Testament. But it is, however, probable that men of science had other more accurate divisions, because we find they had sun-dials. Afterwards they divided their days into twelve hours—and to this division our Saviour refers, when he says, Are there not twelve hours in the day? But their hours must have been of different lengths at different seasons of the year: for

their hour was a twelfth part of the time which the sun continues above the horizon. And as this time is longer in summer than in winter, their summer hours must have been longer than their winter hours. Only this difference would not be so very sensible, as Judea is much nearer to the equator than we are on the days more nearly equal. Their hours were computed from sun-rise; their third hour divided the space between sun-rising and noon; the ninth hour divided the space between noon and sun-set. But in the New Testament, particularly in St. John, we find that they sometimes made use of the Roman reckoning of their hours. The Roman reckoning was the same as ours, beginning at midnight, and reckoning to noon twelve hours—and again from noon to midnight. John, i. 39.—the tenth hour here spoken of must be ten in the morning, Again, John, iv. 6.—the hour spoken of there must be six in the evening. The Hebrews divided their night into four watches of three hours each. The first from six to nine in the evening—the second from nine to twelve—the third from midnight to three in the morning—the last to six, or sun-rising.

The Mahometan Year.

The Mahometan year consists of twelve lunar months, each containing 29 days, 12 hours, and 792 scruples (1086 scruples are equal to one hour); so that the year contains 354 days, 8 hours, and 864 scruples.

The Mahometan Hegira commenced on Friday, the 16th of July, A. D. 622; and the 538th year of the Hegira began Friday, the 16th, which is the same day

of the month and week that the Hegira commenced—and this corresponds to the year of our Lord 1143; so that 521 of our years are equal to 537 Turkish years.

LITERATURE AND LAW.

UPON taking up a New Monthly Magazine of last year, my attention was attracted by an article, under the above title, signed Y. I. on the subject of the late decisions of the Court of Chancery respecting literary property, and I was particularly struck with what appeared to me the fallacy of the writer's conclusions, which, as the subject is deserving of notice, I will endeavour in a few words to point out.

There can be no doubt but that the true spirit of the laws respecting literary property is to suppress as much as possible the publication of works of an immoral tendency;—and therefore a court of law will not give an author, or the person to whom he sells his copyright, and who stands precisely in the same situation, damages against any person who publishes his work. The Court of Chancery, in its recent decisions, following a similar practice, will not grant the author any protection under the same circumstances; for by so doing it would render an appeal to a Court of Law perfectly unnecessary, by leaving the author (the only person who would have any interest in resorting to a Court of Law) in the full enjoyment of the copyright:—and here let it be remembered, that the opinion of the Court of Chancery is confined to the im-

morality of the work, and has nothing to do with its literary merits, so that Y. I.'s tirade against the competency of a Chancellor, as a judge of literature, is quite foreign to the question. In both Courts the defence of the pirate (for so I must call him in distinction from the author) must necessarily be that the work is immoral, in order to shew that the author has no exclusive property in it; and here the only moral difference between the author and the pirate is this—that the latter publishes a work which he knows, and lets the world know is immoral—and the former publishes a work which he knows to be immoral, but endeavours to convince the world it is not so.—Whichever way the Chancellor should decide, will not have the wished-for effect; for if an injunction is granted, the author will continue to publish;—if refused, the pirate. The late decisions, therefore, will strike at the root of the evil, by discouraging the writers of such works, and by that means the desired end will be most effectually attained. Nor will the consequence be that we shall lose the future productions of our best writers of works of fiction, as Y. I. appears to insinuate, but such works will issue from the press free from those blemishes which too often banish them from the library of the father of a family; nor will the course of literature be in the least impeded as long as it flows in a clear and unsullied stream. That the Chancellor has departed from former precedents, I must for the present admit; but, conceiving that I have answered Y. I.'s objections in other respects, I

will conclude, by answering this in his own words:—"Man is not in our times, Heaven be praised for it! the passive instrument he once was; he has put on a character more consistent with his grade in the creation, and the knowledge of those inherent rights which Nature informs him are inalienably his own."

TYRO.

THE MISCELLANY.

"Rebus et ordine dispar."—HOR.

ACCOUNT OF PETER BATES.

PETER BATES, one of our earliest and most eminent writing-masters, finished a performance which contained the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, with two short prayers in Latin, his own name, motto, day of the month, year of our Lord, and reign of the Queen (Elizabeth), to whom he afterwards presented it at Hampton Court, all within the circle of a silver penny, and enchased in a ring, with borders of gold, covered with a crystal, so accurately wrought as to be plainly legible, to the great admiration of her Majesty, her ministers, and several ambassadors at court. In 1590, Bates kept a school at the upper end of the Old Bailey, and the same year published his "Writing Schoolmaster." In 1595, he had a trial of skill in writing with a Mr. Daniel Johnson, for a golden pen of twenty pounds value, and won it. Upon this victory, his contemporary and rival in penmanship, John Davies, made a satirical ill-natured epigram, intimating that

penury continually compelled Bates to remove himself and his golden pen to elude the pursuit of his creditors.

The particulars of the contest for the pen, supposed to be written by Bates himself, are in the British Museum, dated January 1st, 1596.

ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN'S WIG.

WHEN Admiral Boscawen added so gloriously to the laurels so often reaped by British tars, and defeated the French fleet, he was under the necessity of going on board a boat in order to shift his flag from his own ship to another. In his passage a shot went through the boats' side; when the Admiral taking off his wig stopped the leak with it, and by that means kept the boat from sinking until he reached that on which he intended to hoist his flag. Thus by a presence of mind so natural to the worthy Admiral was he himself saved and enabled to continue the engagement which ended so gloriously to the British nation.

POET'S CORNER.

— "neque est ignobile carmen."
VIR.

SONNET.

WHY, when with thee, dost thou complain, my fair,
Thy servant absent, silent, and distraught?
While thou art by can he have other thought
Than muse upon thy goodness—list the air
Thou breathest forth—gaze on thy flaxen hair—

Inhale thy breath, richer than perfumes brought
By Zephyr from the scented heath—
or, taught
By Love himself to woo thee, press that rare,
That matchless form, all purity—or taste
Thy nect'rous lip? Then smile those frowns away—
No, not one moment passed with thee is waste,
But, every sense full strained by thy sweet sway,
Thy lover is thy prisoner, and graced
With flowery chains, passive, let's glide the day.

A. P

FROM LORD STRANGFORD'S CAMOENS.

I saw the virtuous man contend,
With life's unnumbered woes,
And he was poor without a friend,
Pressed by a thousand woes.
I saw the passions' pliant slave,
In gallant trim, and gay,
His course was pleasure's placid wave,
His life a summer's day.
And I was caught in folly's snare,
And joined the giddy train,
But found her soon the nurse of care,
And punishment, and pain.
There surely is some guiding power,
That rightly suffers wrong,
Gives vice to bloom its little hour,
But virtue late and long.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

This excellent philosophical song appears to have been famous in the sixteenth century. It is quoted by Ben Johnson in his play of "Every Man out of his Humour," first acted in 1599.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
That God or nature hath assignede:
Though much I want, that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.
Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I presse to beare no haughtie sway;
Look what I lack my mind supplies.
Soe! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfeits oft,
 And hastie clymbers soonest fall:
 I see that such as sit aloft,
 Mishap doth threaten most of all:
 These get with toile, and keep with
 feare,
 Such cares my mind could never beare.
 No princely pompe, nor welthie store,
 No force to winne a victorie,
 No wylie wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to win a lovers eye:
 To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
 For why my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they
 crave,
 I little have, yet seek no more:
 They are but poore, tho' much they
 have;
 And I am rich with little store;
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
 They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at not another's losse,
 I grudge not at another's gaine;
 No worldly wave my mind can tosse,
 I brooke that is another's bane:
 I feer no foe, nor fawne on friend;
 I loth not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease;
 My conscience alone my chiefe de-
 fence:
 I never seeke by brybes to please,
 Nor by desert to give offence:
 Thus do I live, thus will I die;
 Would all did so as well as I.

WINIFREDA.

This beautiful address to con-
 jugal love, is printed in some
 modern collections, as a transla-
 tion from the ancient British
 language, how truly is not
 known.

Away; let nought to love displeasing,
 My Winifreda, move your care;
 Let nought delay the heavenly bless-
 ing,
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy
 fear.

What though no grants of royal donors,
 With pompous titles grace our
 blood?

We'll shine in more substantial ho-
 nours,

And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
 Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis
 spoke:

And all the great ones, they shall
 wonder

How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish
 bounty,

No mighty treasures we possess:
 We'll find within our pittance plenty,
 And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season,
 Sufficient for our wishes give;
 For we will live a life of reason,
 And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love ex-
 celling,

We'll hand in hand together tread;
 Sweet smiling peace shall crown our
 dwelling,

And babes, sweet smiling babes,
 our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
 While round my knees they fondly
 clung;

To see them look their mother's fea-
 tures,

To hear them lisp their mother's
 tongue.

And when with envy time transported,
 Shall think to rob us of our joys;
 You'll in your girls again be courted,
 And I'll go wooing in my boys.

TO CORREPPONDENTS.

T.'s verses are good, but want cor-
 rection.

We expect a further communication
 from X. Y. Z.

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THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex raptō vivens.

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REMAINS OF BISHOP BONNER'S PALACE,

LAMBETH MARSH.

THE Remains of Bishop Bonner's Palace, from their remote situation, and dilapidated state are known, we believe, but to few of our readers. To those, however, accustomed to regard these vestiges with the eye of the antiquarian, will find in the frontispiece of our present number a faithful view of all that

now exists of the residence of this celebrated character.

Edmund Bonner, Bishop of Hereford, was a poor peasant's son in Worcestershire, and educated at Oxford, by the liberality of a gentleman. He afterwards got into favour of Cardinal Wolsey, who bestowed upon him several benefices. Henry VIII. made him his chaplain, and he zealously promoted the divorce between his master and Catherine of Arragon, and the king sent him to Rome to get the sentence confirmed, where his behaviour was so bold that the pope threatened to throw him into a cauldron of boiling lead. In 1538, he was nominated Bishop of Hereford, being then ambassador at Paris; but before his consecration he was translated to London. In the reign of Edward VI., he scrupled the oath of the king's supremacy, for which he was committed to prison; but on his submission he obtained his discharge. His negligence, however, in promoting the Reformation, and complying with the laws, occasioned him a second imprisonment, and the loss of his bishopric. On the accession of Mary, he was restored to the episcopal function, and throughout the whole of her reign shewed a sanguinary spirit, by bringing numbers of protestants to the stake. When Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, he refused the oath of allegiance and supremacy, for which he was deprived, and sent prisoner to the Marshalsea, where he died in 1569. His body was buried privately in St. George's Church yard, Southwark. Bonner was a man of pious disposition, but well versed in the cannon law.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

BENEVOLENT INHABITANTS OF THE ALPS.

As the Alps have ever excited the curiosity and attention of travellers, and the danger of passing over them is at all times considerable, a short account of a remarkable society of men living in the midst of these mountains, and formed for the express purpose of alleviating that danger, will not, we hope, prove uninteresting to our numerous readers. It is given in the words of a celebrated French writer*.

"At the latter end of April, 1755, I was going into Piedmont by the route of the great St. Bernard. About four o'clock in the afternoon, the little caravan, with which I had ascended this dangerous road, arrived at the summit of the mountain: and after having recruited itself at the Hospice, or Convent, built in the middle of this desert spot, again resumed its march, intending to sleep that night in the valley of Aost. The sun had by this time lost its heat, and even the sky its serenity: clouds began to hang on the tops of the mountains, and to collect in the narrow defiles. A cloudy evening on the top of the Alps is enough to soften the courage: and I determined to pass the night with these religious Hospitallers, who partook in my forebodings, and in which we were not deceived. At six o'clock the frozen plain was almost enveloped in darkness: the clouds, driven by a wind from the north west, with the swiftness of an

* M. Mallett du Pan.

arrow, rolled round the encircling rocks: already the distant sound of falling avalanches was heard: and drifting snow, as fine as dust, either blown off the mountains, or falling from above, intercepted the feeble rays of light, and concealed every surrounding object. While by the side of a good fire, I was questioning the Superior of the Convent on the consequences of these hurricanes, the monks went to perform whatever duties circumstances might require; or rather to exercise their daily virtues. Each had his allotted station in this frozen Thermopylæ; not indeed to repel the attack of an enemy, but to lend a succouring hand to benighted travellers, of whatever rank, nation, or religion they might be, and even to animals loaded with their baggage. Some of these generous recluses climbed up the pyramids of granite that border the road, to look out for a convoy in distress, or to answer their cries for help:—others laid open paths covered by the newly-fallen snow, even at the risk of being destroyed themselves among the precipices: every one braving alike the cold, the avalanches, the danger of losing themselves, being almost blinded by the whirlwinds of snow, and giving an attentive ear to the least sound that resembled the human voice. Their intrepidity equals their vigilance. No person in distress ever calls on them in vain; they drag him out when overwhelmed with the falling of an avalanche, they reanimate him when almost dying with cold and terror, and they carry him in their arms, while their feet slide over the ice, or sink into the snow—night

and day this is their office. Their pious care watches over the human race in these regions so unfavoured by nature, where they present a spectacle of heroism that will never be sufficiently celebrated by our praises. For the space of a whole hour five monks and their servants had been following the tracks of travellers, when the barking of dogs announced to us their return. These dogs, the intelligent companions of their master's paths, discover the traces of persons in danger: they precede the guides, and are in fact guides themselves: at the voice of these faithful assistants the benumbed traveller regains confidence, and follows their track, which is always certain. When the snow, falling as quick as lightning, engulphs the passing traveller, the dogs of St. Bernard discover him beneath the abyss, and lead to the spot the monks, who dig out the corpse, and often restore life. In a short time the gate of the convent opened to ten persons, exhausted by cold, fatigue, and terror. Their conductors forgot their own toils: and from the whitest linen to the most restoring cordials, every thing that the most attentive hospitality could offer, all that could only have been obtained for money at the inns of our towns, was ready in a moment, distributed without distinction, and administered with as much skill as kindness."

THE RING FINGER.

UNTIL within the last hundred years an opinion generally pre-

veiled, and even retains its credit among the ignorant and superstitious to the present day, that a certain relation or sympathy exists between the fourth finger of the left hand and the heart, by the intervention of some vessel, as a nerve, vein, or artery; and for this reason, that particular finger enjoys the special honour of bearing the wedding ring.—This practice, in nuptial contracts, was followed by Heathens, as well as Christians, as Alexander ab Alexandro, Gellius, Macrobius, and Pierius have testified—and their testimony is confirmed by Levinus Leonnius, who moreover declares that this said vessel is an artery, and not a nerve, as antiquity has conceived it to be—stoutly maintaining that *rings thereon peculiarly affect the heart; that in Lipothymics or swooundings he used the friction of this finger with saffron and gold; that the ancient physicians mixed up their medicines therewith; that this is seldom, or last of all affected with the gout; and when that becometh nodus, men continue not long after.*

Macrobius assigns a more rational cause for a practice, which he admits to have been universal in his day. He affirms that the *gestation* of rings upon this hand and finger might rather have been adopted for convenience and security, than from any *cordial* relation. For at first, says he, it was allowable and customary to wear rings on either hand; but as luxury increased, and precious gems and rich *en-sculptures* were added, the custom of wearing rings on the right hand was transferred to the left; for that hand being less employed, they were there best pre-

served; and for the same reason the fourth finger was preferred: for the thumb was too active a finger, and too much engaged with the others. The index or fore-finger was too naked whereto to trust things so precious; and having besides the protection of the thumb scarcely so far as to the second joint; the middle and little finger they rejected as extremes, as too large or too small for their rings, and fixed upon the fourth as being least used of any; as being guarded on both sides, and as having this peculiar property, that it cannot be extended alone, but carries with it some finger on either side; and to this opinion Alexander ab Alexandro assents:—“*Annulum nuphalem prior ætas in sinistrâ ferebat, crediderim ne attereretur.*”

THE LAND OF LIBERTY THE LAND OF GENIUS.

The land of liberty is the soil favourable to rearing the latent seeds of genius; and it has been observed, that though genius may flourish a while under the exotic warmth of arbitrary power, its blossom is but perishable; it languishes under the nipping blasts of oppression; and pines for the more congenial sun of freedom.—The iron sway of slavery crushes the soul as well as the body.

Animum quoque prægravat una,
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam
auræ.

Weights down the portion of celestial
birth,
The breath of God, and fixes it to
earth. Francis.

That we may not seem to assert an improbability, let us exa-

mine the different states of literature in the commonwealths of Greece and Rome, under the dominions of the Cæsars. An objection is now easily started, viz. that the Augustan age is the great æra of Roman literature; and that under the commonwealth the advances towards the polite arts were slow and difficult. The fact is, that the Romans, during the first centuries, were too deeply engaged in their foreign and domestic wars, to attend to the milder occupations of peace. Self-preservation naturally engages the attention of man prior to all other considerations, when that is secured, he has leisure to look round him, and make his first attempt in the sciences. In the earlier and martial times the trumpet drowned the notes of the lyre: in those times, therefore, the genius most suitable to the age shone with distinguished lustre; this was the age of patriotism and conquest, and military merit was the only certain road to the dignities of the Republic. When Rome was subjected to Cæsar, her empire extended over the known world. The Grecian elegance had softened her rougher genius, and science had polished the ferocity of her manners. The laurel of conquest faded before the olive of peace, and literary merit became the object of attention. Augustus only established that of which others had laid the foundations. Ennius, Terence, Lucretius, Catullus, and Sallust, were prior to him, and the Roman eloquence, which was born and died with Cicero, sunk under the malignity of his influence. It is worth remarking, that though the Augustan age produced the

best poets, yet eloquence fled with freedom; after the death of Cicero she degenerated from her purer strains into the laboured phrases of affected declamation. Poetry, which is so noted for its suppleness, flourished only for a few years; and probably owed its temporary vigour to the mean prostitution of its talents in flattering the enslaver of his country and the tyrant of the world.

Greece, on the contrary, produced a combined series of great and learned men; she was not like Rome, forced to struggle for her liberty and existence against the jealousy of surrounding states. After the decisive battles of Marathon, Platæa, and Salamis, her internal dissensions were her only enemies; but even these promoted, rather than impeded, the powers of her genius. To the Peloponnessian war we owed the history of Thucydides, the funeral orations of Pericles and Plato; and to the treachery of Philip, the sublime invectives of Demosthenes; but when the conquering eagle of Rome, under the pretence of protecting, enslaved the country, from that moment her genius withered, and the only writers she afterwards produced, Polybius in particular, instead of recording the glories of their native country, celebrated the exploits of Rome. Rome, therefore, now the untroubled mistress of the world, was expected to excel in arts as well as arms. Under Augustus, as before observed, she flourished for a time, but under the succeeding emperors she relapsed into the ignorance, though she possessed not the virtues, of the consular state. The feeble efforts which learning afterwards

made to recover her antient pre-eminence, seem to confirm the position, that under liberty alone she can acquire a permanent strength.

Under the happy reigns of Vespasian and Trajan, and the better emperors, the short-lived ray of returning freedom awaked her from her lethargy, and Juvenal, the Plinies, and Tacitus, are enrolled in the last list of Roman worthies. The works of the two Plinies might have been produced under any reign, however tyrannical.—The studies of the naturalist could never awaken the jealousy of the most capricious tyrant; and the panegyric of the younger Pliny was a piece of complimentary flattery which must be acceptable to the ears of any prince.—Of his letters it has been truly observed, that they are only elegant trifles. In Cicero's collection we find a history of the times, the characters of the greatest men delineated with spirit, and his sentiments delivered with a Roman freedom.—Pliny was overawed by the terrors of despotism, and dared not venture on topics which might rouse the anger of his sovereign: but that Juvenal and Tacitus adorned this period, must incontestibly be the effect of at least some degree of liberty, otherwise the unsparing lash of the satirist would not have attacked the most powerful men of Rome; or the bold pen of the historian dared to display the actions of the former emperors with such freedom of censure, seriously, and yet so justly. He would have been contented with a bare relation, and left the reader to make those observations, which, though he could

not but have felt, he would have been afraid to give vent to—especially when Juvenal, in the reign of Domitian, had been banished for a slight reflection on an insignificant actor. A.

ON NOVELS.

(Continued from our last.)

IT occurs to me while I am writing this, that as there has been of late years so considerable a consumption of *names* and *titles*, as to have exhausted all the efforts of invention, and ransacked all the alliterations of the alphabet, it may not be amiss to inform all *Novelists*, male and female, who under these circumstances must necessarily wish with *Falstaff* to know "where a commodity of good names may be bought," that at my WAREHOUSE for WIT I have laid in a great number of the above articles of the most fashionable and approved patterns. Ladies may suit themselves with a vast variety adapted to every composition of the kind; whether they chuse them to consist of two adjectives only, as the "*Generous Inconstant*"—the "*Fair Fugitive*"—or the name of a place, as "*Grogram Grove*"—"Gander Green,"—or whether they prefer the still newer method of coupling persons and things with an "or," as "*Louisa*; or, the *Purling Stream*"—"Estifania"; or, the *Abbey in the Dale*"—"Letitia"; or, the *Little House on the Hill*." Added to these, I have a complete assortment of names for every individual that can find a place in a *Novel*: from the *Belvilles* and *Beverleys* of

high life, to the *Humphreyses* and *Gubbinses* of low; suited to all ages, ranks, and professions; to persons of every stamp, and characters of every denomination.

In painting the scenes of *low life*, the Novel again enjoys the most decisive superiority. Romance, indeed, sometimes makes use of the grosser sentiments, and less refined affections of the *Squire* and the *Confidante*, as a foil to the delicate adoration, the platonic purity, which marks the love of the Hero, and suits the sensibility of his mistress. But where shall we find such a thorough knowledge of nature, such an insight into the human heart, as is displayed by our *Novelists*; when as an agreeable relief from the insipid sameness of polite insincerity, they condescend to portray in coarse colours, the workings of more genuine passions in the bosoms of *Dolly* the dairy-maid, or *Hannah* the house-maid?

When on such grounds, and on a plan usually very similar to the one I have here endeavoured to sketch, are founded by far the greater number of those novels which crowd the teeming catalogue of a circulating library; is it to be wondered at that they are sought out with such avidity, and run through with such delight, by all those who cannot resist the impulse of curiosity, or withstand the allurements of a title page? Can we be surprised, that they look forward, with expecting eagerness, to that inundation of delicious nonsense, with which the press annually overflows; replete as it is with stories without invention, anecdotes without

aptness, and reflections without morality?

Under this description come the generality of these performances. There are no doubt a multitude of exceptions. The paths which a *Fielding* and a *Richardson* have trodden must be sacred. Were I to profane these by impertinent criticism, I might with justice be accused of avowed enmity to wit; of open apostacy from true feeling, and true taste.

But let me hope to stand excused from the charge of presumption, if even here I venture some observations, which I am confident must have occurred to many; and to which almost every body, when reminded of them, will be ready to give a hearty concurrence.

Is not the novel of *Tom Jones*, however excellent a work in itself, generally put too early into our hands, and proposed too soon to the imitation of children?—That it is a character drawn faithfully from nature, by the hand of a master, most accurately delineated, and most exquisitely finished, is indeed indisputable. But is it not also a character, in whose shades the lines of right and wrong, of propriety and misconduct, are so intimately blended, and softened into each other, as to render it too difficult for the indiscriminating eye of childhood to distinguish between rectitude and error? Are not its imperfections so nearly allied to excellence, and does not the excess of its good qualities bear so strong an affinity to imperfection, as to require a more matured judgment, a more accurate penetration, to point out the line where virtue ends and vice be-

gins? The arguments used in opposition to this are, that it is a faithful copy of nature—undoubtedly it is—but is nature to be held up to the view of childhood in every light, however unamiable; to be exhibited in every attitude however unbecoming? The Hero's connection with *Miss Seagrim*, for instance, and the supposed consequences of it, are very natural no doubt; are they therefore objects worthy of imitation? But that a child must admire the character, is certain; that he should wish to imitate what he admires, follows of course; and that it is much more easy to imitate faults than excellences, is an observation too trite, I fear, not to be well founded. A character virtuous and amiable in the aggregate, but vicious in particular parts, is much more dangerous to a mind prone to imitation, as that of youth naturally is, than one wicked and vicious in the extreme. The one is an open assault of an avowed enemy, which every one has judgment to see, and consequently fortitude to resist; the other is the treacherous attack of an insidious invader, who makes the passions his agents to blind the judgment, and bribes the understanding to betray the heart. Such is the character of *Jones*. He interests our affections at the moment that his actions revolt against our ideas of propriety; nor can even his infidelity to *Sophia*, however ungrateful, nor his connexion with *Lady Bellaston*, though perhaps the most degrading situation in which human nature can be viewed, materially lessen him in our esteem and admiration. On these grounds, therefore, though there cannot

be a more partial admirer of the work itself, I cannot hesitate a moment to consider that "faultless monster," *Sir Charles Grandison*, whose insipid uniformity of goodness it is so fashionable to decry, far the more preferable to be held up to a child as an object of imitation. The only objection urged to this is that *Grandison* is too perfect to be imitated with success. And to what does this argument amount? truly this, it tends to prove, that an imitator cannot come up to his original; consequently the surest way to become a *Jones*, is to aim at being a *Grandison*; for according to that argument, let a man rate his virtue at the highest price, and the natural bias of his passions will make him bate something of his valuation. Hence, therefore, the character of *Grandison* is assuredly the proper pattern of the two. An attempt at the imitation of that, must necessarily be productive of some attainment in virtue. The character of *Jones* can neither operate as an incitement to virtue, or a discouragement from vice: he is too faulty for the one, and too excellent for the other. Even his good qualities must, on an undiscerning mind, have a bad effect; since, by fascinating its affections, they render it blind to his foibles; and the character becomes the more dangerous in proportion as it is the more amiable.

But to return from this long digression to the consideration of Novels in general. Some of my readers may perhaps conjecture, that I have affected to undervalue them from interested motives; and that I would wean them from their study of them, for the purpose only of increasing

the demand for my own lucubrations. To wipe off any suspicions of the kind, and to prove to them that my only motives are a view to their advantage, I promise in the course of one or two succeeding numbers, to point out to the observation, and recommend to the perusal of professed *Novel readers*, a set of books, which they now treat with undeserved contempt; but from which I will prove that they may derive at least, as much entertainment, and certainly much more useful instruction, than from the dull details of unmeaning sentiment and insipid conversation; of incidents the most highly unnatural, and events the most uninteresting. B.

FREDERICK.

As the young olive in some sylvan scene,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in snowy flow'rets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heav'n invades
The tender plant, and withers all its shades;
It lies uprooted in its genial bed
A lovely ruin, now defac'd and dead.
Pope's Homer.

It is an observation founded on a general survey of mankind, and which I am afraid a closer inspection would not controvert, that one half of the world knows not how the other exists. This, however, might in part be attributed to the insufficiency of human nature; were it not a melancholy truth that their negligence in this point is equal to their ignorance. Nursed in the lap of luxury, the son of fortune, whose budding hopes

have never been nipped by the blast of adversity, turns his eyes with contemptuous disgust from the cheerless scenes of penury and distress, to the dazzling glare, which, under pretence of lulling sorrow, stares reflection out of countenance, and convicts reason of Cynicism, under the specious appearance of indulging harmless gaiety. The listless apathist, becalmed in his own insensibility, looks with a vacant eye on the terrors of conflicting passion; or, as the utmost exertion of his pity, endeavours to allay the storm of a weak but generous mind, with the dictatorial precepts of a closeted philosopher.

Those of the above description I warn to proceed no farther in this paper. To the feeling, and I hope major part of my readers, the authenticity of the following story will carry with it a sufficient apology.

The father of Frederick having from an early pique secluded himself from mankind, devoted an ample fortune to his family, his stables, and his cellar, in the extremity of Somersetshire. He was naturally of a morose, saturnine temper, which a considerable quantity of port, regularly discussed after dinner for a continuance of thirty years had not a little contributed to heighten. The usual companion of his leisure hours was the parish attorney, a supple knave, who, as occasion served, could rail at the times, praise the wine, take snuff, or ring for *t'other bottle*. Argument, it is rational to suppose, would not have beguiled many hours with such a duumvirate; but the squire was too distrustful of any thing human, to be circumvented in the common way; and his Achates too

much a master of arts to attempt it.

By a feint, therefore, at first of opposition, and at every convenient opportunity of conviction, he frequently flattered this petty tyrant more agreeably, and sometimes allured him to his own opinion. The subject of his eldest son's education was long on the tapis; the squire being too much of a misanthrope to relish the idea of a public school, and the lawyer too jealous of the boy's growing influence not to wish so powerful an obstacle removed. At length, however, by a more than usual exertion of artifice, he wheedled the old gentleman out of his prejudices, and at ten years of age Frederick was sent to Eton. Even at this early period the natural warmth of his disposition had begun to display itself, open, candid, and generous, his heart was the constant companion of his hand, and his tongue the artless index of his mind. As his ideas expanded, his virtues seemed to have acquired a larger scope; and the unsuspecting generosity which had before induced him heedlessly to deposit his joys and griefs with every stranger, to have been matured into a warm philanthropic benevolence for human nature, and a romantic attachment to the few who were the more immediate objects of his affections. Exposed alike to the attacks of all the generous passions, the impetuous sallies of his temper were as easily suppressed as excited. Jealous in the extreme of obligations, and keenly sensitive on any point which appealed to his honour or his compassion, he was always a stranger to the calm serenity of a virtuous mind; and ultimately overwhelmed by

those feelings which are so often the pleasing curse of a luxuriant imagination.

To these qualifications of the heart, Frederick added the endowments of an elegant fancy: often indeed too impatient of the necessary restrictions of art, but naturally corrected by so pure a taste as to enable him to discover, with admirable perspicuity, the limits of true and false beauty: and those of his classical compositions which peculiarly struck his ideas, united that vivid, energetic glow of thought, which true genius alone can conceive, to a simple chastity of expression, which only correct judgment can define. As an agreeable polish to so much merit, his countenance was lively and animated, his figure genteel, and his manners engaging.

In human as in inanimate nature, similar qualities will have a mutual attraction. By directing our thoughts to the same objects; by viewing each other's ideas with a sympathetic benevolence; nay even by those friendly contests, which in the most perfect unanimity of opinion the digressive sallies of enthusiasm sometimes give rise to, but which tend only to diversify the calm of universal concurrence, we insensibly glide into that intimate harmony, without which society is but a state of armed neutrality, little superior to the open warfare of savage nature. By each of these ties was a romantic friendship cemented between Frederick and Edmond; their sentiments and inclinations mutually led them to a tender regard for each other's virtues. And as they were equally blessed with all external contingencies towards

happiness in future, they looked forward with satisfaction to the scene of active life, which seemed to invite them to the honourable exertion of their abilities.

(To be continued.)

BARCLAY'S BREWERY.

[*Extracted from the Journal of*
LOUIS SIMOND.]

The breweries of London may justly be ranked amongst its greatest curiosities; and the establishment of Messrs. Barclay and Company is one of the most considerable. A steam-engine of the power of 30 horses does the greatest part of the work; for although there are nearly 200 men employed, and a great number of horses, these are mostly for the out-door work; the interior appears quite solitary. Large rakes, with chains moved by an invisible power, stir to the very bottom of the immense mass of malt, in boilers 12 feet deep; elevators, which nobody touches, carry up to the summit of the building 2,500 bushels of malt a day, thence distributed through wooden channels, where the process is carried on. Casks of truly gigantic sizes are ready to receive the liquors. One of them contains 3000 barrels. Now at eight barrels to a ton, this is equal to a ship of 375 tons. By the side of this are other enormous vessels, the smallest of which, containing about 800 barrels, are worth, when full, 3000*l.* sterling each. This fleet of ships is hung upon a frame of timbers, so that you may walk freely under them, rendering all parts accessible, the whole under a common roof. The stock of liquor is estimated

at 300,000*l.*; the barrels alone in which it is carried about to the consumers cost 80,000*l.*; and the whole capital is not less than half a million sterling; 250,000 barrels of beer are sold annually, which would load a fleet of 150 merchantmen of the burthen of 200 tons each. The building is incombustible; walls of brick and floors of iron. Messrs. Barclay and Company are the successors of Thrane, whose name is associated to the immortality of Johnson; and the words of the philosopher occurred naturally to us at the sight of the very objects by which they had been suggested: "This is not a mere assemblage of vats and boilers," he exclaimed, "but the potentiality of becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice." More than 100 horses are employed in carrying the beer to the consumers. We saw a great number of them in a long range of stables. These colossuses are fed with a mixture of clover, hay, straw, and oats, chopped very fine, so as to enable horses, ever so old, to feed without difficulty. They are often sixteen hours in harness out of the twenty-four. There was not one sick. They looked prodigiously square and heavy; more so, I should think, than is best for use. We took notice that that steam-engine did not make the least noise, not more than a clock; you might have heard a pin drop all over the building. This establishment pays annually to the excise the prodigious sum of 400,000*l.* The principal branch of the revenue of the United States is the duty on the importation of rum, brandy, gin, and other spirituous liquors, from the West Indies and Europe, yielding annually, if I re-

member right, two millions of dollars. Here we find an individual establishment, for the use of a mere suburb (for there are twelve other principal brewers in London, besides a number of lesser ones,) yielding to the government a revenue about equal to the principal branch (about the sixth part) of the revenue of a nation.

NICHOLAS PESCE.

IN the times of Frederick, king of Sicily, there lived a celebrated diver, whose name was Nicholas, and who, from his amazing skill in diving, and his perseverance under water, was surnamed the *Fish*. This man had, from his infancy, been used to the sea; and earned his scanty subsistence by diving for corals and oysters; which he sold in the villages on shore. His long acquaintance with the sea, at last brought it to be almost his natural element. He frequently was known to spend five days in the midst of the waves, without any other provisions than the fish which he caught there, and ate raw. He often swam over from Sicily to Calabria, a tempestuous and dangerous passage, carrying letters from the king. He was frequently known to swim among the gulphs of the Lipari Islands, no way apprehensive of danger.

Some mariners out at sea, one day observed something at some distance from them, which they regarded as a sea-monster; but upon its approach, it was known to be Nicholas, whom they took into their ship. When they asked him whither he was going in so stormy and rough a sea, and at

such a distance from land, he showed them a packet of letters, which he was carrying to one of the towns of Italy, exactly done up in a leather bag, in such a manner as that they could not be wetted by the sea. He kept them thus company for some time on their voyage, conversing and asking questions; and after eating a hearty meal with them, he took his leave, and jumping into the sea, pursued his voyage alone.

In order to aid his powers of enduring in the deep, nature seemed to have assisted him in a very extraordinary manner; for the spaces between his fingers and toes were webbed, as in a goose; and his chest became so very capacious, that he could take in, at one inspiration, as much breath as would serve him for a whole day.

The account of so wonderful a person did not fail to reach the king himself; who, actuated by the general curiosity, ordered that Nicholas should be brought before him. It was no easy matter to find Nicholas, who generally spent his time in the solitudes of the deep; but, at last, however, after much searching, he was found and brought before his majesty. The curiosity of this monarch had been long excited by the accounts he had heard of the bottom of the gulph of Charybdis; he therefore conceived that it would be a proper opportunity to have more certain information; and commanded our poor diver to examine the bottom of this dreadful whirlpool. As an incitement to his obedience, he ordered a golden cup to be flung into it. Nicholas was not insensible of the danger to which he was ex-

posed; dangers best known only to himself; and he therefore presumed to remonstrate; but the hopes of the reward, the desire of pleasing the king, and the pleasure of showing his skill, at last prevailed. He instantly jumped into the gulph, and was swallowed as instantly up in its bosom. He continued for three quarters of an hour below, during which time the king and his attendants remained upon shore anxious for his fate; but he at last appeared, buffeting upon the surface, holding the cup in triumph in one hand, and making his way good among the waves with the other. It may be supposed he was received with applause, upon his arrival on shore: the cup was made the reward of his adventure; the king ordered him to be taken proper care of; and, as he was somewhat fatigued and debilitated by his labour, after a hearty meal, he was put to bed, and permitted to refresh himself by sleeping.

When his spirits were thus restored, he was again brought to satisfy the king's curiosity with a narrative of the wonders he had seen; and his account was to the following effect:—He would never, he said, have obeyed the king's commands, had he been apprized of half the dangers that were before him; there were four things, he said, that rendered the gulph dreadful, not only to men, but even to the fishes themselves: first, the force of the water bursting up from the bottom which requires great strength to resist: secondly, the abruptness of the rock, that on every side threatened destruction: thirdly, the force of the whirlpool, dashing

against those rocks: and fourthly, the number and magnitude of the polypous fish, some of which appeared as large as a man, and which, every where sticking against the rocks, projected their fibrous arms to entangle him.—Being asked how he was able so readily to find the cup that had been thrown in, he replied, that it happened to be flung by the waves into the cavity of a rock, against which he himself was urged in his descent. This account, however, did not satisfy the king's curiosity: being requested to venture once more into the gulph for further discoveries, he at first refused; but the king desirous of having the most exact information possible of all things to be found in the gulph, repeated his solicitations; and, to give them still greater weight, produced a larger cup than the former, and added also a purse of gold. Upon these considerations, the unfortunate Pessacola once again plunged into the whirlpool, and was never heard of more.

We will not so much as pretend to vouch for the veracity of the account of Father Kircher; but which he assures us he had from the archives of the kings of Sicily.

THE MISCELLANY.

“Rebus et ordine dispar.”—HOR.

ANECDOTE.

A great intimacy and friendship, private as well as political, subsisted between the late Lord

Ash—n (Mr. D—g) and Colonel Barré. They travelled to the Continent together, and chanced to arrive at Berlin or Potsdam exactly at the time of a grand review. Being particularly desirous of seeing it, they found means of being presented to the king on the very ground; as two Englishmen of distinction, and members of the British Parliament. Colonel Barré, as Colonel Barré; and D—g as the king's Solicitor GENERAL. Frederick knew enough of colonels and generals, to be caught by the sound of such titles, never dreaming that in this particular instance they were not equally military. War horses, richly caparisoned, were immediately offered to the English Colonel and *General*, and of necessity accepted. The colonel rode like a colonel; but the general no better than any other solicitor-general, and very unlike what the Prussian troops, and Frederick himself, had been accustomed to see in the field. The horse besides on which he rode, being under the same mistake as his royal master, was not sparing of his military movements, to the no small embarrassment of his *law-full* rider, who being quite unused to such *action*, had a hard difficulty to keep his seat; and in going through the various manœuvres, which he had no means of controlling, afforded considerable amusement to the company at large.

ANECDOTE.

There is not, perhaps, another situation so distressing as one of this kind,—where an unhappy mortal, having by a casual inad-

vertency, made one false step which he is unable to retrieve, becomes conscious of his mistake, and unwilling to go forward, yet not knowing how to recede, confused in apologies, and entangled in excuses, seeking in vain for some clue of explanation, wanders through a maze of error, and is lost in a labyrinth of perplexity. The following instance, which though not very serious in its consequences, must nevertheless have been extremely distressing:—A gentleman in a crowded Theatre, turned suddenly round to a stranger who sat beside him, and inquired hastily, "What *ugly hag* was that coming into an opposite box?" The stranger, with a low bow of acknowledgment, replied, that it was his *sister*. The gentleman, confounded and ashamed, made an eager but awkward endeavour to exculpate himself; and as errors, like misfortunes, seldom come singly—"Pardon me, Sir," cried he, "it was not that *good-looking young lady* I meant to point out to you, but that *deformed witch* that sits next to her." The stranger repeated his obeisance; and "*that*, Sir," said he, "*is my wife!*"

DIPLOMATIC ANECDOTE.

During the war between England and Spain, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, Commissioners on both sides were appointed to treat of peace. The Spanish Commissioners proposed that the negotiations should be carried on in the *French* tongue, observing sarcastically, that "the Gentlemen of England could not

be ignorant of the language of their *fellow subjects*, their Queen being Queen of *France* as well as *England*." "Nay, in faith, Gentlemen," replied Dr. Dale, one of the English Commissioners, "the French is too vulgar for a business of this importance; we will therefore, if you please, rather treat in *Hebrew*, the language of *Jerusalem*, of which your master calls himself king, and in which *you* must of course be as well skilled as *we* are in *French*."

POET'S CORNER.

———"neque est ignobile carmen."

VIR.

GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

GARCILASO is one of the sweetest, and perhaps one of the most admired poets Spain has yet produced, not so much for the brilliancy of his thoughts, as the delicacy of his expressions. His might indeed be said to be,

"—— a sweetness of breath from a soundness of sense."

While on the one hand he adorned the age in which he flourished, by the elegance and chastity of his productions, he added on the other to the martial glories of his country, and was at once a hero and a poet. He fought valiantly under the victorious banner of Charles the Sixth, and became the favourite of the Emperor. Before, however, he had advanced far in life,

he had the misfortune to fall under the displeasure of the Emperor, and was banished to an island on the river Danube. Here it was he poured forth his thoughts, and composed some of his most admired canciones and sonnets. The subsequent is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful of the latter species, and has been noticed not only by Luzan in his *Poetica*, but by many other not less tasteful Spanish writers. The poet is supposed here to represent the anguish of his mind while enduring this cruel banishment.

SONETO XIV.

Como la tierna madre, que el doliente,
Hijo le esta con lagrimas pidiendo
Alguna cosa, de la qual comiendo
Sabe que ha de doblarse el mal que
siente
Y aquel piadoso amor no le consiente
Que considere el dono que paciando
Lo que le pide hace, va comiendo,
Aplica el llanto, y doblar el accidente;
Asi á mi enfermo, y loco peusamiento
Que en su dono os me pide yo quer-
ria
Quitable este mortal mantenimiento
Mas pidemeto, y llora cada dia,
Tants, que quanto quiero le consiento
Olvidando su muerte, y ami la mia.

SONNET XIV.

As the kind mother, whom her sickly
son
Beseeches earnestly with flowing
tears,
For some forbidden fruit, she more
than fears
Will break the mortal web so weakly
spun,
And whose maternal fondness still
denies
Reflection on the inconsiderate deed,
Grants the request, and gives with
hasty speed—
The weeping ceases, but the infant
dies:
So my infirm, confused, and madden'd
thought
To its own hurt is still petitioning;

Fain I'd refuse the food with death so
fraught,
Daily it weeps beseeching for the
sting;
At length I yield so piteously besought,
Forgetting with its death my own I
bring. C.

The following lines are said
to have been put into the hands
of the infant child of Sir Thomas
Pope, when it was presented to
King James I., who happened
in his progress to come to the
house of Sir Thomas, soon after
his lady had been delivered of
a daughter.

See! this little mistress here,
Did never sit in Peter's chair,
Or a triple crown did wear,
And yet she is a POPE!

No benefice she ever sold,
Nor did dispense with sins for gold;
She hardly is a se'nnight old,
And yet she is a POPE!

No King her feet did ever kiss,
Or had from her worse look than this;
Nor did she ever hope,
To saint one with a rope,
And yet she is a POPE.

A female POPE you'll say—a second
Joan;
No, sure, she is Pope INNOCENT, or
none.

W. P.

SONNET.

Hence, mad Ambition! why would'st
me beguile?
I am not fitted for thy rough career:
The soft sweet song of love delights
mine ear;
I view with rapture Nature's spring-
drawn smile;
And Mirth and ruddy Health are with
me; while
Thy votaries are haunted by wild
Fear,
And squalid lean Suspense, and sunk-
eyed Care.
Me no mean arts to circumvent, defile:
I love the mazy dame, the harmless
jest,
And music's jollity, and rosy wine—
And well-tried friends around my free
repast,
When souls with souls in unison
combine:
May all such pleasures home them in
my breast!
I leave thee wealth and power, to
rule o'er thine.

A. P

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter for "Nemo," still re-
mains uncalled for.

The two first chapters of the History
of Monsieur ——— L—— exceed the
limits our work.

We beg to inform the Public and
our Subscribers, that a few proof
Impressions on India Paper mounted,
have been reserved of most of our
Lithographic Illustrations, and may
be had separate, upon application
to the Editor, or to Messrs. Chater
and Co.

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THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex rapto vivens.

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ON LITHOGRAPHY; OR, THE ART OF MAKING DRAWINGS ON STONE.

THE art of taking impressions from drawings made on stone, is said to have been discovered by a gentleman of Munich, M. Alois Senefelder, and by him communicated to a Mr. André, who applied it to the printing of music with great success at Frankfort. Mr. P. H. André, his son, a merchant in London, first introduced the art into this country about the year 1801, and entered a caveat in the Patent-Office, to secure, if necessary, the advantages of the exclusive exercise of the invention to himself; but he took out no patent lest the process should be discovered by the specification he would be obliged to make. Mr. P. H. André communicated the capacities of the art to all

R

the most eminent masters in London, and obtained from them many fine drawings on stone, which he proposed to publish in numbers, containing six impressions at half-a-guinea each.

Some circumstances of his business; as a merchant, rendering it necessary for Mr. André to leave this country for Germany, he was succeeded in the practice of the newly discovered art by Mr. G. J. Volweiller, who had been an assistant to the elder Mr. André, and therefore very competent to conduct and improve the establishment in England. Accordingly, a series of numbers were published, containing thirty-six drawings, by the following celebrated artists:

BENJ. WEST, ESQ. P. R. A.
H. FUSELI,
T. BARKER,
SIR ROBT. KER PORTER,
J. BARRY,
W. DELAMOTE,
J. H. SERRES,
W. HAVELL,
H. SINGLETON,
R. HILLS,
G. SAMUEL,
F. F. MANSKIRSH, &c. &c. &c.

This work, however, had a very confined sale, and the art was far from being in a state likely to obtain any great success in this country, chiefly owing to its more valuable capacities not being sufficiently brought forward and explained to the public, when Mr. Volweiller, being disappointed in his expectations, returned to Germany in August 1807.

The editor of this little sketch of the history of the art has no materials for any larger account: he will therefore proceed to

describe the theory of the invention.

It is required that the stone should be calcareous, of a compact smooth texture, susceptible of polish, and absorbent of water.

The tracings of the drawing are required to be made with an ink oleaginous or greasy in its nature, or with a crayon of analogous qualities; either to be capable of resisting the action of water.

To take an impression from the drawing made on the stone, it is first washed over with water, this runs off the tracings, and only remains on such parts of the stone left uncovered; it is then dabbed with the printer's ink, which being also greasy, is resisted by the watered parts of the stone, and received only by the tracings; the paper upon which the impression is to be taken is then laid upon the stone, the pressure of a lithographic press applied, and the imprint taken.

If the specimen which adorns our present number should not convince our readers that the pretensions of Lithography to an equality with engraving on copper are not without foundation, it will, we trust, at least persuade them of its capability to answer many purposes to which the graver has been more usually, and perhaps, with less success, applied.—But it has a higher destination, from which it ought never to be diverted. What a rich inheritance might have descended to us if the old masters had possessed this art! The high price now so justly attached to their drawings and first sketches, is sufficient evidence of the esti-

mation in which they are held. The finest etchings or engravings from any such drawings or sketches are, at the best, but translations from one language into another, and never can give the spirit of the original. It is impossible not to feel how much benefit would have been derived to the fine arts from the multiplication of the drawings of the masters and their universal diffusion. Those rapid effusions of the imagination, those spirited sketches and brilliant first thoughts, never perhaps realized even in the finished painting—by this invention might have been given to the world with unlimited liberality; the facility of the work, and the cheapness of the process, dissipating every difficulty that prevented the master so satisfactorily multiplying his drawings.

For those who may be induced to practice this art, it may be necessary to make the following memorandums:—

First, that the stone should be made perfectly level on its surface, of equal thickness, and if for the pen and ink, with a good face approaching towards a polish.

If it be intended to use the crayon or pencil to imitate the effect of a chalk drawing, it will be necessary to granulate the surface of the stone.

The ink is a combination of wax, tallow, shell lac, and lamp-black, in aqueous solution by means of soda. The crayon is formed of the same materials, leaving out the water, and consequently the soda.

Previous to drawing on the stone, it is indispensably necessary that every particle of dust should be carefully removed from

its surface, lest the tracings should be intercepted, and so not sufficiently adhere to the stone. It is also advisable to dry the stone by the fire as perfectly as possible, and to use it in some degree warm.

The bare hand, should on no account, be permitted to touch the stone after being made ready for drawing upon, for this would grease it, and in the printing discover itself.

After the drawing is completed on the stone, it is necessary to place it over a trough of water, and pour over it a very slightly acidulated water, (by means of nitric acid) which will, but to an almost imperceptible degree, lower the surface of the stone where free from the tracings of the drawing; a weak solution of gum arabic is then applied, which has the effect of closing the open pores, and keeping the stone in a proper state of moisture for printing from. Thus prepared, the stone is taken to the press, and being washed over with water, the printer's dabber is applied, with the ink made extempore of lampblack, previously well ground, and linseed-oil prepared as for copper-plate ink. This ink being also greasy is resisted by the watered parts of the stone, but received by the tracings, upon which no water can lie; and being thus filled with ink, damp paper is laid over the stone, the pressure of a rolling or screw press is applied, and an impression taken. The process of watering, dabbing with ink, &c. is then repeated, another impression is taken, and so on for any number required.

Our readers will naturally look for some explanation of the

drawing which is prefixed to this article. It is copied from a French engraving of a portrait by Rembrant, from which, however, we can only learn that it is "*Portrait d'Homme, par Rembrant.*"

We have selected it to shew that the beautiful invention of Lithography supplies a mode of illustration confined to no particular style or object, but that it is eminently adapted, in the hands of a skilful artist, for the embellishment of literary productions of almost every description.

W. F.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A DESCRIPTION OF A SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER OROONOKA, AND OF THE CAVERN ATARIUPE, THE SEPULCHRE OF A WHOLE NATION NOW LOST.

WE climbed with difficulty, and not without some danger, a steep rock of granite, entirely bare. It would have been almost impossible to fix the foot on its smooth and sloping surface, if large crystals of feldspar, resisting decomposition, did not stand out from the rock and furnish points of support. Scarcely had we attained the summit of the mountain, when we beheld with astonishment the singular aspect of the surrounding country. The foamy bed of the waters is filled with an archipelago of islands covered with palm trees. Toward the west, on the left bank of the Oroonoka, stretch the sevnannahs of the Meta and Casanare. They resembled a sea of verdure, the misty horizon of which was illumined by the rays of the setting sun. Its orb,

resembling a globe of fire, suspended over the plain; and the solitary peaks of Uniana, which appeared more lofty from being wrapped in vapours that softened its outline; all contributed to augment the majesty of the scene. Near us the eye looked down into a deep valley, enclosed on every side. Birds of prey, and goat-suckers winged their lonely flight in this inaccessible circus. We found a pleasure in following with the eye their fleeting shadows, as they glided slowly over the flanks of the rock. A narrow ridge led us to a neighbouring mountain, the rounded summit of which supported immense blocks of granite. These masses are more than 40 or 50 feet in diameter, and their form is so perfectly spherical, that, appearing to touch the soil only by a small number of points, it might be supposed, at the least shock of an earthquake, they would roll into the abyss.

The most remote part of the valley is covered by a thick forest. In this shady and solitary spot, on the declivity of a steep mountain, the cavern of Atariupe opens itself; it is less a cavern than a jutting rock, in which the waters have scooped out a vast hollow, when, in the antient revolutions of our planet, they attained that height. We soon reckoned in this tomb of a whole extinct tribe near six hundred skeletons well preserved, and so regularly placed, that it would have been difficult to have made an error in their number. Every skeleton reposes in a sort of basket, made of the petioles of the palm tree. These baskets, which the natives call mapires, have the form of a square bag. Their size is proportioned to the age of the

dead ; there are some for infants cut off at the moment of their birth. We saw them from ten inches to three feet four inches long, the skeletons in them being bent together. They are all ranged near each other, and are so entire, that not a rib, nor a phalanx is wanting. The bones have been prepared in three different manners, either whitened in the air and sun ; dyed red with onoto, a colouring matter extracted from the *vixa crellana* ; or, like real mummies, varnished with odoriferous resins, and enveloped in the leaves of the *heliconia* or of the plantain tree.—The Indians related to us, that the fresh corpse is placed in damp ground in order that the flesh may be consumed by degrees : some months after, it is taken out, and the flesh remaining on the bones is scraped off with sharp stones. Several hordes in Guyana still observe this custom. Earthen vases half baked are found near the *mapires* or baskets. They appear to contain the bones of the same family. The largest of these vases or funeral urns, are three feet high, and five feet and a half long. Their colour is greenish grey ; and their oval form is sufficiently pleasing to the eye. The handles are made in the shape of crocodiles or serpents ; the edge is bordered with meanders, labyrinths, and real *grecques*, in straight lines variously combined. Such paintings are found in every zone, among nations the most remote from each other, either with respect to the spot which they occupy on the surface of the globe, or to the degree of civilization which they have attained. The inhabitants of the little missionary

of Maypures still execute them on their pottery ; they decorate the bucklers of the Otaheitians, the fishing implements of the Esquimaux, the walls of the Mexican palace of Mitla, and the vases of ancient Greece.

We withdrew in silence from the cavern of Atariupe. It was one of those calm and serene nights, which are so common in the torrid zone. The stars shone with a mild and planetary light. Their scintillation was scarcely sensible at the horizon, which seemed illumined by the great *nebulæ* of the southern hemisphere. An innumerable multitude of insects spread a reddish light upon the ground, loaded with plants, and resplendent with these living and moving fires, as if the stars of the firmament had sunk down on the Savannah. On quitting the cavern we stopped several times to admire the beauty of this singular scene. The odoriferous vanilla and festoons of *bignonia*, decorated the entrance ; and above, on the summit of the hill, the arrowing branches of the palm trees waved murmuring in the air.—*Baron Humboldt.*

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCH.

SNEEZING.

THE custom of saluting or blessing a person at the moment he sneezes is generally believed to have originated from the existence, at one period, of a disease, in which sternutation proved mortal, and such as sneezed, died. Carolus Sigonius, in his History

of Italy, speaks of a pestilence which raged in the time of Gregory the Great, that proved deadly to those who sneezed. The custom may have become more firmly established, and widely extended from this circumstance; but it prevailed at a period long antecedent to that of Gregory, who ascended the Papal Throne in the year 590. For this practice is mentioned by Apuleius in his fable of the Fuller's Wife, and he lived 300 years before Gregory.

Pliny makes this custom a subject of particular enquiry, and calls the public attention to it in his Problem, *Cur sternutantes salutantur*. It is also said that the Emperor Tiberius, a man of an austere and churlish character, was yet most punctual in the performance of this ceremony towards others, and exact in requiring it in return. Petronius Arbiter, who lived at an earlier period than these just mentioned, and was Proconsul of Bythia in the reign of Nero, speaks of the custom in the following words: *Gyton collectione spiritus plenus, ter continuo ita sternutavit ut grabatum concuteret, ad quem motum Eumolpus conversus, Salvare Gytona jubet*. Coelius Rhodoginus records an instance among the Greeks of a still more ancient date. Whilst Cyrus the younger was consulting with his officers as to the propriety of his army retreating, it chanced that one among them sneezed, upon which, all within hearing invoked Jupiter Soter. There is also in the Greek Anthology, a humorous instance recorded in an epigram upon one Proclus, which has been thus rendered into Latin.

Non potis est Proclus digitis emungere nasum,
Namque est pro nasi mole pusilla manus:
Non vocat ille Jovem sternutans, quippe nec audit
Sternutamentum, tam procul aure sonat.

This custom, of the antiquity of which we have so many proofs in the writings of the Greeks and Romans, still prevails, and is practised at the present day, not only throughout Europe, but in the most remote parts of Africa. For we read in Codignus, that on the Emperor of Monomotapa's sneezing, a general acclamation was heard through the city. In the travels of Pinta an instance of a similar custom is recorded in the remotest parts of the East.

But this practice may be traced still higher. In the early Rabinical records, it is stated that sneezing was an intimation of approaching death, even from the time of Adam; until it was taken away upon the special supplication of Jacob. On which account, as an acknowledgement of thankfulness, this salutation had its origin; and was afterwards continued by the expression *Tobim Chaiim*, or *bona vita*, by standers by, on all occasions of sneezing.

Many superstitious notions have been connected with the act of sneezing. Austin declares that the ancients were wont to go to bed again if they sneezed when they put on their shoe. It was at some particular times regarded as a good and at others a bad omen. Aristotle enquires why sneezing from noon to midnight was fortunate, but from night to noon unlucky. So Eustathius on Homer observes, that sneezing to the left hand

was a bad sign, but to the right a good. And Plutarch relates that when Themistocles was sacrificing in his galley before the battle with Xerxes, and one of the assistants on the right hand sneezed, Euphrantides, the soothsayer, presaged the victory of the Greeks, and the overthrow of the Persians. †††

ON NOVELS.

(Concluded from our last.)

I SHALL now bring forward the books, which I think so fully capable of supplying the place of those studies which usually engross the attention of our Novel readers. And these are no other than the instructive and entertaining Histories of *Mr. Thomas Thumb*, *Mr. John Hickathrift*, and sundry other celebrated Worthies; a true and faithful account of whose adventures and achievements, may be had by the curious, and Public in general, price two-pence, gilt, at Mr. Newbery's, St. Paul's Church-yard, and at some other Gentleman's, whose name I do not now recollect, the Bouncing B. Shoe-lane.

I am well aware that full many are the opinions I shall have to combat against in behalf of my recommendation. Many there will be who will ungenerously cavil at the size of my *proteges*; armed with a sort of cowardly criticism, which though it dares not venture any strictures on a bulky folio, or scan the merits of even a tolerable corpulent quarto, yet thinks itself fully competent to give a decided opinion on so small an offspring of literature, and to prosecute an unprotected

16mo with the most unrelenting severity.

To shew however the very high estimation, in which I am confident, they deserve to be held by the literary world, I shall not condescend to compare them with those precious far-ragos, in the room of which I intend introducing them to my fellow-citizens. Far higher are my ideas of the comparative excellence of Mr. Newbury's little books—and more especially of the two to which I have before alluded.—In the heroes of these, a candid and impartial critic will readily agree with me, that we find a very strong resemblance to those who are immortalized in *Homeric* song; that in *Hickathrift* we see portrayed the spirit, the prowess, and every great quality of *Achilles*; and in *Thumb*, the prudence, the caution, the patience, the perseverance of *Ulysses*. There is however, one peculiar advantage, which the histories of the modern worthies enjoy over their ancient originals, which is that of uniting the great and sublime of epic grandeur, with the little and the low of common life; and of tempering the fiercer and more glaring colours of the marvellous and the terrible, with the softer shades of the domestic and the familiar. Where, in either of the great originals, shall we find so pleasing an assemblage of tender ideas, so interesting a picture of domestic employments,—as the following sketch of the night preceding that in which *Tom Thumb* and his brethren were purposely to be lost in the wood?

“ Now it was nine o'clock, and all the children, after eating a piece of bread and butter, were

put to bed. But little *Tom* did not eat his—but put it in his pocket.—And now all the children were fast asleep in their beds—but little *Tom* could not sleep for thinking of what he had heard the night before—so he got up, and put on his shoes and stockings, &c.”

How forcibly does this passage bring to the mind of every classical reader, the picture which Homer draws of *Agamemnon*, in the 10th book of the *Iliad*.

Αλλ' οὐκ Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα, ποιμένα
λαῶν,
Τῆνος ἔχε γλυκερός, πολλά φρεσὶν
ορμαινόντα, &c.

———— The chiefs before the ves-
sels lay
And left in sleep the labours of the
day;
All but the king; with various thoughts
opprest,
His country's cares lay rolling in his
breast, &c.
He rose
And on his feet the shining sandals
bound, &c.

This vigilant conduct in brooding a sleepless night over embryo expeditions, and cautiously providing against future necessities by the pocketing of his bread and butter, is at least equal to any trait in the character of *Ulysses*.—Nor is it in point of character only, that the resemblance between this work and the two great poems of antiquity is discernible. Here we find also in their fullest perfection

———— Speciosa—Miracula rerum,
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum cy-
clope Charybdin.

Antiphates his hideous feast devours,
&c. Francis.

To say nothing of the form of the *Ogre*, which is painted in a style infinitely beyond the *Polypheme* of Homer—to pass over the terrible poetic imagery with

which his first speech of *fee, faw, fum*, is replete—it must I think be readily allowed, the stratagem by which *Tom* releases himself and his brethren from the monster's power, (by taking “the crowns of gold from the heads of the little Ogres and Ogresses, and putting them on their own: whereby the Giant comes and kills his own children”) is far more poetical, far more noble, than the pitiful escape of *Ulysses* and his companions, under the sheep's bellies, and the paltry contrivance of *Odyseus*.—But there is another circumstance where the fictions of the two poets bear a still nearer resemblance to each other. The learned reader will easily guess that I mean—the march of the *Ogre* in the third chapter of *Tom Thumb*, and that of *Neptune*, in the 13th book of the *Iliad*. To enable my readers to draw the comparison better, I shall transcribe both.

“There the *Ogre*,” says my author, “called for his seven leagued boots, in which he journeyed, and he put them on; and he took one, two, three steps, and at the third he came to the dark cave where little *Tom* was.”

Of *Neptune's* passage from Samothrace to Troy, Homer says,

Τρὶς μὲν ὀρέξατ' ἰὼν τὸ δὲ τέτατον, ἵκετο
τέκμων,
Αἰγὰς.

From realm to realm three ample
strides he took,
And at the fourth the distant Egæ
shook.

“Which,” says his commentator, “is pretty near a degree at each step.” But let the reader candidly examine both the passages, and make fair allowances for the unavoidable difference in sound,

of "*the distant Egæ*," and "*the dark cave where little Tom was*," and I doubt not but my author will claim at least an equal share of admiration.

But it would be an endless task to point out every latent beauty, every unnoticed elegance with which these productions are interspersed. Not to enter therefore into a comparative view of the characters of *Hickathrift* and *Achilles*; to omit noticing the affecting and solemn invocation of the *Princess Cinderella* to the bean her counsellor, beginning "*Bean, bean, little bean, I charge thee in the name of the fairy Trufio*" (which by-the-bye justifies the opinion of *Pythagoras* with regard to the reverence due to this vegetable) to omit this, I say, and other innumerable passages, equally worthy of notice, I shall hasten to inform my readers, that in compliance with my advice, my bookseller proposes very soon substituting in the room of his present catalogue, a list of all the productions of this kind, which can be procured either at Mr. Newbery's, or the Bouncing B.

And I doubt not but I shall in a very short time have the satisfaction to see the generality of my readers, running through them with the most eager avidity, from beginning to end—from "*Once upon a time*," to "*lived very happy afterwards*:" fully convinced, that such works as could bear a competition with the strains of *Homer*, would be degraded by any comparison with the silly effusions of nonsense and sentiment—convinced too, if the examples for the purposes of morality be considered, that a character which gleaned the several excellencies of all the *Edwards*,

the *Sir Harry's*, and the *Parmelas* of Novel writers—would be but a poor competitor with one that joined in itself the patience and chastity of *Cinderella*, the prudence of *Thumb*, and the heroism of *Hickathrift*. B.

FREDERICK.

(Concluded from our last.)

BUT, alas! so fair a morning was overcast in its dawn. Frederick's virtues, which though they could not have prolonged his existence, might at least have entitled him to a calm resignation of his breath, and the sublime satisfaction of a tranquil mind in the awful moment of dissolution, were blasted by the artful insinuations of a villain.—The worthy perpetrator of this precious piece of villainy, had, by magnifying puerile foibles into the premeditated depravities of a black heart, at length so estranged the affections of his father, as to prevail on him to make a will entirely in his own favour; and the first notice of his displeasure, was conveyed to Frederick by the executor, some days after his death.

Melancholy, to a soft and lively mind, is at first an unwelcome stranger; the propensity to indulge its sensations is strongly engrafted in our natures, and we feel our own weakness though we cannot overcome it. It was in vain that Frederick called to mind every consolatory precept which philosophy can so well suggest, but human nature so ill practice on these occasions; he began to lose his relish for society, and even to avoid the company of a

friend, to whom he could now look on his attachment in no other light than as a burthen. The quick jealousy of Edmond did not let this alteration pass unobserved. He endeavoured, by an increased attention, to dispel the cloud he perceived lowering on his friend's spirits, but in vain. Resolved therefore by one effort, to request that confidence which his esteem taught him he was entitled to, he took the opportunity of communicating one day his observations, and complaining of that reserve which had before been a stranger to their intercourse. Frederick felt this reproach, and resolved to sacrifice his own feelings to those of his friend. "Edmond," said he, "hitherto we have lived together in the most uninterrupted union; that we might have died as we have lived was the fondest hope my imagination ever cherished; that hope is blasted. Whatever may have dictated this letter, I am guiltless of having given the most trivial occasion for it." Edmond read the letter with that mixed emotion which a good mind feels at the calamity of a friend, and the prospect of relieving it. "My friend," he replied, "what delicacy would otherwise have prevented me from pressing, your candour has forced from me: need I tell you, that Providence has furnished me with ample means for our mutual happiness; despise, while I have a hand to serve you, the frowns of fortune; and if that should fail, let us encounter poverty together, and die as we have lived, *united*." — "No, Edmond, my pride forbids me to live a dependant even on your generosity; my misery shall never be a burthen to you. — The wide world is before me; my life has not been so blackened with guilt, but I shall somewhere find an asylum, however wretched, to exchange a miserable existence for a tranquil dissolution: may you run that race of glory which is denied to me; and may the recollection of your lost friend sometimes diffuse a pleasing melancholy over the moment of reflection; but never, never embitter that interrupted felicity which your virtues are so amply entitled to." Edmond had scarce strength to urge his request; till Frederick foreseeing that the execution of his gloomy purpose might be prevented by the jealous vigilance of his friend, appeared by degrees to soften into compliance, and relieved his present anxiety by a momentary affectation of tranquillity. He was scarce however retired to his chamber, when, having directed a small note to Edmond, he threw himself into a chaise, and arrived late in the evening in the metropolis. Regardless of the objects around him, and solely enveloped in the contemplation of the scene he had just quitted, he threw himself on a bed in the Inn at which he alighted; and with partial dozes, which only served to render his situation more horrible, he reflected on his miseries till morning. As soon as it was light, he determined to hire a lodging in some obscure part of the town, where he might elude the prying generosity of his friend, and endeavour to protract a miserable existence, which an enthusiastic sense of religion alone prevent-

ed him from sacrificing to his despair. For this purpose he fixed on a miserable garret, in those gloomy regions, at sight of which even adversity recoils; here, with the assistance of a few books which he had brought with him for the purpose, he endeavoured to beguile that hollow misery which continually preyed on his vitals. And that no neglect of religious duty might embitter his reflections, determined to apply himself to some means of supporting life. Still therefore cherishing the idea of independence however wretched; he determined to enlist himself among a tribe of translators employed by an eminent bookseller, vainly hoping, that while he earned his miserable pittance, by a return of labour, the obligation would be considered as mutual. But he soon found that there is not so abject a slave as a hireling scribbler, nor so tyrannical a despot, as an illiterate churl, who pays for learning and potatoes with the same remorseless stupidity. The imperious arrogance of this Bashaw, and the gross adulation, and vulgar merriment of his fellow servants, was little suited to the proud sensibility of Frederick. He endured however the insults of the one and jests of the others, till a fever, brought on by his continual agitation of spirits, actually deprived him of this means of earning a subsistence, and stretched him on his truckle bed amidst all the horrors of famine, indigence, disease, and despair.

In the mean time, Edmond, whose violent affliction for the departure of his friend, had for some time reduced his life to a precarious situation; as soon as he found his health in some de-

gree re-established, determined to abandon a spot which only presented to his mind a gloomy recollection of the days that were gone, and to follow the fortunes of his friend. Having accordingly laid the circumstances before his father, he obtained a full permission to gratify his inclination. He repaired to London, as supposing Frederick would abscond in some obscure spot of a labyrinth in which he was most likely to be effectually concealed.

After a fortnight's fruitless search, when a settled gloom had begun to throw a damp on all his hopes of success, happening one day to enter the shop of Frederick's late employer, he overheard the literary monarch enforcing his daily rebuke with sundry oaths and ejaculations; and among other particulars, bitterly complaining of the absence of the pale dismal young man, who had lately enlisted in his service. This description immediately figured to his imagination, his dejected friend; tremblingly alive with this idea, he eagerly inquired his lodging, determining immediately to satisfy the fearful curiosity which his late absence had inspired. His first emotions a little subsided, he resolved previously to apply for medical assistance; that in case of any urgent necessity, it might be at hand. For this purpose he visited the late Dr. —, and it was by his advice, that he determined to spare his friend's weak and exhausted spirits the agitation of a sudden interview.

It was not without considerable emotion that Edmond entered a dreary hut, whose very appearance was calculated to inspire misery; it was from the

hag who owned this mansion, that he learned, that her lodger had for some time kept his bed; and was so reduced, by three days almost total abstinence, as to be frequently deprived of understanding. Shocked as he was at this information, he saw the propriety of the physician's advice sufficiently, to take his stand at the door of the apartment, in order to watch the most favourable opportunity for an interview.

Frederick's strength had been that evening so far exhausted by a preceding delirium as to afford him for a short time the wretched possession of his faculties. He was kneeling, with great apparent agony, before a Bible, and grasping with a convulsive gripe the foot of his bed, as if by the exertion of his nerves, to awaken his fainting soul from the torpor which seemed to be gathering on it at every interval of impassioned frenzy. There is in solitary misery, a comfortless horror in brooding over misfortunes, which far exceeds even the cutting pangs we feel when those we love are involved in our calamities. In the latter situation we have a pleasing object to rest the external sense on; and the very gratification of our feelings on such an occasion, diffuses a tranquil luxury over our sorrows; in the former, all is dark and comfortless, and a gnawing horror perpetually suggests ideas, which the gangrened imagination, while it trembles to nourish, is unable to resist the indulgence of. Such was the situation of Frederick, when the recollection of the past, the horror of the present, and the prospect of the future, drew from the bottom of his soul, "*Oh! that I*

had the wings of a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest." Edmond could at this ejaculation no longer contain himself, but rushing into the room, and hanging over his fainting friend, "All may yet be well," said he, "we may yet live to renew our pleasures; to pursue those fond projects which your too delicate generosity has so cruelly interrupted!" The well-known voice sounded on Frederick's dying senses, and recalled a momentary exertion of his languid spirit:—"Never, never, it is past! Oh! Edmond, it is past!" then darting a look of despairing agony to Heaven, he exclaimed, in a trembling voice, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" and sinking into the arms of his friend, groaned out his soul, and expired. C.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCES BETWEEN THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES OF ANTIENT AND MODERN ROME.

On the day of the Ascension I happened to be passing near the Temple of Concord at Rome, when my ears were struck by the sound of distant music. Presently I saw a procession filing through the Forum towards the capital in the following order:—First, a few soldiers in very gay attire; then a priest carrying before him a relic of the Virgin (a lock of her hair, if I remember right); then the Madona herself borne on the shoulders of several men, and encompassed with candles; next a numerous body of mendicant Monks, walking in pairs; then a military band, playing a

waltz; then a banner painted with figures of saints; finally, a few more divisions of Franciscans, together with large crucifixes and other sacred symbols. We have here the music, the tapers, the succession of images, and the companies of attendants, which distinguished the old Roman processions in the city and the circus. —I should add, that the streets through which they passed were adorned, as is usual upon such occasions, with a profusion of tapestry hangings; a custom probably derived also from ancient Rome; at least it is mentioned by Juvenal as taking place at the public festival of a marriage.

Ornatas paulo ante foras, pendentia
linguit,
Vela domûs, et adhuc virides in li-
mine ramos. *Sat. vi. 227.*

The boughs too of which the poet here speaks are still in fashion, festoons of them being carried across the streets, and sometimes over the great entrance door of the church which lays claim to the honours of the day.

The object too of religious spectacles is now frequently the very same as it was heretofore. And, as in seasons of drought, the Virgin is carried in procession for rain, so did the Romans, under the like circumstances, parade about a certain stone, called the Lapis Manalis, which was kept in the Temple of Mars on the outside the Porta Capena.

The familiarity with which the Romans treated the effigies of their gods is not less remarkable with respect to those of our Saviour and the saints, in the present Italians. I have seen them expostulate with an image in a church in a half whisper, with as much emphasis and expression

as if an answer had been forthwith expected to have issued from its lips.

In like manner it is recorded of Caligula, that he conversed in secret with Jupiter Capitolinus, sometimes whispering, and listening in his turn; sometimes audibly, and in terms of reproach; for he was overheard to threaten that he would send him about his business to Greece; until softened by the intreaties of the god, and invited, as he declared, to an intimacy with him, he built a bridge which connected his palace with the capital (Sueton. Calig. 22). It is to a custom of this kind generally prevailing in the approaches of the Romans to their gods, that so much of the second satire of Persius alludes:—

Non tu poscis emari
Quæ nisi seductis nequeas committere
Divis.
Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque
humilesque susurros
Tollere de templo.

And again still more explicitly—

Hoc igitur quo tu Jovis aurem impel-
lere tentas,
Hic agendum stajo—Pro! Jupiter!
O bone, clamet,
Jupiter! et sese non clamet Jupiter
ipse?

Nor is this all. When disappointed by his tutelary saints, an Italian or Sicilian will sometimes proceed so far as to heap reproaches, curses, and even blows, on the wax, or stone, which represents them. The same turbulent gusts of passion displayed themselves in the same way amongst the Romans, who scrupled not to accuse their gods of injustice, and to express their indignation against their faith-

less protectors, by the most unequivocal signs.

Injustos rabidis pulsare querelis
Cælicolis solamen erat.
Stat. Sylv. v. 22.

Upon the death of Germanicus, stones were cast by the populace, at the Temples in Rome; the altars were overturned, and in some instances the Lares thrown into the streets, (Suet. Calig. 5.) And Augustus, thought proper to take his revenge upon Neptune, for the loss of one of his fleets, by not allowing his image to be carried in procession at the Circassian games which followed, (Suet. Aug.)

Blunt's Vestiges.

THE MISCELLANY.

"Rebus et ordine dispar."—HOR.

The following curious story is told by Lord Clarendon, who declares it to be *a known truth*: as such he relates it at considerable length, but it is capable of abridgment.

"Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls, having by the interference of the Court, been prevented giving to his own Son, an appointment he had designed for him, the Earl of Tullebardine, a near relation of Mr. Cæsar, endeavoured to procure for the latter a promise of a reversion of a Six Clerk's place, in case his Father should die before another occasion of serving him should offer. Lord Treasurer Weston, Earl of Portland, was the person to whom he principally ap-

plied, but he being an absent careless man, forgot to do what Lord Tullebardine had desired, namely, to get the King's Sign Manual for the appointment. To assist his bad memory, he *requested* Lord T. to give him a note in writing, which he accordingly did; only putting upon a small piece of paper the two words, 'Remember Cæsar.' Many days passed, but Cæsar was never thought of. At length, when he changed his clothes, and his servant as usual brought to him all the notes and papers found in those he had left off, upon the discovery of the little billet inscribed 'Remember Cæsar', he was exceedingly confounded, and knew not what to think of it. He sent for his bosom friends: communicated to them his apprehensions, that it could only signify some conspiracy against his life, and that in the case of Cæsar himself, the neglect of such notice had terminated, as they all knew in his assassination. On their advice therefore he feigned indisposition, confined himself to his house, had the gates shut, with orders to the Porter to open them to nobody whatsoever, and a guard of many servants placed there to resist violence. This continued for some time, till the Earl of Tullebardine, having obtained an interview, and asking him with some earnestness, whether he had 'Remembered Cæsar', at once opened his eyes to the real cause of all his perturbation and trouble, and as he could not forbear imparting it to his friends, the whole jest thus came to be discovered."

POET'S CORNER.

———"neque est ignobile carmen."

VIR.

ARISTOTLE'S THEORY OF THE MIND,
OR MAIN SPRING OF ACTION, SIFTED
AND DEBATED.

MATTHEW met Richard, when or
where
From story is not mighty clear;
Of many knotty points they spoke;
And *pro* and *con* by turns they took.
Rats half the manuscript have eat:
Dire hunger! which we still regret:
O! may they ne'er again digest
The horrors of so sad a feast.
Yet less our grief, if what remains,
Dear Jacob, by thy care and pains
Shall be to future times convey'd.
It thus begins;

Here Matthew said,
Alma in verse; in prose, the mind
By Aristotle's pen defin'd,
Throughout the body, squat or tall,
Is *bona fide* all in all.
And yet, slap dash, is all again
In every sinew, nerve, and vein:
Runs here and there like Hamlet's
Ghost;
While every where she rules the
roast.

This system, Richard, we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold;
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With *ipse dixit* to comply:
They say (for in good truth they speak
With small respect of that old Greek)
That putting all his words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue
bladder.

Alma, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her throne the
brain;
And from that seat of thought dis-
penses
Her sov'reign pleasure to the senses.
Two optic nerves, they say, she ties,
Like spectacles, across the eyes;
By which the spirits bring her word,
Whene'er the balls are fix'd, or stirr'd.
Wise nature likewise, they suppose,
Has drawn two conduits down the
nose.

Could *Alma* else with judgment tell,
When cabbage stinks, or roses smell?
Or who would ask for her opinion
Between an *oyster*, and an *onion*?
For from some bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits ask leave to flow;
And, as through these canals they roll,
Bring up a sample of the whole,
Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the inn, what Lord approaches.

By nerves about our *palate* plac'd
She likewise judges of the taste,
Else (dismal thought) our warlike men
Might drink thick *port* for fine Cham-
pagne;

And our ill judging wives and daugh-
ters

Mistake small beer for *citron* waters.
Hence too, that she might better
hear,

She sets a drum at either ear;
And loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,
Are but th' *alarums* which they beat.

Last to enjoy her sense of feeling,
(A thing she much delights to deal in)
A thousand little nerves she sends
Quite to her toes and finger's ends;
And these in gratitude again
Return their spirits to the brain:
In which their figure being printed,
(As just before, I think, I hinted)
Alma, inform'd, can try the case,
As she had been upon the place.

Thus while the judge gives diff'rent
journeys

To country counsel, and attorneys;
He on the bench in quiet sits,
Deciding, as they bring the writs.
The pope thus prays, and sleeps at
Rome,

And very seldom stirs from home,
Yet sending forth his holy spies,
And having heard what they advise,
He rules the church's blest dominions;
And sets men's faith by his opinions.

The scholars of the Stagyrte,
Who for the old opinions fight,
Would make their modern friends
confess,

The diff'rence but from more to less.
The mind, say they, while you sustain
To hold her station in the brain;
You grant, at least, she is extended,
Ergo, the whole dispute is ended.
For till to-morrow should you plead
From form and structure of the head;
The mind as visibly is seen
Extended through the whole machine:
Why should all honor then be ta'en
From lower parts to load the brain;
When other limbs we plainly see,
Each in his way as brisk as he?
For music, grant the head receives it;
It is the artist's hand that gives it.
And though the skull may wear the
laurel;

The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.
Besides, the nostrils, ears, and eyes
Are not his parts, but his allies.
Ev'n what you hear the tongue pro-
claim,

Comes *ab origine* from them.
What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone?
A foolish figure he must make;
Do nothing else but sleep and ache.

Nor matters it that you can shew,
How to the head the spirits go.
These spirits started from some goal
Before they through the veins could
roll.

Now we should hold them much to
blame

If they went back before they came.

If therefore, as we must suppose,
They came from fingers, and from toes;
Or toes or fingers in this case,
Of num scull's self should take the
place.

Disputing fair, you grant thus much
That all sensation is but touch,
Dip but your toes into cold water;
Their correspondent teeth will chatter:
And strike the bottom of your feet,
You set your head into a heat.
The Bully beat, and happy lover
Confess, that feeling lies all over.

The following lines, *pretended*
to be from the pen of the im-
mortal Shakspeare, and ad-
dressed to the Lady he married,
deserve to be recorded, for there
is a great deal of ingenuity in
them. They are inscribed to
the idol of mine eyes, and the
delight of my heart, ANNE
HATHAWAY.

Would ye be taught ye feather'd
throng,

With love's sweet notes to grace your
song,

To pierce the heart with thrilling lay;
Listen to mine Anne Hathaway.

She *hath a way* to sing so clear,
Phœbus might wond'ring stop to hear,
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And Nature charm, Anne *hath a way*;

She *hath a way*,

Anne Hathaway,

To breath delight Anne *hath a way*.

When Envy's breath and ranc'rous
tooth

Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,
And merit to distress betray;

To soothe the heart Anne *hath a way*;

She *hath a way* to chace despair,

To heal all grief, to cure all care,

Turn foulest night to fairest day,

Thou know'st fond heart, Anne *hath a*
way,

She *hath a way*,

Anne Hathaway,

To make grief bliss, Anne *hath a way*.

Talk not of gems, the orient list,
The diamond, topazé, amethyst,
The emerald mild, the ruby gay;
Talk of my gem, Anne Hathaway!
She *hath a way* with her bright eye,
Their various lustre to defy,
The jewel she, the foil they,
So sweet to look Anne *hath a way*,

She *hath a way*,

Anne Hathaway,

To shame bright gems Anne *hath a*
way.

But were it to my fancy giv'n,
To rate her charms I'd call them
Heav'n;

For though a mortal made of clay,
Angels must love Anne Hathaway;
She *hath a way* so to controul,
To rapture th' imprison'd soul,
And sweetest Heav'n on earth display,
That to be Heaven Anne *hath a way*,

She *hath a way*,

Anne Hathaway,

To be Heav'n's self Anne *hath a way*.

Anne Hathaway was eight
years older than Shakespeare,
but still only in her 26th year
when he married her; "an
age," says Dr. Drake, "com-
patible with youth and with the
most alluring beauty." As the
same learned writer and bio-
grapher asserts that not so much
as a fragment of the Bard's po-
etry addressed to his Warwick-
shire beauty, has been rescued
from oblivion, we may well con-
clude that the poem just quoted
is spurious; but that Shake-
speare had an early *disposition*
to write such verses, we may
conclude from what he says in
Love's Labour Lost, Act. IV.
Scene III—

"Never durst poet touch a pen to
write,
Until his ink was temper'd with love's
sight."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

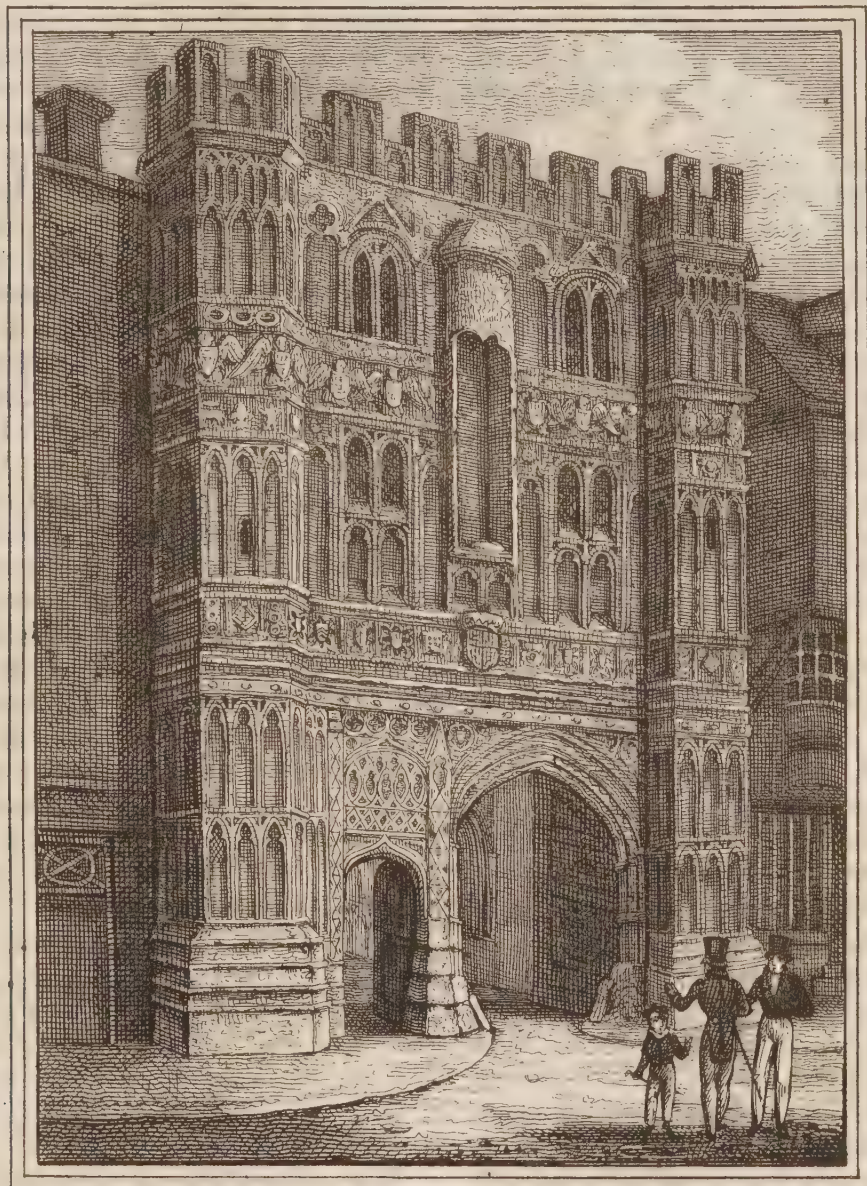
We shall be happy to hear from L.
Scrutator has not come to hand.

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THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex raptō vivens.

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CHRISTCHURCH GATE, CANTERBURY.

CHRISTCHURCH GATE was built by Prior Goldstone, in the year 1517, as appears from an inscription, now scarcely legible, which is continued along a cor-

nice crossing the whole gate, above the large arch: the inscription is as follows—" *Hoc opus constructum est Anno Domini Millesimo quingentesimo*

Decimo Septimo." The sculpture of this gate has been extremely elegant, and is still very interesting, though injured by time, and defaced through wantonness. The gates, which are of wood, are curiously carved, and, among other ornaments, display the arms of the See of Canterbury, and of Archbishop Juxton, in whose days they were set up, the former having been destroyed in the rebellion. In the space over the smaller arch are the arms of Prior Goldstone; and above, at the sides, the arms of the Prior of Christchurch, and of the See of Canterbury. In the compartment above the arches are various shields, displaying the cognizances of Henry VII., and the arms of some of the nobility and gentry of his time. Over these, in the centre, is a large canopied niche, in which stood a statue of our Saviour: this statue is said to have been shot at and destroyed by the soldiers of the parliamentary army. On each side of this, between smaller niches, are the windows which open on the first floor, and above them is another compartment, sculptured with figures of half angles, sustaining shields. The windows of the second floor correspond with those of the first, and have small niches on each side; a range of lesser arches is continued along the whole length of the building, immediately below the battlements. The octagonal sides are ornamented with arcades, having trefoil heads. The inner front of this gate, though less ornamented, is well worthy of attention. This gate is the principal entrance to the cathedral precincts on the south side.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

WE shall venture to insert, under this title, a few successive selections from the correspondence of Gray the poet, with his friends in England, during a tour he made upon the Continent with Horace Walpole, in the year 1740, at which time Mr. Gray was only 24 years of age. These letters are extracted from Mason's *Life and Writings of the Poet*—a work which was published in so expensive a form as to have passed through very few editions, and in consequence is but little known. —These letters our readers, we trust, will find to be highly interesting, not only from the information they contain, and the lively and able manner in which it is communicated, but as early proofs of the ability, arguments, taste, and judgment of this distinguished writer. The letters are chiefly addressed to Mr. West, a young gentleman of family and great literary promise, for whom Mr. Gray entertained the warmest friendship, but who did not long survive the return of his friend from the Continent.

EDITOR.

"I once thought Swift's Letters the best that could be written; but I like Gray's better." Cowper.

(No. I.)

Lyons, Sept. 18, 1739.

We are at length arrived at the ancient and celebrated Lugdunum, a city situated upon the confluence of the Rhone and Saone (Arar, I should say) two people, who, though of tempers extremely unlike, think fit to join hands here, and make a little party to travel to the Mediterranean in company; the lady

comes gliding along through the fruitful plains of Burgundy, *incredibili lenitate, ita ut oculis in utram partem fluit judicari non posset*; the gentleman runs all rough and roaring down from the mountains of Switzerland to meet her; and with all her soft airs she likes him never the worse; she goes through the middle of the city in state, and he passes *incog.* without the walls, but waits for her a little below. The houses here are so high, and the streets so narrow, as would be sufficient to render Lyons the dimmest place in the world; but the number of people, and the face of commerce diffused about it, are, at least, as sufficient to make it the liveliest: between these two sufficiencies, you will be in doubt what to think of it; so we shall leave the city, and proceed to its environs, which are beautiful beyond expression: it is surrounded with mountains, and these mountains all bedropped and bespeckled with houses, gardens, and plantations of the rich Bourgeois, who have from thence a prospect of the city in the vale below on one hand, on the other the rich plains of the Lyonnais, with the rivers winding among them, and the Alps, with the mountains of Dauphiné, to bound the river. All yesterday morning we were busied in climbing up Mount Fourviere, where the ancient city stood perched at such a height, that nothing but the hopes of gain could certainly ever persuade their neighbours to pay them a visit. Here are the ruins of the emperor's palaces, that resided here, that is, to say, Augustus's Severus: they consist of nothing but great masses of old wall, that have only their quality

to make them respected. In a vineyard of the Minims are remains of a theatre; the Fathers, whom they belong to, hold them in no esteem at all, and would have showed us their sacristy and chapel instead of them. The Ursuline Nuns have in their garden some Roman baths; but we, having the misfortune to be men, and heretics, they did not think proper to admit us. Hard by are eight arches of a most magnificent aqueduct, said to be erected by Antony, when his legions were quartered there. There are many other parts of it dispersed up and down the country, for it brought the water from a river many leagues off in La Forez. Here are remains too of Agrippa's seven great roads which met at Lyons; in some places they lie twelve feet deep in the ground.

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCH.

Mr. EDITOR,

PERMIT me to express my satisfaction, in finding in your last number a department allotted to "Antiquarian Research." The excellent articles on the progress of the antient drama in England, in your 8th, 10th, and 13th numbers, give me hopes that this department will prove one of considerable interest and information to your readers. The following extracts (should you consider them worthy of insertion,) are much at your service. The first, I conceive, will render the article in your 13th number more complete—and the second tend to illustrate the subject of your preceding papers on the antient drama. Yours, Mr. Editor,

X. H.

Progress of the Drama in England.

The History of the English Stage, Mr. Editor, may be traced to a period of much greater maturity and splendour than that to which the compiler of the article in your 13th number has deduced it. It has been justly remarked, that "ideas of legitimate fable" were imperceptibly imparted to "the popular and vernacular drama," by the early practice of performing plays in the schools and universities: and in confirmation of what has been suggested it may be observed, that the principal dramatic writers before Shakespeare appeared were scholars. Greene, Lodge, Peele, Marlowe, Nashe, Lily, and Kyd, had all a regular university education. From whatever cause it however may have arisen, the dramatic poetry about this period certainly assumed a better, though still an exceptionable form. A great number of tragedies and historical plays was produced between the years 1570 and 1590, some of which are still extant, though by far the greater part is lost,—and during the same period were exhibited many *Histories*, or historical romances, formed on our English Chronicles, and representing a series of events simply in the order of time in which they happened. The historical drama is, by an elegant modern writer, supposed to have owed its rise to the publication of *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, in which many of the most distinguished characters of English history are introduced, giving a poetical narrative of their own misfortunes.

About the year 1591 the great luminary of the dramatic world

blazed out, and our poet produced those plays which have now for two hundred years been the admiration of his countrymen.

On the Sacred Dramas of the Italians.

THE sacred dramas performed during Lent in the cities of Italy, are no less contrary to good taste, than to Christian decency. At Naples, for instance, advertisements may be seen on the walls, that on a certain night there will be represented at one theatre, the "Murder of the Innocents," at another, the "Sacrifice of Abraham;" whilst enormous pictures, a good deal resembling those in the front of our mountebank or wild beast shews, illustrate these respective subjects, and attract the attention of the public. It may not be unreasonable to give a brief outline of the plot of one of these religious operas, as an example of their general character, and of the disgusting manner in which truth and fiction are mingled together in them. The title it seems is "Moses in Egypt." The piece opens with the plague of darkness, in the midst of which are sitting Pharaoh, his son (whom the writer is pleased to call Osiris,) and his wife Amalthea. The queen, who has less obstinacy than her husband, is desirous of delivering her country at once, both of plagues and Israelites, and is consequently complimented by the great Lawgiver with the courteous appellation of 'gentle donna.' The prince, on the other hand, being deeply engaged in a private amour with one Elicia, a young and beautiful Jewess, feels equally anxious

to detain the descendants of Jacob. The arguments, however, and influence of the queen prevail. Moses and Aaron are summoned to attend, and forthwith to make their appearance in costumes of various colours, and, of course, with beards of a most venerable length. The former, on his knees, addresses a prayer to Heaven, waves his wand, and restores light to Egypt. They then sing a duet together, and are succeeded by Pharaoh, Amalthea, and Osiris, who perform a trio. Osiris now holds an interview of love with Elcia, and of politics, with his friend and adviser, Mambre. By means of arguments which this counsellor suggests to him, he brings about a change of mind in his royal father. Moses again shakes his rod, and a storm of thunder and hail ensues, accompanied by showers of sparks, which descend from the ceiling, in imitation, it is presumed, of that "fire which ran along the ground." All are in consternation. Meanwhile the crafty prince, aware that this new calamity must a second time subdue the inflexibility of the king, determines, at all events, to secure his favourite, and accordingly conducts her by torch light to a subterraneous vault, where she is to remain till he can find a convenient opportunity to remove himself and her from the court to the woods and pastures, where, it seems, he proposes to lead the life of a "*semplice pastore*," one to which his capacity seems very well suited. Aaron, however, is quickly at his heels, pursues them into the vault, and brings back Elcia to light, and to her countrywomen, who are now preparing for departure to the sound of

very sprightly music. Again Pharaoh retracts his word, and is threatened in vain by Moses with the death of his first-born. Osiris laughs the menace to scorn, and with unsheathed sword rushes on the prophet. The latter exclaims, *Io non ti temo*; at the same moment a ball of burning tow, intended for a thunderbolt, is launched at the prince from the top of the scene, and kills him on the spot: and now Elcia throws herself upon the corpse, bewails her unhappy lot, invokes the furies of Avernus to spend their rage upon her, and gains some vapid consolation from a certain young lady called Amenofi, a sister of Aaron. The last act exhibits Moses dividing the Red Sea; the children of Israel passing through it; and the subsequent overthrow of their usurpers: and with the production of some immense masses of pasteboard towards Egypt, to represent the pillar of cloud, and a large oval illuminated reflector towards the Israelites, to express the pillar of fire, this absurd and indecent spectacle concludes.

Happily for the interests of religion, these Mysteries, or Miracles, as they were called, though once so common in England, have been now long abolished. Nor does it appear at all unreasonable to assign such profane spectacles, as one amongst many causes which tended to excite and cherish that horrid mockery of every thing sacred, which distinguished the progress of the French revolution. The minds of men accustomed to identify, to a certain extent, the characters of holy writ with the persons of, perhaps a ridiculous, and probably,

a licentious company of players, would be well adapted for the reception of the jests and scoffs of infidelity, however abominable they might be.

Blunt's Vestiges.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE animosity which exists between the different species of birds of prey, but more particularly between the raven tribe and that of the hawk, is well known to the naturalist. The following account, translated from the Latin of *Camerarius* (who quotes *Jovianus Pontanus* as his authority) on "the fighting and tugging of birds," exhibits an instance of a more systematic and destructive warfare among the feathered tribe than perhaps our readers will give credit to — but it will we trust be found amusing.

"A little before the end of the yeare 1461. in the plaine betweene Benevent and Apicium, there began a cruell conflict betweene the ravens and the kites, which was a miracle, and prognostication of the battell that was fought a while after in those parts; or else, a naturall quarrell among these ravening birds, because of the prey of grashoppers bred in those spacious fields some weekes before. There were two conflicts, in the first whereof the kites had the better, because they were armed with sharper and more crooked clawes, flying more firmly, and with a longer continuance: therefore the ravens left the field, and were put to flight;

but after a few daies, having re-enforced their troupes (as if they had obtained succours of their allies) they returned with more strength than they were of before; the like did the kites, The skirmish begins againe in the aire, crueller than at the former time; then the ravens (as it were upon deliberation, and for some speciall stratagem) began to give back, and set themselves among the vines upon the strongest and highest branches, settling themselves so fast, that when the kites would stoop to swap at them, they were pierst thorow the bodie with the ravens bills as it had beene with poy-niards. They were thereupon seene to fall downe in all places with their guts hanging out, and the ravens at everie assault were heard to crie (as it were) victorie, and to keepe a croaking for joy, still heartning their fellowes to fight, who after they had held out a long while, the kites perceiving they were false into an ambuscado (whereby the most of them staid by it) left the place, and saving themselves by force of wing confessed they were overcome, and the ravens keeping the field, triumphed bravely over their enemies. This victorie did so whet their courages, that they began to fall upon the kites laide on the ground, and with a strange furie to kill out-right with the blowes of their bills, those that were yet panting and breathing, making their braines come forth, plucking out their guts with pecks and clawes, renting their bodies, tearing them in pieces, in a word displaying upon them their ravenlike rage. And for a greater shew of this successe, these ravens (for many daies after) never

left hovering and soaring over that plaine in troupes, with croaking and crying, as if they would have said; *Behold, we are here, ready to flight as earst we were.* Many men ran to see this skirmish, and to observe the blowes, and after the retreate of the kites, went among the vineyards and fields to see the overthrow: some wondering at the furie of the fighters, and pollicie of the ravens; others, at the great number of kites that lay kild: some stood amased at the terrible wounds they noted in those little bodies; others could not tell what to say, seeing what heapes of slaine were cast one upon another. All coniectured, that this conflict did presage some bloodie battell that would be given soone aiter, betweene two armies of enemies-princes, one of which should there receive a shrewd foile. Thus writeth Pontanus. Now, although it may be, that these birds might follow the prey of the grasshoppers, spread all over that plaine, of which they are verie greedie, and for that cause this fight might thus grow betweene them (the rather for that Plinie writeth that the birds called seleucides are the cause thot the grasshoppers eat not up the fruits of tne inhabitants about the mountaine Casius:) yet for all that, the issue of the bloodie battell given within a while after in the same place, betweene two armies of souldiers, sheweth that the said skirmish of birds had beene (as it were) the presaging thereof.

The following is a singular account of the "Tabacco" plant, and its stupifying qualities,(from

lib. I. of the "*Historie of the New World,*" cap. 26.) before its introduction into this country:—
 "Of the simple or shrub brought out of the West Indies, called Tabacco," says our author,—
 "there be many plants to be seene in divers gardens of Europe, 1620. I will set downe that which Ierom Benzo writeth hereof, as an eie witnesse, who affirmeth that this wonderfull drug doth grow chiefly in the island of Hispaniola, from whence it was first brought into Europe. There are found in those islands (quoth he) as also in some other countries of that new world, certain little low trees, almost of the bignesse and fashion of reeds, that have leaves like those of the walnut tree, and rather greater than lesse. The people of the countrey where it is used, make great reckoning of these leaves: and the verie slaves that the Spaniards have brought thither out of Barbarie have them in great estimation. When the season serves for the gathering of them, they lay them in heapes, and having bound them in little bundles or sheaves, hang them in the smoake. There they leave them till they be verie drie, and when they will use of them, they take a leafe from the stalke of their great bastard corne (which we commonly call Turkie-wheat, or Sarazin wheat) together with one of those Tabacco leaves, and fold them up together like a coffin of paper, such as grocers make to put spices in, or like a small organ pipe: then putting the one end of the same coffin to the fire, and holding the other end in their mouthes, they draw their breath to them. When the fire hath once taken at the pipes end, they draw foorth so much smoake,

that they have their mouth, nose, throat, and head full of it: and as if they tooke a singular delight therein, they never leave supping and drinking till they can sup no more, and thereby loose their breath and their feeling.— There be among them that take so much of it, as their senses being all overcome and made drunk with the fume, fall downe flat to the ground as if they were dead, and there lie without sense or feeling most part of the day or of the night. Some others that be a little more discreet, content themselves with swallowing downe so much as will serve to make their head dizzie, and no more. But I doe not thinke that the devill of hell can vomit out an infection more penetratine, or stinking than that is. When I travelled the countries of Guattimala and Nicaragua, I should no sooner enter by chance into the house of one of those Indians, that had taken of that hearbe (which in the Mexican tongue is called *Tabacco*) but suddenly there would come such a sharpe and piercing smell of that right infernall smoake, and take mee so by the nose, that I was forst presently to depart from thence and goe to some other place.”

THE COUNTRY.

THOSE whose ideas are unimproved by education, and unopened by reading, are no way capable of forming any idea of what a man of literature means by the *Country*. It is not woods, water, or lawns alone. It comprehends them, indeed, in the general idea, but it compre-

hends also, the manners of the inhabitants; it requires a species of elegant solitude, utterly unconnected with that dulness which is often mistaken for solitude. It demands a certain gaiety, which is by no means to proceed from noisy mirth, but rather from the “riante” aspect of the surrounding scenery.

The following Apologue, which appeared in an obscure periodical paper, about seventy years ago, seems to the Editor worthy of being presented to his readers:

The Happy Illusion.

POLLIO, a gentleman of taste and learning, and possessed of an ample fortune, a few years ago, quitted the court and town, with all their splended vices and follies, and retired, with his lady to one of the finest villas in England. *Pollio* was led by inclination and good sense, to exchange the scenes of ambition, hypocrisy, and madness, the regions of dust, smoke, and confusion, for the tranquil pleasures of a rural life; but *Flavia*, (for that is the name of the lady) was compelled by fate, and cruel necessity, to forsake every object that her soul was enamoured of, and to retire to the lonely seat of gloom and melancholy.

The spring was someway advanced when they reached the country; and *Pollio* was quite enraptured with the beauty, cheerfulness, and elegance of every thing around him: he thanked heaven, for the happy exchange he had made; and determined, in himself, never more to return to London. Whilst *Flavia* sickened at the sight of all that is desirable, or lovely, in nature; she repined at her hard

fortune, which had, at one stroke robbed her of all her joys; and cursed her cruel fate, which had for ever banished her to the mansions of solitude and sadness.

Nothing but this wayward humour in *Flavia*, could possibly have given her husband a moment's uneasiness; and not all the regard and tenderness of the most indulgent man on earth, could, in any degree, lessen the chagrin and discontent of *Flavia*;—when, lo! at length, either by the force of a distempered imagination, or by the powers of magic, the whole face of nature appeared, in her eyes, to be changed in a moment: every object, which had before given her so much disgust, vanished in an instant, and gave place to such engaging scenes, as could not fail to charm the breast of *Flavia*; for now, the pure stream, which ran through the garden, delighted her with the lovely appearance of Fleet-ditch; the swans, and ducks, which sailed and sported on its surface, were transformed, in her imagination, to dead cats and puppies, rolling with the muddy tide; the flowers, and shrubs, with which its banks were adorned, appeared to her as so many heaps of dirt, ashes, decayed vegetables, and filth of every hue; and she blessed the fragrant scent of honey-suckles, roses, jessamine, and violets, when they saluted her nostrils in the form of thick clouds, and foggy streams, issuing from the tallow-chandler's shop.

The jets and fountains, which played from a fine bason in the garden, and from which *Flavia* was wont to turn away, now charmed her very soul; for, by a slight and easy inversion, they

appeared as so many spouts, and gutters, shooting from the house tops.

The green-house was no longer odious in the eyes of *Flavia*, for it seemed, at once transformed into a millener's shop; the temple into a round-house; and all the little arbours, grots, and summer-houses, into watch-boxes.

The lofty pines, rose up in the form of spires; and the tops of all the forest-trees, appeared as so many stacks of chimneys; whilst the fruit-trees, in full bloom and verdure, cheered the the very heart of *Flavia*, with the exact resemblance they bore to painted signs.

When she beheld the oxen and kine grazing in the meadows and the sheep and lambs feeding and sporting in the fields, she smiled; for, she took the herdsmen and shepherds, for black-guards; and fancied herself driving through Smithfield-market.

Flavia was no longer disgusted, at the blooming health of the country lasses; for, now they all appeared to her embrowned with dust and ashes, and she took them for cinder-pickers; the harvesters, were dustmen; and the gardeners, kennel-rakers,

Nor was she any longer offended, at the little songsters of the grove; for now, the blackbird, seemed to cry—*sweep*; the song-thrust—*oysters*; the sky-lark—*knives to grind*; the linnet—*matches*; the nightingales, were *ballad-singers*; the cuckoo, *talked slander*; the magpies, rooks, and daws, were *agreeable company*; and the owls—*watchmen*.

The glory of the sun, no long-

er offended the eyes of *Flavia*: she no longer repined and fainted, at the sweetness and serenity of the air; for now, she seemed for ever wrapt in one impenetrable cloud of smog, dust, and fog.

Surrounded with so many agreeable objects, *Flavia* could not fail of being in constant raptures; in short, she fancied herself in London; and thus happily deceived, she resumed all her wonted sprightliness and good-humour: whilst *Pollio*, who knew himself to be in the country, was doubly blest.

ON GOVERNMENTS.

If there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws restrain the
Prince and subjects;
A happy land, where circulating
power
Flows through each member of the
embodied state;
Sure not unconscious of the mighty
blessing,
Her grateful sons shine bright with
every virtue;
Untainted with the lust of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of
rule,
Unbroken as the sacred chain of
Nature,
That links the jarring elements in
peace.

JOHNSON'S IRENE.

FROM a subject that has been so often handled as the various modes and forms of government, little novelty can be expected; and the ablest pen could effect no more, than to place in new lights, or clothe in different words, those arguments which have been urged for ages by the advocates of different parties.—As I am not qualified by my years or experience to decide amidst such contending factions, or to give any additional weight to either side by a declaration of

my opinion, my only endeavour in this essay shall be to collect and place in one point of view, the most important points of the controversy; to rest my assertions not on the frail foundations of speculation, but experience; and by exhibiting the several expedients of human wisdom for the regulation of society, make my fellow-subjects sensible of the blessings of that constitution, under which we live; and to the protection of whose privileges they will most probably be hereafter summoned.*

To trace the progress of legal government, from the simple subordination of the Patriarchal power, to the complex system of modern politics; to mark the gradual encrease and extension of acknowledged authority from the head of a single family to the sovereignty of a mighty empire, may prove an ample reward to the toil of useful curiosity; but it is a task beyond the limits of my paper, or the extent of my abilities. I shall therefore pass over the subject, and content myself with this remark; that it is absolutely necessary to the existence of civil society, that for the public good, the individual should resign a part of his natural independence; and bind himself by some common tie or obligation, to the observance of a known and fixed law. As this is the corner stone of all civil institutions, and one of those self-evident propositions which do not admit of a doubt, I shall not further insist upon it; but proceed in my examination of those different branches, which shot forth from the parent stock of Patriarchal government. At that

* This was written by an Etonian.

simple period, the ideas of men were confined within a narrow circle, and to the objects more immediately before them; their present subsistence was almost their only care, and the possession of a fertile pasturage, or a *spring to water their flocks, employed the petty politics of this guiltless age. It is not from these men we are to expect the refinements of government; for the nice balance between opposite interests, the discrimination between the right of the sovereign, the nobility, and the people, or that equal composition of different parts, which form the perfect whole; and like the symmetry of a well-turned arch, mutually prop and support each other. As the patriarchal government was only calculated for the regulation of a small number, when mankind encreased, they found the necessity of an alteration; but as their ideas were too confined to suggest any new mode; as tyranny was not dreaded where it had never been felt; and the violation of rights, which had never yet existed, could not be guarded against; they contented themselves with that form, to which custom had reconciled them:—his authority being extended on a larger scale, the head of a family became the sovereign of a state; and despotism fixed her throne in Asia and the eastern world. In those parts we are to search for any knowledge of this kind, as the western quarter was then immersed in the ignorance of primitive barbarity.—Even Egypt, the source from

whence all arts and sciences are derived, the most refined and polished of kingdoms, was subject to a regal government; whose antiquity, by a series of fabulous dynasties, was carried to a ridiculous height. The republican form was first adopted in Greece; and the aristocracy or democracy, the different modifications of the same original, prevailed according to the disposition of the people by whom they were to be received. The Spartans, sedate, grave, and accustomed from their earliest youth to pay the most implicit deference to their laws, submitted themselves to an aristocracy of a peculiar kind, which has with more propriety been denominated an oligarchy; for such in effect was the council of the Ephori, which controuled the regal power in such a manner as to render it the mere puppet of their pleasure. The Athenians, lively, impetuous, fond of novelty, and jealous to the extreme of their liberties, rushed into all the turbulence of a licentious democracy. The Roman Commonwealth widely differed from Sparta and Athens in the form it assumed after the expulsion of Tarquin. As the exact boundaries between the rights of the Patricians and Plebeians were not defined with sufficient precision, they proved a source of endless contention; and the cruel treatment which debtors met with from their creditors, more than once reduced the state to the brink of destruction. Upon reflection it seems an unaccountable circumstance, that a State, which boasted of the liberty of its subjects, and which considered the appellation of a "*Roman citizen*," as the most glo-

* In the Scriptures we find an instance of a solemn Covenant between Abraham and Abimelech, concerning a well of water.

rious distinction it could bestow, should permit such an ignominious badge of slavery to be interwoven in the principles of its constitution; thus to expose those very citizens who formed the flower of her legions, to the tyranny of a brutal creditor. The reader will pardon me, if I stop a moment to contemplate this wonderful nation; who, by dint of all the virtues which can adorn a rising State, joined to the most unremitted perseverance, became, from the petty asylum of a few wandering robbers, the mistress of the world: who, unnoticed and unobserved, was silently ascending the height she afterwards attained; and amidst discords and divisions, which threatened her very existence, arose only more formidable from her fall; or to use the nervous expression of Horace,

Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.
Through wounds, through losses, no
decay can feel,
Collecting strength and spirit from the
steel. FRANCIS.

This nation from its infancy seemed destined to sway the sceptre of the world; and by the imperious dignity of its behaviour, to enforce reverence and awe. The judicious Virgil perceived wherein the real glory of his countrymen consisted; and wisely rejecting what could not be claimed as theirs, boldly stamped the characteristic of his nation.

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
(Credo equidem) vivos ducent de marmore vultus;
Orabunt causas melius, cœlique meatus
Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent;
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane,
memento
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

Let others better mould the running
mass
Of metals, and inform the breathing
brass;
And soften into flesh a marble face;
Plead better at the bar; describe the
skies,
And when the stars descend, and when
they rise.
But Rome, 'tis thine alone with awful
sway
To rule mankind, and make the world
obey;
Disposing peace and war, thy own
majestic way.
To tame the proud, the fettered slave
to free;
These are imperial arts, and worthy
thee. DRYDEN.

In these lines the invidious assertion included in "*Orabunt causas melius*," to the prejudice of the truly eloquent Cicero, has been often noticed; and it may be worth remarking, that although Virgil has so freely resigned the superiority in other points, he is silent with respect to poetry. Vanity there arrested his pen, and forbade the confession. A.

(To be continued.)

THE MISCELLANY.

"Rebus et ordine dispar."—HOR.

CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

The following is a copy of a very curious letter from Sir William Herbert, of St. Julian's, in Monmouthshire, father-in-law to the famous Lord Herbert, of Charbury, to a gentleman of the name of Morgan, in the same county. [N.B. The original is in the British Museum.]

SIR,—Peruse this letter in God's name: be not disquieted: I reverence your hoary hair. Altho' in your son I find too much folly and lewdness, yet in you I expect gravity and wis-

dom. It hath pleased your son, late of Bristol, to challenge a man of mine, on the behalf of a gentleman (as he said) as good as myself; who he was, he named not; neither do I know. But if he be as good as myself, it must either be for virtue, for birth, for ability: or for calling and dignity. For virtue I think he meant not; for it is a thing which exceeds his judgement. If for birth, he must be the heir of an earl; the heir in blood to ten earles; for, in testimony thereof, I bear their several coats. Besides, he must be of the blood Royal; for, by my grandmother Devereux, I am lineally and legitimately decended out of the body of Edward the Fourth. If for ability, he must have a thousand pounds a year in possession, a thousand pounds a year more in expectation, and must have some thousands in substance besides. If for calling and dignity, he must be a knight, and lord of several seignories in several kingdoms, and likewise of his county, and a counsellor of a provence. Now, to lay all circumstances aside, be it known to your son, or to any man else, that if there be any one who beareth the name of a gentleman, and whose words are of reputation in his county that doth say, or dare say, that I have done unjustly, spoken an untruth, stained my credit and reputation in the matter, or in any matter else wherein your son is exasperated, I say he lieth in his throat, and my sword shall maintain my word upon him in any place or province wheresoever he dare, and I stand not sworn to observe the peace. But if they be such as are within my governance, and

over whom I have no authority, I will, for, their reformation, chastise them with justice; and, for their malapert misdemeanor, bind them to their good behaviour. Of this sort I account your son, and his like; against whom I will shortly issue my warrant, if this my warning doth not reform them; and so I thought fit to advertize you hereof, and leave you to God.

I am, &c.

WM. HERBERT.

EXTRACT FROM DR. WELWOOD'S
MEMOIRS.

THERE befel him (King Charles the first) an accident, which though a trifle in itself, and that no weight is to be laid on any thing of that nature; yet since the best authors, both antient and modern, have not thought it below the majesty of history to mention the like, it may be the more excusable to insert it here.

The King being at Oxford during the civil wars, went one day to see the Public library, where he was shown among other books a Virgil nobly printed, and exquisitely bound. Lord Falkland, to divert the King, would have his Majesty make a trial of his fortune by the *Sortes Virgilianæ*; which every body knows was an usual kind of augury some ages past. Whereupon the King opening the book, the period which happened to come up was that part of Dido's imprecation against Æneas; which Mr. Dryden translates thus:

Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty
foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms
oppose.

Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal
field,
His men discourag'd, and himself ex-
pell'd,
Let him for succour sue from place to
place,
Torn from his subjects, and his son's
embrace.
First let him see his friends in battle
slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain:
And when at length the cruel war
shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his
peace.
Nor let him then enjoy supreme
command,
But fall untimely by some hostile
hand,
And lie unburi'd on the barren sand.
Æneid, Book 4.

It is said King Charles seemed concerned at this accident; and that the Lord Falkland observing it, would likewise try his own fortune in the same manner;—hoping he might fall upon some passage that could have no relation to his case, and thereby divert the King's thoughts from any impression the other might have upon him: but the place that Falkland stumbled upon was yet more suited to his destiny than the other had been to the King's; being the following expressions of Evander upon the untimely death of his son Pallas, as they are translated by the same hand:

O Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy plight-
ed word,
To fight with caution, not to tempt the
sword:
I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I
knew,
What perils youthful ardour would
pursue:
That boiling blood would carry thee
too far;
Young as thou were't in dangers: raw
to war!
O curst essay of arms, disast'rous
doom,
Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to
come!
Æneid, Book 11.

The amiable Lucius Carey, Lord Falkland, was spared the

affliction of witnessing the fate of his unfortunate master. He fell at the battle of Newbury.

ADVICE.

The advice given by Sir Robert Dudley, son to the celebrated Earl of Leicester, under the title of "A proposition to secure the State, and to bridle the Impertinency of Parliaments," might perhaps, if pursued with caution and perseverance, have been the ruin of British liberty. It is to be found in Rushworth's Collection, and is brought under seven heads.

1. To have a fortress in every considerable town.
2. To suffer none to wear arms, but such as are enrolled.
3. To cause the high roads to run through the fortified towns.
4. Not to let the soldiers of such fortresses to be inhabitants of such places.
5. To let no person pass through such fortresses without a ticket.
6. To have the names of all lodgers taken by all inn-keepers.
7. To impose an oath of allegiance on all subjects.

Sir Robert then proceeds to "Means to increase his Majesty's Revenues." For which purpose he lays down fifteen different ways. Several of which have been adopted by successive ministers, particularly a tax on legacies, one on proceedings by law, and another on alehouse licencies.

ATTORNIES IN 1445.

In the Rolls of Parliament, A. D. 1445, is a petition from the Commons of two counties, shewing that the number of attorneys had lately increased

from six or eight to twenty-four, whereby the peace of those counties had been greatly interrupted by suits. The Commons therefore petition that it may be ordained that there shall be no more than six common attorneys for Norfolk, six for Suffolk, and two for the city of Norwich. Any other person acting as an attorney to forfeit twenty shillings.

The king granted the petition provided it were thought by the judges reasonable.

POET'S CORNER.

——— "neque est ignobile carmen."
VIR.

TO MRS. BISHOP, WITH A PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

"A knife," dear girl, "cuts love." they say!

Mere modish love, perhaps it may—
For any tool, of any kind,
Can separate—what was never join'd.
The knife that cuts our love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do;
Must cut your softness, truth, and spirit,

Down to the vulgar size of merit;
To level yours, with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste,
And from your single beauty's store,
Clip, what would dizen out a score,
That self-same blade from me must sever

Sensation, judgment, sight, for ever:
All memory of endearment past,
All hope of comforts long to last,
All that makes fourteen years with you

A summer; and a short one too—
All, that affection feels and fears,
When hours without you seem like years.

Till that be done, (and I'd as soon
Believe this knife will chip the moon)
Accept my present, undeterr'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.
If in a kiss—delicious treat!—
Your lips acknowledge the receipt;

Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—"cut and come again."

Samuel Bishop, 1795.

Lines to "Forget me not," a beautiful wild flower, which blooms on the field of Waterloo.

Where sleeps the brave, on Honour's
sainted bed,
Thou, lonely flower, art wildly seen
to wave,
Thy fragrant incense o'er the valiant
dead,
A blooming tribute o'er the soldier's
grave.

The dews of morn condensed in glis-
tening gems,
With crystal stream thy bending
foliage eave,
While sighing breezes scatter from
thy stems,
The tears of Nature o'er a soldier's
grave.

In union with a weeping nation's tears,
Thus nature mourns the relics of
the brave,
And in thy buds, a grateful tablet
rears,
Inscribed by Fancy o'er a soldier's
grave.

Forget me not, in silent tones they
say,
While spring revives thy blossoms
o'er the brave,
An emblem of that great triumphant
day
When angels shall unclothe the sol-
dier's grave.

BY THE HON. R. H. SPENSER.

Too late I staid, forgive the crime,
Unheeded flew the hours,
How noiseless falls the foot of time,
That only treads on flowers.

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks
That dazzle as they pass.

Oh who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings.

BALLAD.

The Minstrel came from beyond the sea,
 And weary with his toil was he;
 But wearied more, that in one long year
 No news of his lady he could hear.
 By land and sea he had wander'd far,
 With Hope alone for a guiding star;
 Yet had he been so tempest tost,
 That oft the guiding star was lost.
 Safe from the land, safe from the main,
 Again he has reached his native Spain;
 And he feels of its sun the blessed glow,
 And inhales new life, as its breezes blow.
 Yet he will not stop, nor he will not stay,
 But onward goes, by night and by day;
 Till at length he has reach'd that fateful spot,
 Ne'er from the parting hour forgot.
 There—and he dare no farther go
 To seek what he dies, yet dreads, to know;
 And he lingers till the moonlight hour,
 When that lady lov'd to sing in her bower.
 Oh! will this dazzling sun ne'er fade,
 'This sky ne'er soften into shade;
 Longer than all that came before,
 Will never this joyless day be o'er.
 Faded, at last the sun's red ray
 Softened the sky to cloudless gray;
 The longest noon must have its night,—
 And o'er the bower the moon rose bright.
 Roses are wavering in its beam,
 As through their foliage zephyrs stream;
 Perfumes are floating on the air,
 But no sweet song is singing there.
 He listens—listens—but in vain
 From that low bower there breathes no strain:
 "Yet may she come"—for Hope will stay,
 Even till her last star fades away.

"Yet may she come"—no more—no more,—

The dreamings of thy heart be o'er:
 Who slumbers the long sleep of rest,
 Is dull to the voice she once lov'd best.

A ray within the green bower shone,
 It danced upon a funeral stone;
 There sculptur'd was a well-known name,
 That name most dear—the same—the same!

That night, and o'er lost hope he mourn'd;
 But ere again the hour return'd,
 Had parted from its native shore
 An exile—to return no more.

Yet, as he left that bower of woe,
 That all his constancy might know,
 A ringlet of hair on that grave he bound,
 A chain of gold round that pillar he wound.

INSCRIPTION ON A STONE IN THE
 ENGLISH BURYING GROUND AT
 BOURDEAUX.

There was a sweet and nameless grace,
 That wander'd o'er her lovely face;
 And from her pensive eye of blue,
 Was magic in the glance which flew.
 Her hair of soft and gloomy shade,
 In rich luxuriance curling stray'd;
 But when she spoke, or when she sung,
 Enchantment on her accents hung.
 Where is she now?—where all must be—
 Sunk in the grave's obscurity.
 Yet never—never slumber'd there
 A mind more pure—a form more fair!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. is received.

An "Assured Friend" will find a note at the Printer's on Monday.

T. G. we have seen in print before.

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TOTNESS CHURCH, DEVONSHIRE.

THIS church, which is a handsome structure, was erected in the 14th century; it underwent some repairs about twenty-five years ago, when the beautiful sym-

metry was destroyed by various tasteless alterations in the windows and other parts of the fabric. The chancel is separated from the body of the church by

T

an elegant screen of ornamental tracery, in stone work; but the altar piece, instead of corresponding with the rest of the building, is of Grecian design, having a classical semi-dome supported by Corinthian pillars.

The date of the foundation of this church was unknown till about fifteen years ago, when the south-east pinnacle was struck by lightning in a violent storm, and in its fall, besides other considerable damage, beat in the roof of a small room over the porch; in this room were two chests full of old records and papers, which becoming exposed by this accident, among them was found a grant from Bishop Lacy, for forty days indulgence "to those people who had, or might contribute any thing towards rebuilding the church at Totness." This was dated Chudleigh, where the bishops of Exeter had a palace, 1432. It may be observed in confirmation, that the arms of Lacy, viz. three shovellers heads on a shield, can yet be seen on the porch, though nearly obliterated.

The town of Totness boasts of high antiquity: the Roman foss-way, extending from north to south through Devonshire and Somersetshire, began here. The situation of the Down is extremely fine. The number of houses is 294: these are principally disposed in one street, about three quarters of a mile in length, terminated on the east by a bridge, over the river Dart. It was formerly surrounded by a wall and had four gates; the eastern and northern gates are now standing.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Gray's Letters, (No. II.)

THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.

A fortnight since we set out from Lyons, upon a little excursion to Geneva. We took the longest road, which lies through Savoy, on purpose to see a famous monastery, called the Grand Chartreuse, and had no reason to think our time lost. After having travelled seven days very slow (for we did not change horses, it being impossible for a chaise to go post in these roads), we arrived at a little village, among the mountains of Savoy, called Eschelles; from thence we proceeded on horses, who are used to the way, to the mountain of the Chartreuse. It is six miles to the top; the road runs winding up it, commonly not six feet broad; on one hand is the rock, with woods of pine trees hanging over head; on the other, a monstrous precipice, almost perpendicular, at the bottom of which rolls a torrent, that sometimes tumbling among the fragments of stone that have fallen from on high, and sometimes precipitating itself down vast descents with a noise like thunder, which is still made greater by the echo from the mountains on each side, concurs to form one of the most solemn, the most romantic, and the most astonishing scenes I ever beheld. Add to this the strange views made by the craggs and cliffs on the other hand; the cascades that in many places, throw themselves from the very summit down into the vale, and the river below, and

many other particulars impossible to describe; you will conceive we had no occasion to repent our pains. This place St. Bruno chose to retire to, and upon its very top founded the aforesaid convent, which is the superior of the whole order. When we came there, the two fathers who are commissioned to entertain strangers, (for the rest must neither speak one to another, nor to any one else) received us very kindly; and set before us a repast of dried fish, eggs, butter, and fruits, all excellent in their kind, and extremely neat. They pressed us to spend the night there, and to stay some days with them; but this we could not do, so they led us about their house, which is, you must think, like a little city; for there are one hundred fathers, besides three hundred servants, that make their clothes, grind their corn, press their wine, and do every thing among themselves. The whole is quite orderly and simple, nothing of finery; but the wonderful decency, and the strange situation more than supply the place of it. In the evening we descended by the same way, passing through many clouds that were then forming themselves on the mountain's side.

In our little journey up to the Grand Chartreuse, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation, that there was no restraining: Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an athiest into belief, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there

at noon day: you have death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed, as to compose the mind without frightening it. I am well persuaded St. Bruno was a man of no common genius, to choose such a situation for his retirement, and perhaps should have been a disciple of his, had I been born in his time.

NATURAL HISTORY.

SLOTH CONTRASTED WITH INDUSTRY.

THE sloth is an animal of South America, and is so ill-formed for motion, that a few paces are often the journey of a week; and so indisposed to move that he never changes his place, but when impelled by the severest stings of hunger. He lives upon the leaves, fruit, and flowers of trees, and often on the bark itself, when nothing besides is left for its subsistence. As a large quantity of food is necessary for his support, he generally strips a tree of all its verdure in less than a fortnight; and being then destitute of food, he drops down, like a lifeless mass, from the branches to the ground. After remaining torpid for some time, from the shock received by the fall, he prepares for a journey to some neighbouring tree, to which he crawls with a motion almost imperceptible. At length arrived, he ascends the trunk, and devours with famished appetite, whatever the branches afford. By consuming the bark, he soon destroys the life of the tree; and thus the source is lost from which his sustenance is derived. Such is the miserable state of this slothful animal.

How different are the comforts and enjoyments of the industrious Beaver. This creature is found in the northern parts of America; and is about two feet long and one foot high. The figure of it somewhat resembles that of a rat. In the months of June and July, the beavers assemble, and form a society which generally consists of more than two hundred. They always fix their abode by the side of some lake or river; and in order to make a dead water above and below, they erect with incredible labour, a dam, or pier, perhaps fourscore or a hundred feet long, and ten or twelve thick at the base. When this dike is completed, they build their several apartments, which are divided into three stories. The first, is beneath the level of the mole, and is for the most part full of water. The walls are perpendicular and about two feet thick. If any wood projects from them, they cut it off with their teeth, which are more serviceable than saws; and by the help of their tails, they plaister all their works with a kind of mortar, which they prepare with dry grass and clay, mixed together. In August or September they begin to lay up their stores of food; which consist of the wood of the birch, the plane, and of some other trees. Thus they pass the gloomy winter in ease and plenty. These two American animals, contrasted with each other, afford the most striking picture of the blessings of industry, and the penury and wretchedness of sloth.

PERCIVAL.

THE LOCUST.

THIS destructive insect, which the French call sauterelle, con-

founding it with the common grasshopper, differs very much from that animal, in the direful effects and devastation it causes in the countries it visits.

Locusts are produced from some unknown physical cause, and proceed from the great desert Sahara, always coming from the south. When they visit a country, it behoves every individual to lay in a provision against a famine; for they are said to remain three, five, or seven years. They have a government among themselves similar to that of the bees or ants; and when the (Sultan Jerraad) king of the Locusts rises, the whole body follow him, not one solitary straggler being left behind to witness the devastation. When they have consumed all other vegetation, they attack the trees, devouring first the leaves, and then the bark, so that the country, in the midst of summer, from their general rapacity, bears the face of winter. Sometimes they are found so thick upon the ground, as actually to cover a horse's hoof, as he passes over them; it is very annoying to travel through a host of them, as they are continually flying in your face, and settling upon your hands and clothes. At a distance, they appear, in the air, like an immense cloud, darkening the sun; and whilst employed in devouring the produce of the land, it has been observed, that they uniformly proceed one way, as regular as a disciplined army on its march; nor will it be possible to discover a single one going in a different direction to the rest. This curse of heaven can only be conceived by those who have seen the dismal effects of their devastations: the poor people by

living upon them, become meagre and indolent, for no labour will yield fruit, whilst the locusts continue increasing in numbers. In the rainy season they partially disappear, but at the commencement of spring the ground is covered with their young: the crops of corn which are first mature, and the grain which becomes hardened before the locust attains its full growth, have a chance to escape, provided there be other crops less forward for them to feed upon.

In the year 1799, these destructive insects were carried away into the Western Ocean by a violent hurricane; and the shores were afterwards covered with their dead bodies, which in many places emitted a pestilential smell; that is, wherever the land was low, or where the salt water had not washed them: to this event succeeded a most abundant crop of corn, the lands which had lain fallow for years, being now cultivated; but the produce of the cultivation was accompanied with a most infectious and deadly plague, a calamity of which the locusts have often been observed to be the forerunners.

JACKSON'S MOROCCO.

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCH.

THE most famous antiquity of Hertfordshire is Verolamium, now ruined, and the footsteps hardly seen, though in great account with the Romans, and one of their free cities; it was plundered by Boadica, that eternized Queen of the Icenians, when 70,000 Romans perished by her

revenging sword. The magnificence thereof for stately architecture was discovered by the large arched vaults found by king Edgar, which were filled up by Eldred and Edmer, Abbots of St. Alban's, being lurking holes for thieves and abandoned characters. Hear what our famous Spencer says of it:

I was that city which the garland wore,
Of Britain's pride delivered unto me,
By Roman victors; this I was of yore;
Though nought at all but ruins now I be,
And lie in mine own ashes as you see.
Verlam I was; which boots it that I was,
Since now I am but weeds and useless grass.

Another English poet writes thus in the name of Watling, one of the four imperial highways.

Thou saw'st when Verlam once her head aloft did rear
Which in her cinders now lies sadly buried here,
With alabaster, tuch, and porphyry adorn'd,
When well near in her pride Troynovant she scorn'd.

A nameless author writes thus upon it:

Stay thy foot that passest by,
And a wonder here descry;
Churches that interr'd the dead,
Here themselves are buried,
Houses where men slept and wak'd,
Here in ashes under rak'd,
And (to the poet to allude)
Here is corn where once Troy stood.
Or if you the truth would have,
Here's a city in a grave.
A wonder reader think it then,
That cities thus should die like men;
And yet a wonder think it none,
For many cities are thus gone.

Out of the ruins of this city arose the town of St. Alban's, remarkable for Alban the martyr; for about the year 180, king Lucius reigned in Britain, who hearing of the miracles done by the Christians in divers places,

sent letters to Eleutherius, Bishop of Rome, desiring to receive the Christian faith; the good bishop was glad of this request, and sent him two preachers, Faganus and Dimianus, by whose faithful endeavours, it pleased God, the king and many of his people were converted and baptized, and the temples of idols and other monuments of Gentilism subverted; thus the true religion increased, and superstition and idolatry decreased, many bishops being ordained over the people, and all things settled in good order; after which this religious king sent again to Eleutherius for the Roman laws, by which he desired to govern his people; Eleutherius returned answer, that the Roman and Imperial laws might have their defects, but the law of God could not; advising him to study the scriptures, and out of them by the council of his realm, to enact laws for the government of his kingdom; for, said he, you are God's vicar in your kingdom, and it behoves you to unite your people in the faith and service of Jesus Christ, and to maintain, rule, govern and defend them from all that would do them wrong, &c. The Christian faith thus received by the Britons, flourished 216 years, till the coming of the Saxons; but the Romans continuing Heathens, raised much trouble against its professors; for Lucius dying without issue, and the nobles disagreeing about a successor, the Romans stepping in took the crown into their hands, whence great misery ensued to the kingdom; for sometimes idolatrous Romans reigned, and then the Christian Britons, according to the fortune of war. The first remarkable persecution was under

Dioclesian and Maximim, which raged so extremely, that in Britany and other places 17,000 martyrs suffered for the name of Christ: in this persecution a famous preacher, called Amphibolus, being searched for to be imprisoned, he to escape the fury of his persecutors, hid himself in the house of Alban, a citizen of Verulam, who was at that time a Heathen, but observing Amphibolus to continue day and night in watching and in prayer, he began to hearken to the divine instructions of this good man, and forsaking idolatry, became a sincere Christian. The enemy hearing this minister was in his house, soldiers were ordered to search for him, which Alban having notice of, he put on the clothes of Amphibolus, and offered himself to them, who bound and carried him before the judge at that time sacrificing to his idols; he perceiving the business, said, since thou had rather convey away the rebel and traitor to our gods, than deliver him up to undergo due punishment for his blaspheming our deities, look what torments he should have suffered if he had been taken, the same shalt thou endure if thou refuse to practice the rites of our religion. Alban, regardless of these threats, with divine fortitude, boldly told the judge that he would not obey his commandment. Then said the judge, of which house and stock art thou? Alban answered, it is no matter of which stock I am; but if thou desirest to know my religion, be it known to thee that I am a Christian, and employ myself in the exercise of their holy religion. The judge demanded his name: my parents, said he, named me Alban, and I honour

and worship the true and living God, who made all things of nothing. The judge enraged, said, if thou desirest to prolong thy life, come and sacrifice to our Gods. Alban answered, the sacrifice you offer to the devil, profits you nothing, but rather purchases for you eternal pains in hell fire:—the judge, still more incensed, commanded the tormentors to beat him, thinking stripes might prevail more than words; yet Alban continued not only patient but joyful in the midst of his torments. The judge perceiving nothing would move him, commanded him to be beheaded; the executioner, observing his fervent faith and prayers, fell at his feet, throwing away his sword, desiring rather to die for him or with him, than to do execution upon him, and so was made a martyr for that faith of which he was before a persecutor. The other officers trembled at this strange providence; but at last one of them took up the sword, and cut off the martyr Alban's head. In this town King Offa built a stately monastery upon this occasion (which we presume gave rise to the present name of this borough.)

BURTON.

(To be continued.)

INTEMPERATE LIVING.

A GERMAN physician, two centuries ago, in two large folios, made strange suppositions by jocular contrast, and endeavoured to destroy vice by affecting to cherish it. He makes a Christopher Hegendorph speak an oration to the University of Leipsic, in praise of drunkenness.

—"Doubtless, illustrious auditors," says this person, "as I am a young man, and about to recommend drunkenness to grave and sober men, I shall seem to be doubly drunk—but pardon me, if I affirm, that I am not the first patron of drunkenness. Intoxication is an antient, universal practice—Jews, Trojans and Greeks got drunk; Noah and Lot got drunk; the Greeks published encomiums on intoxication; the Romans loved tippling; Tiberius and Lucius Piso used to sit at their cups three days and three nights together; Egyptians, Saxons, and almost all people got drunk; as for the Monks, they could not possibly go through the hard services of their several orders, without plenty of liquor. Besides, liquor makes mirth, and mirth is life. Drinking also sets men talking about religion; and farmers never dispute so clearly for Luther, as when they are animated with strong liquor. Poets and preachers can do nothing without plenty of drink, and with it what can they not do? But, you will object, it is said in the Gospel, "be not overcharged with drunkenness;" and pray can't you get drunk without getting *dead* drunk? But St. Paul says, "be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess." But observe, St. Paul does not say, "do not get drunk," he only says, "do not get *excessively* drunk."

Thus far the good Physician, and surely the most experienced advocate for intoxication could not seriously have given a better turn to his cause, than what this gentleman did in perfect ridicule; and in addition to those seeming encouragements already given, one may ap-

pear to be adding to the store, in frankly offering some few ideas partly in the same way. But first of all, occasional freedom in drinking has been seriously asserted to have its medical uses, particularly in languid, rickety constitutions; for, by thus causing a stimulus, the blood is propelled to the smallest vessels, and by enlivening and making general the circulation, it may give a prolific tendency to saturnine, barren constitutions, the body and mind are reciprocally connected with each other, and fillip of this kind may, on some occasions, produce good effects on the disposition itself; for at those times the rude and the vulgar affect the graces of a dancing school, and the delicacy of a toilet—the reserved man has become convivial and confidential—the coward has talked of swords and pistols—and the beggar of his great descent;—the wretched have no longer brooded over their miseries, but have comfortably imagined themselves to be on a swift journey to the Elysian Fields. But, alas! what vice is there for which ingenuity may not contrive some specious apology?

There was once a philosopher, who wrote a large volume in praise of quartan ague;—and *private* vices have been also said to be *public* benefits.

But to speak on the subject in good earnest, it must be allowed, that intoxication is as immoral as it is injurious and destructive. It is reason which distinguishes men from beasts, and when that is destroyed, as it must be in drunkenness, they are then both on a level, and are besides let loose on society with distempered, furious brains, to

commit every sort of depredation as well on themselves as others.

Intoxication, besides its lavishness of time, of wealth, and of character, is a violation offered to nature, of which the very beasts of the field are not guilty. What a deplorable aspect is even the *countenance* of a drunken man? how distorted and degraded looks every feature, while like a baby he drivels, or like a piece of mumery he must be propt up—or else, the intemperate glass boils in his brain, and hurries him into every excess; it overturns and drives out every native good disposition, and usually gives place either to the childishness of an ideot, or the fury of a madman.

What secrets has not intoxication divulged, what friends has it not exposed and betrayed, or what character has it not scandalized? In truth, it has sometimes ended the catalogue of evils in the tragic scene of battle and murder.

What horrors must surprise the drunkard, when he makes his first morning yawn, on that bed to which like a corpse, he was a few hours since conveyed by bearers! before his parched lips are yet *ungummed*, or the furry tongue has cooled itself with a drop of water, or the inflamed eyes have yet been bathed, and while the whole body is in one general blaze of fever, and the throbbing arteries are battering hard against the delirious giddy head!—dreadful ideas and confused apprehensions of the past night's conduct, torment his memory, and flash to his conscience disgrace and guilt. He rolls about his unrefreshing, sultry bed and tremulously grasps

for a cool sensation from his pillow, but finds each corner heated, and lets it go;—still he strives to smother down in sleep these complicated distractions!—he dozes, but presently he starts—fear, disease and reflection, will not let him rest, but haunt him up to the full and open day light, when the pale and squalid debauchee, almost dissolved with heat, agitated by universal tremblings, and sickening through a foul and caustic stomach, is brought forth to face his guilt and shame!

Would any reasonable being, after having experienced, if not *all*, at least some of these maladies, either in mind or body, would he to gratify a *present* moment, subject himself to this legacy of mournful, perhaps irrecoverable ills?—For besides the immediate mischiefs I have just enumerated, intoxication lays the foundation of the most serious and fatal diseases; by destroying the texture of the blood, it paves the way to dropsies and the endless tribe of nervous affections, it gives pulmonary complaints, palsies, gouts, apoplexies, and sometimes sudden death itself. Such are some of the effects of hard drinking, which, like the sword, has slain its thousands.

It would require very little argument to prove, that water alone, with some few exceptions, is sufficient to answer all the purposes of health and spirits. It is principally from *custom* that nature seems to require an addition to the pure element; and it is well worth observation, that animals which undergo the severest labour and fatigue, are amply succoured and invigorated by water only; that fluid seems to have been designed as the

principal and universal liquor of nature. The juice of the grape, in reasonable doses, was, no doubt, a very primitive drink; but the preparations of various ardent spirits, appear to have been but of modern invention. The greatest feats have been performed by the most *sober* men, and water-drinkers have been found to be the most prolific, cheerful and courageous.

“If one were to prescribe,” says an eminent physical writer, “for the cowardizing of a nation, it should be the bowl of intemperance and a *Delilah’s* lap, which are charms to effeminate a hero, and metamorphose a lion into a timorous hare: and, (adds he) if our soldiers were to fight in a field of down, and spill no other blood than that of the grape, there is no doubt but the school of *Bacchus* would make an admirable nursery for the camp.”

The most effeminate climes, by temperance alone, have produced the most heroic and magnanimous people; such were the Persians, and likewise the Romans, before luxury and dissipation enervated their manners.

But a word with the Glutton—he must not stand by all this while an accusing spectator of the vices of the Drunkard, and suppose himself blameless. It is true, that both excesses are seldom blended together in one character—for the drunkard generally disqualifies himself for the glutton;—but yet the gormandizer, though not so censurable as the other, because the effects are not so violent, or so dangerous to others, yet *he* equally consumes his time and money, and offers violence to nature, and in a more eminent degree loads

his habit with all kinds of diseases. A plentiful luxurious gorge, we must admit, does not quicken him into a delirium—but it nevertheless, stupifies him into a lethargy—his whole frame becomes dull, inactive and disagreeable. The epicure seriously premeditates on his guilt, and will rack his brain to please his appetite—and to give a zest to his caprice and debauchery, he will force on his stomach a preparatory, bitter draught.

For accidental inebriety some few apologies may fairly be offered, which cannot apply to gluttony. Grief sometimes endeavours to forget herself in a cordial cup; and on these occasions, the moral *Seneca* readily allowed it. But though it may sometimes have saved the mind from brooding on greater evils, and stopped her from resolving on more fatal resources, yet, it oftener has degenerated into the most abominable practice.

Another apology for accidental inebriety is, the different qualities of the same kind of liquor, and its various and unexpected effects on different constitutions, besides hilarity and other circumstances of society, together with the difference of animal spirits, at one time greater than another; and the alteration of season, may each, or all of them, have disguised themselves in the glass, and occasionally deluded to intoxication, even such as deserve the name of sober men. In these as in other cases of accident, liberal and good minds are ready to put the fairest construction, and would rather conceal, than publish such an instance of human imperfection.

But though I have suggested thus far in excuse for those who

may sometimes be thus overtaken with a fault, let not the *Drunkard* or the *Sot* dare to presume, that any palliation is here offered for *contemptible, beastly and destructive habits*, which render him obnoxious to society, and unfit for the favor of his Creator.

ON THE ORIGIN OF NATIONS.

(From the French.)

[THE following is a free translation of Section 3. of the Preface to Voltaire's "History of the Russian Empire under Peter the Great." It possesses its full share of that sort of vivacity usually deemed peculiar to the nation to which he belonged; but at the same time it affords a useful hint to the investigator of the times of yore. The man of learning is too prone to bend every thing to any favourite system he may have taken up, and to scramble through the grossest improbabilities in order to support a darling hypothesis. This proneness is well rallied by our lively historian.—It must not be forgotten, first, that Voltaire wrote for Frenchmen, and, secondly, that it is scarcely possible to give, in a translation, all the point of the original.]

We have not, in this our History of Peter the Great, idly laboured to trace the origin of the generality of those nations which compose the immense empire of Russia, from Kamschatka to the Baltic Sea. It is a strange undertaking that, which has for its object to prove, by authentic documents, that the Huns came of old from the north of China into Siberia, and that the Chinese

themselves are a colony of Egyptians. I know that philosophers of high merit have imagined they saw some resemblance between those nations; but their doubts have been too much presumed on: attempts have been made to convert their conjectures into certainty.

In our day, for instance, we find men set about proving that the Egyptians are the ancestors of the Chinese, thus: "One of the ancients says that the Egyptian, Sesostris, penetrated as far as the Ganges; but, if Sesostris went towards the Ganges, he might get to China; Sesostris did reach China. But China was not then peopled; it is clear, therefore, that Sesostris peopled China.—The Egyptians employed lighted candles in their festivals; the Chinese have their lanterns; there is no room, then, for doubting that the Chinese are a colony from Egypt. Moreover, the Egyptians possess a great river; the Chinese have one also. But, to conclude the matter, it is evident that the early kings of China bore the names of the ancient kings of Egypt, for, in the family name, Yu, we find the characters which compose it, the arrangement of them being changed, form the word Menes. It is therefore indisputable that the emperor, Yu, took his name from Menes, king of Persia; and the emperor, Ki, is undoubtedly king Atoes, by the trifling change of *k* into *a*, and *i* into *toes*."

But were one of the knowing ones of Pekin or of Tobolsk to read certain of our books, he might much more demonstratively prove that we are descended from the Trojans. He might set about it thus, and thus would he astonish his country by

the profundity of his researches.—"The most ancient books," would he say, "and those most respected in that little western country denominated France, are the *romances*; these books were written in a pure tongue derived from the ancient Romans who never lied. More than 20 of these most veridical books depose that Francus, founder of the monarchy of the Franks, was a son of Hector; the name of Hector has always maintained its ground in the nation, and even in this very century, in which I am now writing, one of its greatest generals was called Hector de Villars. Neighbouring nations so uniformly acknowledged this truth, that Ariosto, one of the most learned among the Italians, testifies, in his *Orlando*, that the knights of Charlemagne contended in fight for the helmet of Hector. In fine, an unanswerable proof is, that the ancient Franks, in order to perpetuate the memory of the Trojans their ancestors, built a new town of Troy in Champagne; and these new Trojans have constantly retained so great an aversion for the Greeks, their enemies, that there are not, at this very day, four of these Champagnese who will condescend to learn the Greek language. They even carry the matter so far as carefully to prevent any Jesuit from coming among them, no doubt because they have heard that some members of that body formerly expounded Homer to the young *litterati* of their country."

Probably such arguments would be exceedingly effective at Pekin and at Tobolsk; but some other *savant* would prostrate the edifice by proving that the Parisians

are descended, not from the Trojans, but from the Greeks. "For," he would say, "the chief president of one of the tribunals of Paris was called *Achille de Harlay*. *Achille* certainly comes from the Greek *Achilles*, and *Harlay* comes from *Aristos*, merely changing *istos* into *lay*. The *Champs Elysées*, still to be found at the city gate, and Mount Olympus, still to be seen near Mézières, are monuments to which the most determined incredulity must bow. Besides, all the customs of Athens are preserved in Paris: tragedies and comedies *there* receive their doom, pronounced with as much levity as was exercised on similar occasions by the Athenians. Generals are *there* crowned on the stage just as the Athenian leaders were crowned at Athens; and, in short, Marshal Saxe publicly received, from an actress, a crown which he certainly would never have obtained at the cathedral. The Parisians have *academies*, which are derived from those of Athens; they have an *ecclesiastical* establishment, a *liturgy*, *parishes*, *dioceses*; all Greek inventions, all names derived from the Greek. The very diseases of the Parisians are Greek: *apoplexy*, *phthisis*, *peripneumony*, *cachexy*, *dysentery*, *jealousy*, and so forth."—It must be confessed that this reasoning would greatly weigh against the authority of the learned personage who has just demonstrated that we are a Trojan colony.

These two opinions, again, would be disputed by other profound antiquaries. Some would shew that we are Egyptians, inasmuch as the worship of Isis was established at the village of Issy, on the road from Paris to

Versailles. Others would prove that we are Arabians, as the words *almanac*, *alembic*, *algebra*, and *admiral*, denote us to be. The Chinese and Siberian sages would be much puzzled how to decide, and would conclude by leaving us for just what we are.

It seems that men must be content with this state of uncertainty as to the origin of all nations. It is with nations as it is with families: there are many German barons who trace their descents in a right line from Arminius; and a genealogy was made up for Mahomet, which deduced him from Abraham and Hagar.

So the house of the ancient czars of Russia came from the king of Hungary, Bela; Bela from Attila; Attila from Turck, the ancestor of the Huns; and Turck was a son of Japhet. His brother, Russ, founded the throne of Russia; another brother, named Camari, set up his rest near the Wolga.

* * * * *

Many grave personages have exactly followed these affiliations with the same sagacity with which they discovered that Peru was peopled by the Japanese.—History has long been written in this way, which, by-the-bye, is not the manner in which it was penned by the President de Thou, or Rapin de Thoyras. Y.

Jocis,
Ludoque dictus non Sat idoneus.
Horace.

Unfit
For sprightly jokes, or sportive wit.

Mr. EDITOR,

It is my hard hap to receive an annual invitation from an old

gentleman, a distant relation of mine, to spend every Christmas at his Hall, in a northern county. This compliment I am never at liberty to refuse; as his estate being very large, and himself too far advanced in life to give any apprehensions of matrimony, my family have built great hopes and expectations on his partiality for me. That you may understand the nature of my misfortunes, it is necessary to inform you, that he is one of that race of men, called Country 'Squires; who having been deprived of the advantages of a liberal education, by the foolish fondness of his parents, which occasioned them always to keep him in their sight, professes to hold *book-learning* in the greatest contempt. Hence he takes no small pleasure to overthrow the arguments advanced by the parson of the parish in its favour, by alleging its inefficacy to enrich a man, which he exemplifies in the poverty of his opponent; and adds with a triumphant sneer, that "*if his learning would get him a good living, he would say something.*" In short, Sir, this talent of *joking*, is the grievance of which I complain; for when the old gentleman is once in the humour, he is apt to be unmercifully waggish; an event which never fails to take place on the day of my arrival.

I would you could see us, as we sit round the table in the great hall; you might then possibly form some idea of my miserable situation. It is necessary for your proper information, to premise, that the company on that day always consists of the 'Squire, with his feet in flannel, (the gout, like myself, usually paying its annual visit about this time;)—

the parson of the parish, who is always invited to welcome me, and two nieces of the 'Squire, who have passed some years with him, not much to the advantage of their education, and are dizzed out on this occasion in all their finery.

Having for several years been accustomed to sustain a very regular fire of wit all the first evening of my arrival, and knowing from experience the order in which the jokes succeed each other, I can now nearly bear the battle without flinching. The first attack is made, as the parson terms it, *a posteriori*, by desiring a cushion to be brought for me to sit down upon; one of his nieces, with a suitable grin on her countenance, enquires the reason, as in duty bound, for which she is referred to me; and on my protesting my ignorance of it, the old gentleman's right eye instantly assumes an arch leer at the company, while with a composed gravity he enquires of me, "*Whether birch grows pretty plentifully about Eton?*" This question is immediately followed by an ungovernable he! he! from the young ladies, and a sly "*I warrant ye!*" from the parson. The 'Squire having for a time retained his gravity, at length, as if quite overcome by the force of his own wit, gives himself up to a loud and tumultuous vociferation. This grand volley of wit, with the scattered small shot that follow, concerning *Great home consumption of the article; great demand for pickle, diachylon, &c. &c.* generally fills up the space before dinner. That joke indeed about the similitude of *our arms* to the American, namely *thirteen stripes*, did, the first time of hearing, occasion me

to laugh heartily ; the second recital provoked a smile ; but I am now grown so callous by dint of frequent repetition, that I can hear it without moving a muscle of my countenance.

At dinner my troubles begin afresh. The very dishes are calculated to furnish out a set of witticisms. The leg of mutton he supposes he may help me to, as he dares to say that I never heard of any such thing at Eton ; the boiled fowls he conjectures to be too common food for me ; and he declares himself not without apprehensions, that I may find fault with the poorness of his wines, being accustomed to drink none but the choicest elsewhere. During the interval between the first and second course, it is easy to perceive that there has been some little plan concerted for my surprise or mortification. Every nose in company has a forefinger applied to it to enforce secrecy ; and every eye is fixed on my countenance, to enjoy the transports, which I am expected to discover at the entrance of a *plumb pudding* of immoderate size ; half of which is immediately transferred to my plate, accompanied with sundry wise cautions, to lose no time, and not to be too modest. While in my own defence, I am endeavouring to make away with some little portion of it, the 'Squire declares he thought he should surprise me ; and on my disclaiming any such surprise, an appeal is made to the rest of the company, by whom it is unanimously resolved, that, when the pudding made its appearance, I betrayed the strongest symptoms of rapturous admiration.

Finding it in vain to contend,

I now resign myself to my fate ; nor long the time, before the old gentleman's countenance begins to undergo various revolutions, which seem to prognosticate some stroke of uncommon pleasantry :—and at the appearance of a dish of pippins, I prepare myself with Christian patience for the *good story*, which I am assured I have never heard before, namely, “ *a full and true account of his being caught in Farmer Dobson's orchard, stealing, as it might be, just such apples as these, when he was just about my age.*” It is now just fourteen years since I first heard this story ; and every one of the fourteen times of telling it, he has, with wonderful facility, adapted it to my comprehension, by contriving to be “ *just about my age*” when the adventure happened. The tale being told, it is customary for one of his nieces to ask me in a whisper, “ if I don't think him monstrous funny ?” on my assenting to it, I am informed, that “ *he has some such comical stories I can't think, and that she will get him to tell me how old Dixon tricked the Londoner.*” Nor is it without an infinite number of protestations, that I am able to make her sensible of my perfect acquaintance with all the circumstances of that notable history, and to dissuade her from a courtesy so superfluous.

After some short respite, I perceive the old gentleman begins to grow waggish again, and am soon desired to stand up and measure heights with the young ladies. As I am some years older than they, I have been regularly found some inches taller every time of measure-

ment; and this circumstance has, as regularly produced one wink of the 'Squire's right eye, and two several repetitions of the old proverb, that "*Ill weeds grow apace.*"

Next follows my examination by the parson, touching the proficiency which I have made;—prefaced indeed by the 'Squire's declaring himself willing to wager any thing on *my knowing all about it as well as the best of them.* During the ceremony he usually falls asleep, and on waking takes the opportunity to have a fling at the parson, by asking significantly—"whether I am too *hard for him?*"

But in short, Mr. Editor, I lament my inability to give you a perfect idea of this character, which however I am persuaded is not very uncommon. There are, no doubt, many, who in the same manner, aim at the reputation of *wits*, without any advantages either of natural abilities, or acquired understanding. On such as these I could wish you to bestow some advice, for the correction of their ignorant pretensions, and the amendment of their erroneous opinions. Tell then these good people, how widely mistaken they are in supposing, that the mind of youth, like the vegetation of the wall-nut-tree, is quickened by blows in its advances to maturity. Tell them, that the waters of Helicon do not flow with *brine*; nor are the laurel and the birch so intimately interwoven in the chaplets of the Muses, as they are willing to believe. Tell them also, that an increase of *knowledge* does not necessarily bring with it a proportionable increase of *appetite*; and that the being

able to read a Roman author with facility, does not justify the supposition of an immoderate desire for *toast and butter*, and an insatiable craving for *plumb-pudding*. Remind them, that these, and all similar jokes which they are pleased to make use of on these occasions, have been made the same use of at least fifty times before. Advise them to reflect how often they themselves, on the same subjects, at stated opportunities, have reiterated those regular *bon mots* and trite conceits; how often given vent to the same strain of annual wag-gery, to the same sallies of periodical facetiousness: and let them know, that as they have but little to boast of on the score of novelty, they have as little on that of humour. If on the repetition of their witticisms, a grin takes possession of the countenance of their auditors, warn them that they mistake not the sneer of ridicule for the smile of approbation; and hint to them, that though, by the respect or diffidence of those at whose expence it pleases them to be merry, they may be secured from being rendered openly ridiculous, they may still be liable and likely to become secretly contemptible.—I am, Sir,

Your's, &c. &c.

B.

POET'S CORNER.

— "neque est ignobile carmen."

VIR.

— DURING the reign of James II. a very ludicrous poem was printed. It fills a thick quarto, has neither plan, connection, nor

moral, neither measure nor rhyme, nor can the smallest conjecture be formed as to its meaning. Yet none can dip into it, (for probably none ever read it through) without convincing himself that the author ("R. D." in the title page; supposed to be a Dr. Dixon) is a good classical scholar, a master of several languages, and possessed of an uncommon degree of historical, geographical, and astronomical science. The book is very little known, two or three specimens of its contents are annexed.

Oportet imperatorem mori stantem;
Oportet oratorem mori orantem;
Sed melius est amare amantem.
Εἰς Βασιλέως, εἰς Κολίπυρος ἔστω.

States or Commonwealths be gone,
Præsto!

Monarchy is the best manifesto.

"Oderint dum metuant," the tyrant roars;

Keep in subjection, not destroy the boors.

Thieves! Murderers! Witches! burn 'em! stone 'em!

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum!"

Gavelkind, "de hæreditate dividenda,"

To younger brothers, "Familia eriscenda,

"Take your congé, make your leg,

"To them that have brought you to beg.

"If you be of a good constitution,

"Rob all you can, and make no restitution,

"Take all good turns, and make no retribution."

At the North Pole 'twill be made to appear,

That whales are cheap, sprats are dear;

Crabs, shrimps, cockles, oysters,

Like friars and nuns, are shut up in cloysters,

Till turn'd out by tyrannous roysters.

A diaphanous, obolous, globulous glass,

Representing whatever was,
Hangs in the centre of the brain,
To which all species flock amain.

Tell me, or you shall be suspended,
Whether spirits be extended?

How wise Apuleius was,
With his philosophic ass?

A dream put Aristotle out of breath,
A meteor, he said, 'twixt life and death.

"An quid sit frustra? An datur vacuum?"

"Fill the pot, Edy! Supernaculum."
A blazing star's a rare spectaculum!

Take off your cups, for so we read it,
"Os homini sublime dedit."

"Anima tota in toto, sed qua arte?"

"Et tota in qualibet parte."

Cut off a leg, cut off an arm,

It does the soul no harm;

Because it is such an elf,

As can shrink into itself.

An attempt to translate the sublime passage in the tragedy of *Athalie*:—

Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,

Sçai aussi des mechants arrêter les complots,

Soumis avec respêt à sa volonté sainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, & je n'ai point d'autre crainte.

"He, whose commands the stormy billows rein,

"The wicked's wily councils can restrain;

"His holy will, submissive I revere,
"And fearing God, disclaim all other fear."

P.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank A. P. for his valuable contributions.

We would recommend "Timon of Athens" to retouch his "impromptu"—it is capable of much improvement.

To "our assured friend" we have addressed a second letter.

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THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex ripto vivens.

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A DESCRIPTION OF THAT BRANCH OF THE LITHO- GRAPHIC ART, CALLED TRANSFEROGRAPHY.

In our sixteenth number, we presented to the notice of our readers, a short memoir of Lithography, with a description of its *peculiar* advantages; but our chief object was to point

out the capability of the art for the *general* purposes of embellishment and illustration.

"There are," says an eminent artist, "certain local energies peculiar to every branch of engraving. He who should endeavour in mezzotinto or the chalk manner, to rival the playful freedom and original taste displayed in the trees of Vivares, would find himself as much mistaken in his aims, as he who on *stone* should attempt to render the delicate blandishments, or produce a complete abstract of the full harmony of Correggio or Claude. On the other hand, Lithography is far more capable of producing a faithful transcript of slight sketchy drawings, than the powers of the graver and aquafortis united on copper, and affords the most efficient means of multiplying *such drawings*; this," he adds, "is the boundary of its aim"—until now we considered it to be so. That Lithography was calculated beyond any art at present known, to render a faithful *fac simile* of a painter's *sketch*, was well known to us all; but, of its power to multiply his *finished performances*, we confess we should have been sceptical, had not the experiment, to the successful result of which we are indebted for the frontispiece of our present number, convinced us of its reality.

We therefore venture to call the attention of our readers to this newly-discovered branch of the art, called Transferography, or the art of transferring writing or engravings. The practice of this art has been hitherto confined to the transfer of drawings or writing from one *stone* to another, or from the surface of pa-

per prepared by a chemical process for the reception of a Lithographic drawing; but by the recent experiments of Messrs. Chater, it has been rendered capable of transferring, at the expence of a few minutes labour only, the drawing of a copper-plate engraving, and durably transfixing it on the polished surface of a calcareous stone, from which, by the Lithographic process, impressions can be printed equal to the copper-plate, at a less expence and with much greater facility. We have compared the copies printed from the rolling press, with those of the transferographic, but are unable to decide which style of printing has the power of imparting the greater effect. In delineation of light and shade, the copper-plate impressions are perhaps the most effective, but in softness of tone and richness of effect the transferographic are decidedly superior. By the latter process from *six* to *eight* copies may be taken at the same time; by the former only *one*—and the transfer will render from *ten* to *one hundred thousand proof impressions*!—while from copper only from *one* to *two* thousand can be obtained, when the plate becomes so much worn, as to require a new engraving, or the original plate to be re-touched, at an expence nearly equal to the first cost. This defect Transferography remedies and furnishes a more expeditious mode of printing than has hitherto been known; it saves much time, labour, and expence, and is particularly applicable to those publications, whose circulation requires an extraordinary supply of numbers. We have at-

tempted to give our readers a faint sketch of this ingenious and valuable art, and have no doubt that the public will duly appreciate and patronise this branch of Lithography, which has been thus fostered, and we may almost add, matured, under the able and indefatigable management of Messrs. Chater and Co. W. F.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

(GRAY'S LETTERS, NO. 3.)

Tivoli, May 20, 1740.

THIS day being in the palace of his Highness the Duke of Modena, he laid his most serene commands upon me to write to Mr. West, and said he thought it for his glory, that I should draw up an inventory of all his most serene possessions for the said West's perusal.—

Imprimis, a house, being in circumference a quarter of a mile, two-feet, and an inch; the said house containing the following particulars, to wit, a great room; item, another great room; item, a bigger room; item, another room; item, a vast room; item, a sixth of the same; a seventh ditto; an eighth as before; a ninth as abovesaid; a tenth (see No. 1.); item, ten more such, besides twenty besides, which not to be particular we shall pass over. The said rooms contain nine chairs, two tables, five stools, and a cricket. From whence we shall proceed to the garden, containing two millions of superfine laurel hedges, a clump of cypress trees, and half the river Teverone. Finis. Dame Nature desired me to put in a list of her little goods and chattels, and, as they were small, to be very minute about them.

She has built here three or four little mountains, and laid them out in an irregular semi-circle; from certain others behind, at a greater distance, she has drawn a canal, into which she has put a little river of her's called the Anio; she has cut a huge cleft between the two innermost of her four hills, and there she has left it to its own disposal; which she has no sooner done, but, like a heedless chit, it tumbles head-long down a declivity fifty feet perpendicular, breaks itself all to shatters, and is converted into a shower of rain, where the sun forms many a bow, red, green, blue and yellow. To get out of our metaphors without any further trouble, it is the finest sight in the world. The weight of that quantity of waters, and the force with which they fall, have worn the rocks, they throw themselves among into a thousand irregular craggs, and to a vast depth. In this channel it goes boiling along with a mighty noise till it comes to another steep, where you see it a second time come roaring down (but first you must walk two miles farther) a greater height than before, but not with that quantity of waters; for by this time it has divided itself, being crossed and opposed by the rocks into four different streams, each of which, in emulation of the great one, will tumble down too; and it does tumble down, but not from an equally elevated place; so that you have at one view all these cascades intermixed with groves of olives and little woods, the mountains rising behind them; and on the top of one (that which forms the extremity of one of the half-circle's horns) is

seated the tower itself. At the very extremity of that extremity, on the brink of the precipice, stands the Sybil's temple; the remains of a little rotunda, surrounded with its portico, above half of whose beautiful Corinthian pillars are still standing and entire; all this on one hand. On the other, the open Campagna of Rome; here and there a little castle on a hillock, and the city itself on the very brink of the horizon, indistinctly seen (being 18 miles off) except the dome of St. Peter's; which, if you look out of your window where-ever you are, I suppose you can see. I did not tell you that a little below the first fall, on the side of the rock and hanging over that torrent, are little ruins which they shew you for Horace's house, a curious situation to observe the

"Præceps Anio, et Tiburna lucus,
et uda

"Mobilibus pomaria rivis."

Mæcenas did not care for such a noise, it seems, and built him a house (which they also carry one to see) so situated that it sees nothing at all of the matter, and for any thing he knew, there might be no such river in the world. Horace had another house on the other side of the Teverone, opposite to Mæcenas's; and they told us there was a bridge of communication, by which "andava il detto Signor per trastullarsi coll istesso Orazio." In coming hither we crossed the Aquæ Albulæ, a vile little brook, that stinks like a fury, and they say it has stunk so this thousand years. I forget the Piscina of Quintilius Varus, where he used to keep certain little fishes. This is very entire, and there is a piece of the aque-

duct that supplied it too; in the garden below is old Rome, built in little, just as it was, they say. There are seven temples in it, and no houses at all: They say there were none.

(To be continued.)

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCH.

(Continued from our last.)

Foundation of St. Alban's Abbey.

IN 795, Offa the eleventh king of the Mercians, married Queenrid, kinswoman to the French king Charlemagne the Great; who for some offence was banished his realm, and being put into a boat without sail or tackle, and arriving on the coast of England, was relieved by Offa, who fell so deeply in love with her, that against the will of his parents, he married her, she being proud, cruel and ambitious, as appears by the sequel; for Ethelbert, king of the East Angles, a religious Prince, coming to the court of king Offa to desire his daughter in marriage, with a train suitable to his quality, Queenrid, envious of his grandeur, persuaded her husband that he had some treacherous design; so he with his council contrived his destruction, by causing him to fall into a deep pit under his chair of state, and then being alone, one Gimbert bound him, and struck off his head, which he presented to the king and queen: thus was an innocent prince murdered. But divine justice followed the murderers, for the queen died in three months, being so tormented in her sickness, that she bit her tongue to pieces, which had been the instrument of this barbarity; and Offa being afterwards convinced of the

king's innocence, and the heinousness of the fact, gave the tenth part of his goods to the church, and built the Abbey of St. Alban's, and other monasteries, and then went in penance to Rome, when he gave the church of St. Peter, a penny from every house in his dominions, afterwards called Rome-shot, or Peter's-pence, and at last was transformed from a king to a monk. Thus the Almighty punished not only them, but the whole land for this horrid murder, in being made the Pope's vassals, for the clergy seldom parting with any thing they get, the English were forced to pay this unjust tax many hundred years after; the king and his son also died within a year, whereby that kingdom was translated from the Mercians to the West-Saxons.

BURTON.

ON GOVERNMENTS.

(Continued from No. 17.)

FROM the preceding short review of the antient governments, it may be collected, that neither Greeks nor Romans had any idea of that mixed form, which comprehends the seemingly irreconcilable principles of monarchical despotism, and republican freedom; unless the kings and Ephori of Sparta may be included in that denomination. The feudal system, which succeeded the downfall of the Roman empire, gave the first rude outline of the fabric; as appears from the compact between the king and his barons, and the tenures on which they held their fiefs. We here see an acknowledged sovereign, and an order of nobility, who stipulate to perform certain services, on consideration of the

grant of particular lands or privileges. The king on his side promises to observe these privileges inviolate; and in case of the non-performance of the contract,* the one side has the liberty of seeking redress by force of arms; the other forfeits his fief, as he has not complied with the tenure by which he held it. The nobles, after the performance of these services, are totally independent; and the sovereign can be considered in no other light than as a head of a powerful confederacy, united by their common interest. This is only the rude outline of monarchical and aristocratical power. The people were then in such a miserable state of bondage, that so far from claiming any right to a share in the legislature, they were considered by their lords as mere cattle; they had not even the liberty of removing from one country to another without express permission. After the lapse of some centuries, the king, unable to restrain his factious barons by his own power, perceived the necessity of counter-balancing their influence by an opposite interest. To this politic scheme we owe the institution of free cities, boroughs, and corporations; which by diffusing the spirit of liberty, were the original cause of dispelling the darkness which hung over Europe for ages; this too, seems the first attempt to distinguish the people as a distinct body under a monarchy. To mark the different gradations from the first

* There is a remarkable instance of this in the case of the antient Spanish Grandees: vide Dr. Robertson's preface to his History of Charles the Fifth, from whom most of the observations on the feudal system are taken.

imperfect sketch, to the finished plan might fill a volume. To the reader who wishes to be more amply informed on this interesting subject, the author before-mentioned will be a copious source of information. He may convince himself of what has been advanced, by an example existing at this moment; I mean the empire of Germany, whose constitution is still strictly feudal. The emperor is still elective, though the crown has been so long secured to the house of Austria; the different Electors and Princes of the Empire are absolute in their own dominions; and the only places where the people have any influence, are in the imperial or free cities.

But here, as on all other occasions, I should wish to avoid the error into which many ingenious men have fallen by too much refinement. Instead of surveying the transactions of past ages calmly and impartially; instead of placing themselves, as far as they are able in the same situation, and considering the different passions, which influenced them, thereby judging of the causes which produced their corresponding effects; they behold them through the medium of the prejudices or principles which education or the colour of the times they live in, have produced, and attribute the refinement of modern times to the barbarism of the first ages. It is not to be supposed, that when men first paid a voluntary obedience to him, whom they considered as the father of his family, that obedience resulted from the consideration of the necessity of legal subordination, or that when the chieftain of a barbarous nation, and his barons, raised the

rude structure of feudal government, they reflected on the balance of power so necessary to the regulation of a well-formed state. The first, by a kind of instinctive veneration obeyed him, whom from his infancy he had been taught to revere as the father of his race; the latter, interested, and uninfluenced by patriotic principles, knew no other motive than the love of plunder and rapine; he fought, not for others, but himself; he exacted the price of his toil with unrelenting rigour; and in pursuing, as he thought the best means to secure his own possessions, he unknowingly laid the foundation of a better institution. From this reasoning it is not to be concluded, that in a more polished period men did not guard their liberties by laws expressly calculated for that purpose. Holland and England are strong instances to the contrary; since the laws of both, were framed at a time, when society was in a more advanced period; and consequently such political refinement might be attributed to them without incurring the charge of absurdity.

From this view we may see, that as monarchy may degenerate into tyranny, aristocracy into oligarchy, and democracy into anarchy, that constitution which can unite the various excellencies of each without the defects, will approach nearest to perfection. To expatiate on a subject, which has filled volumes, would be useless; and I only wish to add a few remarks to the number of those which have been already made. England, from the peculiarity of her constitution, is placed in a very singular situation. We have seen

the liberties of the nations around us gradually sinking, whilst our own have as gradually been increased and strengthened, from the very blows which seemed to threaten their destruction; they are not the sickly productions of the moment, but the vigorous offspring of time and wisdom. England is at present the only Monarchy, where the regal power is under any limitation. In speaking of our constitution, the fault of too much refinement has frequently been incurred, the antiquity of the parliament has been carried beyond its due bounds, even to the Saxon æra; and the constitution supposed to have existed almost in its present form, from the date of *Magna Charta*. That famous deed, it is true, is the grand foundation on which we have built our system: but in its original intent, it only secured the privileges of the Barons, without any consideration of the people. The cautious policy of Henry the Seventh, first gave any weight to the Commons, in this nation; but his imperious son effectually checked their growing influence, and kept them in the most servile subjection: and Elizabeth, who with the pride, had imbibed the despotic principles of her father, did not allow them a greater latitude. Under the mild and pacific administration of James, the Commons acquired a greater degree of importance than they had hitherto been accustomed to; but even then it was not usual to assemble the parliament as a regular part of the legislature, except when the king demanded any supplies. In the reign of the unfortunate Charles, they assumed a bolder tone, de-

nied the king's power of taxation without their consent; and in the famous Petition of Rights, insisted on being regularly assembled once in three years. From this æra we may date the existence of our constitution in its present form. The limits between the regal prerogative and popular privileges, were exactly ascertained; the due balance between the three estates of King, Lords, and Commons was fixed; and no further room for alteration or dispute left. The last and finishing stroke was the Bill of Rights, confirmed by William the Third, after the expulsion of James the Second. These rights and privileges it is our good fortune to enjoy unimpaired; and may they be transmitted to future ages, as perfect as we have received them. A.

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

I HEARTILY pity those who are not Christians--if it be only because they know not how to enjoy the Sabbath. To those who still value our religion, and observe its ceremonial injunctions, I appeal, whether there be any thing more soberly delightful than the recurrence of the day of rest with all its concomitants. With *them* the Sunday forms a complete *hiatus* in the volume of care. They rise in the morning after the fatigues and harassments of the week, with a consciousness that the day on which it has dawned will be to them a day of ease and quiet; that all its occupations will be free from weariness; and that the mind will be brought into communion with the Almighty Protector, and soar above the petty vexations of this world.

This is a morning prospect which the infidel cannot taste.

A careless observer will be but little interested in the crowds which pour along the streets of the metropolis an hour before noon on the Sabbath day, but I am always delighted to reflect that they have one common object: that they are going with one consent to render thanks for benefits received, and to intreat pardon for the past, and protection for the future. In a few minutes the summoning bells have ceased, the streets are empty, and the pealing organ announces that the servant of God has entered the temple to commence the public duties of the day.

But it is *in the country* that I most enjoy the Sunday. Some years ago I escaped for a few Autumnal weeks, from London, to visit a valued friend, the squire of a village in the west of England, where as yet the names of reformers and freethinkers had not been uttered.—The first Sunday after my arrival, was a beautiful day. I well remember its leading occurrences. My friend was an unostentatious observer of all the forms of devotion; and the whole of his family, the servants, and myself assembled before breakfast, to offer up our morning orisons together. Our morning meal finished, I slipped off alone, that I might make my observations uninterrupted, to the church-yard. The village was formerly a place of greater importance than I found it at that period; and the church which was large and lofty, possessed many architectural and sepulchral beauties demonstrating the former wealth, power, and riches

of its surrounding parishioners. It rests on an eminence, from whence I could see the church paths leading through the meadows around, bestudded with straggling groups of villagers, winding their way to the centre point where I was standing.—After making my round among the “narrow houses” of departed mortality without, I entered the church to examine the more gaudy memorials within. The *only* gallery was filled with young and old men and boys, some labouring at the top of their lungs in singing, and others with “cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music” in playing, the psalms selected by the parish clerk for the day. There was a slight appearance of conceit peeping forth among some of these performers, but the predominant character of the whole was an honest heartiness in the cause in which they were engaged.

Presently two or three venerable greybeard cripples, in clean white night-caps, were brought in, that they might not, by being later, disturb the congregation. After having seen these patriarchs saddle their noses, and fix their eyes on their bibles, and mused a few minutes, with great satisfaction, upon their perseverance, in spite of old age and sickness, in discharging this part of their duty, up to the latest moment possible for them in this world; I walked out into the churchyard which was now peopled with the living as well as with the dead. The sun-burnt sons and daughters of labor in apparel—homely—but clean to a nicety, with countenances unclouded by care, form-

ed an intellectual contrast to the dust that surrounded them, by no means melancholy, though far removed from any thing like cheerfulness.—There is the infant, lisping among its great greatgrandfathers--the ruddy virgin, not vain though not unconscious that she is the admiration of many a village swain, scarcely sighing on passing the stone which tells of beauty cut off in its prime; the man in full health and vigor almost thoughtless of mortality—the aged, seeming to have a feeling of alliance with their old companions who have preceded them but a little while.

A few years and all will be deposited where now they walk! This reflection carries with it no pain when arising so near the sacred pile into which they are about to enter. Those human beings now before me, all at least acknowledge a God and a Savior; and I am taught to believe that, frail and imperfect as they are, not one soul of them will be lost.

But my friend the Squire is arrived—He and the good curate, Mr. S. having made their circuits of kind inquiry, condolence and approbation, are entering the church. The peal has ceased, and the little bell is shrilly summoning the stragglers to hasten up.

I took my place in my friend's pew, which commanded a good view of the whole congregation. The Sunday school children lined the principal aisle; and the church, though not full, presented an appearance far from desolate.

And now the scuffling of feet and the shutting of pew doors had ceased; the performers in the singing gallery had finished

their rehearsal, and all was profoundly still—Mr. S. paused a second or two, missing yet some of his flock—Aye! there comes young Thompson in his yellow buckskins, with a flaring nose-gay at his breast—He enters his seat and receives a slightly reproachful look from his father. I pursue the track of his elder sister's eyes, and they lead me to Fanny Green, who is slinking along to her pew, observed *only by the whole parish*. The service was read intelligibly, the responses were made with heartiness and firmness, and not dribbled out, mangled from between the lips, as I have heard them elsewhere. Most of the old people repeated every word of the service, absolution and all, in a kind of murmur that did not ill suit with the echoes of the building. Near the close of the morning service, the clerk, a whey faced little man with something of magisterial austerity in his countenance, quitted his desk to head the choristers in the gallery.—He sounded Amen! to the concluding prayer when half way down the aisle, and Amen! to the benediction when half way up the gallery stairs—to the surprise of no one but myself.

The harvest had been plentiful and well got in, and the sermon was one which Mr. S. had repeatedly delivered at this season of the year; for he held it better (and I think he was right) to repeat, at reasonable intervals, that of which he had proved the utility, than to risk impression for the sake of novelty. Gradually improved however under the suggestions of time and experience, it had become the most effective discourse

for such a congregation that I had then, or have since heard. Not a word of it was unintelligible to any common capacity. Mercy to sin repented of—exhortation to do well in future—to disobedience, threats, not so dense and black as to drive the poor sinner to despair, but light, and such as when passed away leave the sun of mercy to shine with redoubled splendor—exulting thanks for the bounty of Providence, so justly due at all times, but particularly at that season: these were the leading features of the discourse—It was heard throughout with attention, and was not, I am sure, without good results.

There was one novelty in the sermon—Two neighbours of the parish had been for some months at variance—They were present—The minds of both were rendered more than usually susceptible of good feelings by the leisure of the season, and the recent departure of care for the harvest. The preacher knew human nature well—He had waited the proper moment, and now made a digression *at* them, which was not made in vain. I had the satisfaction of seeing them shake hands cordially the moment they got outside the church.

The oldest man in the parish was remarkably conspicuous during the sermon.—He stood the whole time, as is not uncommon in country churches—His figure was tall, erect, and commanding. His faculties were almost entirely unimpaired—His eyes, though sunk, were piercing; his head was uncovered, and time and grief had whitened his locks to an unusual degree of brightness. He had seen much misfortune, had survived his wife and all his

progeny, and now stood alone, in the large pew which had once scarce served to contain his family. Never shall I forget the glorious expressions of resignation, hope, and gratitude, which beamed by turns in his countenance as the preacher touched upon human liability to woe, upon the joys of another world, and the goodness of God even in this. The old man's hand which hung over the door of his seat, beat time to his feelings—I could almost have read the discourse in his person alone.

One member of the congregation gave me particular pleasure—This was no other than a robin, who it seems was an old acquaintance of the parish—His twitterings were occasionally a little ill timed, though they appeared to create no disturbance; but with me he made ample amends by the rest of his conduct. As soon as his brother musicians, my friends in the gallery, began their anthems, he perched, rather unceremoniously, upon the head of a cherub represented in the act of singing, and, as far as I could judge by his gesture, and not unaptly, gave voice to the stone, and joined in praise. He afterwards during one of the most exalted flights of the preacher most opportunely threw himself down upon the canopy over the pulpit. Could an enthusiastic observer then refrain from raising him into a representative of the emblematic dove?

After service the school children were questioned as to their recollections of what had been said, and answered satisfactorily.

The Squire and I strolled to several of the cottages round, and witnessed the glee with

which their inhabitants partook of their plain meal.—We soon sat down to our own; for my friend made it a rule to attend the church twice on a Sunday, and so divide the day as not, by dining *after* the second attendance, to make the afternoon, a second morning, service. Our dinner was unusually plentiful. I had observed some of the old, the lame, and the blind, waiting with platters in their hands, by the kitchen door. Before the Squire would assist one at his own table, all the platters were heaped with substantial food, carved by himself from the joint before him.

We attended the afternoon service, which was concluded (judiciously in my opinion) without a sermon. In the evening we walked out to see the cottagers in the full plenitude of quiescent enjoyment; and, after a light supper, and offering up our thanks for the comforts of the day, we retired to rest.—My dreams were of good men and Heaven. A. P.

SINGULAR LOCAL CUSTOMS IN SEVERAL PARTS OF ENGLAND.

Rochford, Essex.—At King's Hill, about half a mile north-east of Rochford Church, is held what is called the *Lawless Court*, a whimsical custom, the origin of which is not known. On Wednesday morning next after Michaelmas-day, the tenants are bound to attend upon the first cock crowing, and to kneel and do their homage, without any kind of light but such as the heavens afford. The steward of the court calls all such as are

bound to appear, with as low a voice as possible; giving no notice when he goes to execute his office; however, he that gives not an answer is deeply fined.—They all whisper to each other; nor have they any pen and ink, but supply that deficiency with a coal, and he that owes suit and service, and appears not, forfeits to the lord of the manor double his rent, every hour he is absent. A tenant of this manor forfeited not long ago, his land for non-attendance, but was restored to it, the lord only taking a fine.

Chingford, Essex.—In this parish there is an estate of 24*l.* per annum holden of the Rector.—Upon every alienation, the owner of the estate, with his wife, manservant, and maid-servant, on a horse come to the parsonage; where the owner does his homage and pays the relief, in the following manner: he blows three blasts with his horn, and carries a hawk on his fist; his servant has a greyhound in a slip, both for the use of the Rector for that day. He receives a chicken for his hawk, a peck of oats for his horse, and a loaf of bread for his greyhound. They all dine; after which the master again blows three blasts with his horn, and they all depart.

Queen's College, Oxford.—Among other singular customs of this college, one is that of calling the students to dinner and supper every day by the sound of the trumpet; another is, having a boar's head, on Christmas-day, ushered in with great solemnity, when an old Monkish song is chaunted.

They tell us by tradition, that the wood in which this college was formerly situated, was in-

fested by a wild boar, which was the terror of all the neighbourhood. One day a scholar having strayed into the wood, meditating on *Aristotle's Logic*, with the book in his hand, he perceived the boar making towards him. As Logic is a science which does not elevate the passions, the scholar awaited his approach with great composure, and as he was going to attack him, thrust *Aristotle* down his throat, which immediately choaked him. This victory over the boar is commemorated by a boar's head, which is carried in procession round the hall, every Christmas-day, accompanied with a kind of carol.

Christ Church College.—The great bell called *Tom*, belonging to this college, is one of the largest in the kingdom. It is sounded every night at nine, to call the students home to their respective apartments. The manner of sounding this bell is somewhat singular; it is effected only by pushing the clapper against the sides; but it may be heard at the distance of several miles. It has not been rung since Queen Anne paid a visit to the university. If we believe tradition, all the windows of the college were then broken, and all the beer in the town turned sour. R.

(To be continued.)

PORTRAIT OF A COUNTRY SQUIRE OF FORMER DAYS.

THE celebrated Mr. Hastings of Dorsetshire was of low stature, but strong and active, of a ruddy complexion, with flaxen hair. His *clothes* were always of *green-cloth*; his house was of the old fashion, in the middle of

a large park, well stocked with *deer, rabbits, and fish-ponds*. He had a long narrow *bowling-green* in it, and used to play with round sand bowls. Here too he had a banquetting-room built, like a stand, in a *large tree*! He kept all sorts of *hounds* that ran *buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger*; and had *hawks* of all kinds, both long and short-winged. His great hall was commonly strewn with *marrow-bones*, and full of *hawk-perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers*. The upper end of it was hung with *fox-skins*, of this and the last year's killing. Here and there a *pole-cat* was intermixed; and hunter's poles in great abundance. The parlour was a large room, completely furnished in the same style. On a broad hearth, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest *terriers, hounds, and spaniels*. One or two of the great chairs had litters of *cats* in them, which were not to be disturbed. Of these, three or four always attended him at dinner, and a little white wand lay by his trencher to defend it, if they were too troublesome. In the windows, which were very large, lay his *arrows, cross-bows, and other accoutrements*. The corners of the room were filled with his best hunting and hawking-poles. His *oyster-table* stood at the lower end of the room, which was in constant use twice a day, all the year round; for he never failed to eat oysters both at dinner and supper; with which the neighbouring town of Pool supplied him. At the upper end of the room stood a small table with a double desk, one side of which held a church bible, the other the book of martyrs. On different tables in the room lay *hawks-*

hoods, bells, old hats, with their crowns thrust in, full of pheasants eggs, tables, dice, cards, and stores of tobacco-pipes. At one end of his room was a door, which opened into a closet, where stood bottles of strong beer and wine, which never came out but in single glasses, which was the rule of the house; for he never exceeded himself, nor permitted others to exceed. Answering to this closet, was a door into an old chapel, which had been long disused for devotion; but in the *pulpit*, as the *safest place*, was always to be found a cold chine of beef, a gammon of bacon, or a great apple-pie, with thick crust, well baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. The sports supplied all, but beef and mutton, except on Fridays, when he had the best of *fish*. He never wanted a London pudding; and he always sang it in with "my part lies Mer-cin—a." He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; put syrup of gilly-flowers into his *sack*; and had always a tun glass of small beer standing by him, which he often *stirred about* with *rosemary*. He lived to be an hundred, and never lost his eye-sight, nor used spectacles. He got on horse-back without help, and rode to the death of the stag, till he was past four-score.

THE MISCELLANY.

"Rebus et ordine dispar."—HOR.

"*Turba Clientium.*"

A Crowd of Correspondents.

ADVICE, however earnestly sought, however ardently soli-

cited, if it does not coincide with a man's own opinions—if it tends only to investigate the improprieties, to correct the criminal excesses of his conduct, to dissuade from a continuance, and to recommend a reformation of his errors, seldom answers any other purpose than to put him out of humour with himself, and to alienate his affections from the adviser.

In our endeavours to discover the true opinion of our FRIENDS with regard to ourselves, our lucubrations, and gleanings, we have it is true encountered many disagreeable truths, and have been informed of many imperfections to which we were hitherto blind—yet far from viewing the candour of open advice and the warning of friendly admonition in the light of deliberate detraction or secret calumny, we have ever endeavoured to avail ourselves of truly valuable counsel.

Although however it may be supposed that our faults would be more openly pointed out, our errors more strongly censured, our production undergo a stricter examination, and be scrutinized with less reverence and more impartiality by the PUBLIC, whose censure is not restrained by the fear of giving offence, nor praise allured by the hopes of conciliating affection; yet what profit we are to derive from the numerous strictures passed weekly upon us by such as would on the one hand, wish to correct us by counsel, and those, on the other, who would damp our exertions by discouragement, we are totally at a loss to discover.

In these strictures we are frequently amused by a fair ar-

rangement of contradictory criticisms and objections which obviate each other. Awkward imitation, and affected originality; the ostentation of reading, and the want of it, have been carped at with equal severity:—some have objected to the “*price two-pence*,” and others, to the “*præcox ingenium*,” some are offended by the arrogance of unnecessary egotism, and others sneer at the unimportance of anonymous obscurity.

As specimens of these opposite censures, we subjoin a few short letters, by which various well-meaning persons have at different times attempted our reformation:—

To the Editor of the Freebooter.

SIR,

“FROM the well executed Lithograph which embellishes each Number of your work, and its general elegant appearance, I own I expected to find much better amusement and information than it affords;—outward decoration, believe me, Sir, will not compensate for inward insipidity. Let me hope, then, Mr. Editor, you will no longer proceed on this plan, but take example by the *Mirror*, the *Bonne Bouche*, the *Hive*, the *Nic Nac*, the *Gleaner*, the *Terrific Register*, and all other such interesting publications, whose pages abound with wit.

“I am, Sir,
your's, AMICUS.”

SIR,

“I AM extremely pleased with the whole of your admirable work, and have no hesitation in declaring my opinion that it has placed you at the head

of the hebdomadal publications of the present day. I hope you will continue your selections upon the same judicious plan—I have received much pleasure from those I have already perused, and am certain that every one who views your work with candour must do the same.—I trust you will excuse the liberty I take in writing, to which I am prompted by a desire to see your little work maintain its undoubted superiority.

Your's,

VERAX.

N. B. Your plates possess also some slight degree of merit.”

SIR,

“I LIKE your work very well upon the whole—very well indeed; but pray beware of poetry—stick to prose, and you may succeed—but poetry will never do. Another thing I would advise,—give frequent extracts from the *periodical* publications of the day, and you will render your interesting miscellany more valuable in the opinion of,
CRITICUS.”

SIR,

“I MERELY write to warn you that some of your late extracts are exceedingly tedious—I allude to those from periodical publications, to which I presume most of your readers have access. Let me tell you, Sir, that *Knight's Quarterly* becomes stale by repetition—I hate even the *New Monthly* at second hand.

“By the way, I think poetry, if good, would tend to promote the sale of your work more than any thing.

Your's,

CENSOR.”

SIR, *Liverpool.*

"I WOULD suggest to you, that it would be much better to avoid the insertion of any article, from whatever quarter it may come, that is not original. I should not have presumed to offer my advice, had I not thought the success of your work in a great degree likely to be influenced by the originality and freedom from plagiarism in the articles contained in it. Besides you would always be able, by virtue of your motto to supply any vacuum that might be caused by dearth of matter. JUVENIS."

SIR, *Manchester.*

"I THOUGHT you promised from your motto, that you would confine yourself to compilation. This you have not done—in short, Sir, I would much rather that you levied contributions upon such volumes, as from their rarity or expensive nature, are not within the reach of every reader; and do not, Sir, I beseech you, incur the charge of too much presumption, by presenting your readers with the feeble efforts of a C. L., an E. E., and such obscure writers. Pillage the heroes of wit and literature of all ages—present us with examples both of antient and modern learning—but no more of your original papers, and that "au ye love me."

Your's, SENEX."

We shall not add any comment to the preceding letters, but leave them, like the *gravitation* and *centrifugal force* which the philosophers talk of, to counteract each other's tendency, and conclude our observations with a tale, which though perhaps it may be very old, enjoys a double advantage which

tales seldom do, of being extremely short and extremely *apropos* :—

"A painter of great skill and eminence, who wished to have his work as free from blemishes, and as correctly beautiful as a picture could be made, hung it up one morning in the public market-place, with a request that every one would take the trouble to mark what he thought the faulty part of the performance. Coming in the evening to carry home his picture, he was surprised and mortified to find every part of it covered with faults—not a muscle of the body or a feature of the face, but bore some sign of disapprobation.—Resolving, however, to see whether his piece was entirely destitute of beauty, he hung it up the next morning in the same place, desiring that every one would be so kind as to set some mark on what he thought the excellencies of the picture.—Coming as before in the evening to carry it away, it was not a little consolation to him to find those very parts that had before exhibited the strongest signs of dislike, now marked with the utmost encomium; to find that if he had before had reason to lament having excited universal disgust, he might now be proportionably proud of having conciliated universal admiration."

EDITOR.

POET'S CORNER.

—"neque est ignobile carmen."

VIR.

THE SEASONS.

WHEN the young year wakes up with
wreathed smiles;
While on her lamb still tends the
mother ewe;
While, till high noon, each blade is
crisp with dew;

While yet the half winter eve the book
beguiles,
And mountain sides still shew unmelted
piles;
In milder vales the birds their vows
renew,
Though leaves be small and blossoms
yet be few;
'Ere yet the sleepy snake its length
uncoils;
(Primroses sweet, and cowslips, star
the mead)
The lilac fades not; cuckoos, full-
note, sing;
The painted insect from its shell not
freed;
Nor yet the swallow rests her travelled
wing;
Nor yet the swain has formed his
rustic reed,
To pour, reclined, his love-song—then
'tis Spring.

Now o'er his loftiest arch flames, fierce,
the sun;
The parched ground opes to his
piercing ray;
The night scarce breaks the heat of
lengthened day;
Now narrowed brooks scarce murmur
as they run;
Now glowing Sirius' raging is begun,
And hissing adders haunt the dusty
way;
Motes living, undistinguished, count-
less, play
In air that seems to undulate; anon,
Falls the refreshing, fruitful, sun-
tinged shower;
Glad earth receives the boon, and,
grateful, sends
Her fragrant incense forth: the nat-
ural bower
That o'er the crystal fount its branches
bends,
And berries cool, and rest beguile
the hour
Where Summer's burning influence ex-
tends.

Come, pleasant Autumn! come, to
crown the year,
And with rich harvest bless the sun-
burnt swain!
Now, while thy sheaves bestud the
brown champain,

Buoy up the full-charged cloud, nor
foil his care.
See him, with joyous heart, the pile
uprear,
Hiding, beneath, the sturdy, spread-
ing, wain:
And now, all gathered in, and clear-
ed the plain,
See him dispense the plenteous festive
cheer:
And, oh! not yet withdraw thy sunny
smile,
Nor yet thy parting misty mantle
spread;
Give him to taste the meed of rustic
toil,
Thy latter season's leisure—and to
thread
The dance on nature's carpet—so to
while
His holiday month away, 'ere thou art
fled!

The whistling blast hurls the last dead
leaf down,
And pelts with ammunition of the
sky—
The flocks to close-roofed sheds for
shelter fly—
O'er tallest ships the hoary sea-tops
frown—
So rude the very curlew fears to
drown—
Yet in his well-thatched cottage,
warm and dry,
The season's chidings, see the swain
defy,
And the day's toils with nights of
comfort crown;
While nature's cloak the latent germ
o'erlays,
Comes joyous Christmas with his an-
tique jest!
Loud laugh the neighbours round
the billet's blaze,
Retiring late, with happy minds, to
rest,
And, even amidst thy rage, with
grateful praise
To God, stern winter! glows each ho-
nest breast.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. has our acknowledgments for
his contribution, we hope we shall
hear again from him.

THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex raptō vivens.

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THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

THE CAMERA OBSCURA is an optical machine or apparatus, representing an artificial eye, by which images of external objects, received through a double

convex glass, are shown distinctly, and in their native colors, on a white ground, placed within the machine in the focus of the glass.

X

The draughtsman, in making use of this instrument, puts his head and hands into the box through the open side (see plate), and drawing a curtain round to prevent the admission of the light, which would disturb the operation, may trace a distinct outline of the picture that appears on the bottom of the box.

The Camera Obscura was discovered by John Baptista Porta, of Naples, which throws considerable light on the nature of vision. His house was the constant resort of all the ingenious persons at Naples, whom he formed into what he called an "Academy of Secrets," each member being obliged to contribute something that was not generally known, and might be useful. By this means he was furnished with materials for his "Magia Naturalis," which contains his account of the Camera Obscura, and the first edition of which was published, as he informs us, when he was not quite fifteen years old.

Dr. Wollaston has recently invented a portable instrument for drawing in perspective, to which he has given the name of Camera Lucida.

Dr. Wollaston has himself published a description of this instrument, in *Nicholson's Philosophical Journal*, where he likewise institutes a comparison between the Camera Obscura and the Camera Lucida. The objections to the Camera Obscura are, 1st, That it is too large to be carried about with convenience. The Camera Lucida is as small and portable as can be wished. 2. In the former, all objects that are not situated near the centre of view, are more or

less distorted. In this there is no distortion; so that every line, even the most remote from the centre of view, is as straight as those through the centre. 3. In that, the field of view does not extend beyond 30° , or at most 35° , with distinctness. But in the Camera Lucida as much as 70° or 80° might be included in one view.

Dr. Wollaston remarks further, that by a proper use of the same instrument, every purpose of the pentagraph may also be answered; as a painting may be reduced in any proportion required, by placing it at a distance, in due proportion greater than that of the paper from the instrument. In this case a lens becomes requisite for enabling the eye to see at two unequal distances with unequal distinctness; and in order that one lens may suit for all these purposes, there is an advantage in varying the height of the stand according to the proportion in which the reduction is to be effected.

We have attempted to illustrate in our frontispiece, the following amusing instance of the general ignorance of the Turks, with respect to the European arts, as related in a Tour through Greece, and which we hope will enliven the more technical part of our description.—The Disdar of Athens (says our author) was very rapacious in his demands for leave to copy inscriptions, and after experiencing numerous vexations from this mercenary Turk, a ridiculous circumstance at length released us from his importunities. I was one day engaged in sketching the Parthenon, with the aid of a Camera

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

(GRAY'S LETTERS, NO. 4.)

(Concluded from our last.)

Obscura, when the Disdar, whose surprise was excited by the novelty of the sight, asked, with much inquietude, what new conjuration I was performing with that extraordinary machine?— I endeavoured to explain it, by putting in a clean sheet of paper, and making him look into the instrument; but he no sooner saw the Temple reflected on the paper, in all its lines and colours, than he imagined that I had produced the effect by some magical process: his astonishment appeared mingled with alarm, and stroking his long black beard, he repeated the words "Allah Mesch-Allah" (a term of admiration, meaning that which is made by God) several times.— He again looked into the Camera Obscura with a kind of cautious diffidence, and at that moment some of his soldiers happening to pass before the mirror, were beheld by the astonished Disdar walking on the paper:— he now became outrageous, and told me that, if I chose, I might take away the Temple and all the stones in the citadel; but that he would never permit me to conjure his soldiers into my box. Finding it vain to reason with his ignorance, I changed my tone, and told him that if he did not leave me unmolested, I would put HIM into my box, when he should find it a very difficult matter to obtain release. His alarm was now visible; he immediately retired, and ever after regarded me with a mixture of apprehension and amazement. Whenever he saw me approach the Acropolis, he carefully avoided me, and never after gave me any farther molestation."

" I AM to-day just returned from Alba, a good deal fatigued; for you know, the Appian is somewhat tiresome. We dined at Pompey's; he indeed was gone for a few days to his Tusculan, but by the care of his Villicus, we made an admirable meal. We had the dugs of a pregnant sow, a peacock, a dish of thrushes, a noble scarus just fresh from the Tyrrhene, and some conchylia of the Lake with garum sauce: for my part I never eat better at Lucullus' table. We drank half a dozen cyathi a-piece of ancient Alban to Pholoe's health; and, after bathing, and playing an hour at ball, we mounted our essedum again, and proceeded up the mount to the temple. The priests there entertained us with an account of a wonderful shower of birds-eggs, that had fallen two days before, which had no sooner touched the ground, but they were converted into gudgeons; as also that the night past, a dreadful voice had been heard out of the Adytum, which spoke Greek during a full half hour, but nobody understood it. But quitting my Romanities, to your great joy and mine, let me tell you in plain English, that we are come from Albano. The present town lies within the inclosure of Pompey's Villa in ruins. The Appian way runs through it, by the side of which, a little farther, is a large old tomb, with five pyramids upon it, which the learned suppose to be the burying-place of the

family, because they do not know whose it can be else. But the vulgar assure you it is the sepulchre of the Curiatii, and by that name (such is their power) it goes. One drives to Castel Gondolfo, a house of the Pope's, situated on the top of one of the Collinette, that forms a brim to the bason, commonly called the Alban Lake. It is seven miles round; and directly opposite to you on the other side, rises the Mons Albanus, much taller than the rest; along whose side are still discoverable (not to common eyes) certain little ruins of the old Alba Longa. They had need to be very little, as having been nothing but ruins ever since the days of Tullus Hostilius.— On its top is a house of the constable Colona's, where stood the temple of Jupiter Latialis. At the foot of the hill Gondolfo, are the famous outlets of the Lake, built with hewn stone, a mile and a half under ground. Livy, you know, amply informs us of the foolish occasion of this expence, and gives me this opportunity of displaying all my erudition, that I may appear considerable in your eyes. This is the prospect from one window of the palace. From another you have the whole Campagna, the City, Antium, and the Tyrrhene sea (twelve miles distant) so distinguishable, that you may see the vessels sailing upon it. All this is charming. Mr. Walpole says, our memory sees more than our eyes in this country; which is extremely true: since for realities, Windsor, or Richmond-hill, is infinitely preferable to Albano or Frascati. I am now at home, and going to the window to tell you it is the most

beautiful of Italian nights, which in truth are but just begun (so backward has the Spring been here, and every where else, they say.) There is a moon! there are stars for you! Do not you hear the fountain? Do not you smell the orange flowers? That building yonder is the Convent of St. Isidore; and that eminence, with the cypress trees and pines upon it, the top of M. Quirinal. This is all true, and yet my prospect is not two hundred yards in length."

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCH.

PROGRESS OF THE COMMERCE, COIN, AND SHIPPING OF BRITAIN IN THE EARLY AGES.

It is generally believed that the Phoenicians were the inventors of navigation and foreign trade, and the instructors of nations in their most useful arts.— They were the boldest and most expert mariners, the greatest and most successful merchants of antiquity. Many writers are of opinion, that this island was discovered by that adventurous people before the Trojan war, and not long after it was first inhabited by colonies from the continent of Gaul. If we could be certain that the tin, in which the Tyrians or Phoenicians traded in the days of the prophet Ezekiel, was brought from Britain, we should be obliged to embrace this opinion. But as we know that they found great quantities of tin, as well as of more precious metals in Spain, we cannot fix the æra of their arrival in Britain from this circumstance.

It is not probable that the Phoenicians planted any colonies, or built any cities in Britain and the adjacent islands, but contented themselves with making occasional voyages into those parts of the world, for the sake of trade; and this is the reason that so few vestiges of them are to be found, even in those parts of this island which they most frequented. The commodities exported by them, from this country, were lead, tin, and the skins of both wild and tame animals. Under this last article was comprehended the wool of the British sheep, which has been seen so excellent in all ages, and would be of great use to the Phoenicians in their woollen manufactures. Though the Phoenicians were immensely rich in gold and silver, yet they made no use of coin in their commerce with the people of Britain. That people had, in those times, no idea of the nature or use of money; and they profited too much by their ignorance, to take any pains to instruct them in these particulars. They acted in the same manner towards the ancient Britons, as the Europeans acted towards the people of America, on their full discovery of that country. They gave them things of small price, in exchange for their most valuable commodities.— Their imports consisted of three articles; salt, earthenware, and trinkets made of brass. The first and second of these articles were indeed useful, but of easy purchase, and were probably sold at an exorbitant rate to the unskilful Britons. The rings made of brass were chiefly of the ornamental kind, as bracelets for their arms, chains for their necks, rings

and the like, of which the Britons were remarkably fond.

The Greeks began to trade in Britain about three hundred years before the birth of Christ, and chiefly exported tin, which yielded very great profits, for this metal was long held in high estimation in all parts of the world, on account of the facility with which it was manufactured, and the various uses to which it was applied. It was even sent into India, where none of it was to be found, and where they purchased it with their most precious diamonds. Though the Britons had some iron when they were first invaded by the Romans, yet, as Cæsar observes, they had it only in very small quantities, scarce sufficient for their home consumption, and none to spare for exportation. But after the Romans had been some time settled in this island, this most useful metal became very plentiful, and made a part of the British exports. Gems, and particularly pearls, which were highly esteemed by the Romans as the most precious and excellent of all things, were exported from Britain at this period.

(To be continued.)

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE PLAGUE WHICH APPEARED AT FAZ, AND IN OTHER PARTS OF BARBARY, IN THE YEAR 1799.

IN the month of April, 1799, a dreadful plague, of a most destructive nature, broke out in the city of Old Faz, and soon after extended to the New.

This unparalleled calamity carried off one or two the first day, three or four the second,

six or eight the third, and increasing progressively, until the mortality amounted to two in a hundred of the aggregate population; it continued with unabated violence ten, fifteen, or twenty days, being of longer duration in the old, than the new town:—it then diminished in a progressive proportion from one thousand daily, to nine hundred, then to eight, and so on until it entirely disappeared. Whatever recourse was had to medicine and to physicians, was unavailing;—so that such expedients were at length totally relinquished, and the people, overpowered by the terrible scourge, lost all hopes of surviving its ravages.

Whilst it raged in the town of Mogodor, a small village (Diabet), situated about two miles south-east of that place, remained uninfected, although the communication was open between them. On the thirty-fourth day, however, after its first appearance at Mogodor, this village was discovered to have caught the disease, which spread with astonishing rapidity, making dreadful havoc among the inhabitants for twenty-one days, carrying off during that period, one hundred persons out of one hundred and thirty-three, the original population of the village, before the plague visited it: none died after this, and those who were infected recovered in the course of a month or two, some losing an eye, or the use of a leg or arm.

Many similar circumstances might be adduced relative to the numerous and populous villages dispersed through the extensive Shelluh province of Haha, all which shared a like or a worse fate. Travelling through this

province shortly after the plague had exhausted itself, I saw many uninhabited ruins which I had before witnessed as flourishing villages; on making enquiry concerning the occupiers of these dismal remains, I was informed that in one village which had contained six hundred inhabitants, four persons only had escaped the ravage. Other villages which had contained four or five hundred inhabitants, had only seven or eight survivors left to relate the calamities they had suffered. Families which had retired to the country to avoid the infection, or returning to town when all infection had apparently ceased, were generally attacked, and died:—a singular instance of this kind happened at Mogodor, where, after the mortality had subsided, a corps of troops arrived from the city of Terodant, in the province of Suse, where the plague had been raging, but had ceased;—these troops, after remaining three days at Mogodor, were attacked with the disease, and it spread exclusively among them for about a month, during which it carried off two-thirds of their original number, one hundred men. During this interval the other inhabitants of the town were exempt from the disorder, though these troops were not confined to any particular quarter, many of them having had apartments in the houses of the citizens.

The destruction of the human species in the province of Suse was considerably greater than elsewhere. Terodant, formerly the metropolis of a kingdom, lost, when the infection was at its height, about eight hundred

each day—the ruined, but still extensive city of Morocco, one thousand—the populous cities of old and new Faz diminished in population 12 or 1500 daily; insomuch, that in these extensive towns the mortality was so great, that the living having no time to bury the dead, the bodies were deposited or thrown together into large holes, which, when nearly full, were covered over with earth. All regulations in matters of sepulture before observed, were now no longer regarded; things sacred and things profane had lost their distinction, and universal despair took possession of the people. Young, healthy, and robust persons, were, for the most part, attacked first—then women and children; and lastly thin, sickly, emaciated, and old persons.

After this violent and deadly calamity had subsided, we beheld a general alteration in the fortunes and circumstances of men; persons who before the plague were common labourers, became possessed of thousands, and kept horses without knowing how to ride them. Parties of this description were to be met with every where; and the men of family called them in derision (*el wurata*) the inheritors. Provisions became cheap and abundant—the flocks and herds had been left in the fields, and there was now scarcely any one to own them;—even the propensity to plunder, so notoriously attached to the character of the Arab, as well as to the Shelluh and Moor, was superseded by a conscientious regard to justice, originating from a continual apprehension of dissolution, and the conviction that the *El khere*

(the good or benediction) as the plague was now called, was a judgment of the Omnipotent on the disobedience of man, and that it behoved every individual to amend his conduct, as a preparation for his departure for Paradise.

As the country became depopulated, and much of the territory without owners, vast tribes of Arabs emigrated from their abodes in the interior of the Sahara, and took possession of many districts of Suse—settling themselves, and pitching their tents, wherever they found a fertile country with few or no inhabitants.

It is a remarkable circumstance that birds of every description fled away from the abode of men during this calamitous period—whilst the hyænas, on the contrary, visited the cemeteries, and sought the dead bodies to devour them.

JACKSON'S MOROCCO.

MATRIMONY.

The following useful *Rules* and *Maxims* for promoting matrimonial felicity are extracted from an old work. They are addressed to all the Widows, Wives, and Spinsters of Great Britain, and should be pinned up by them in some convenient part of their bed-chambers.

The author very sensibly states, that the reason of his addressing the females instead of the men is, that he considers the former best disposed to receive and practice his instructions,

and "*good wives* usually make *good husbands*."

1. The likeliest way, either to obtain a good husband, or to keep one so, is to be good yourself.

2. Never use a lover ill, whom you design to make your husband, lest he should either upbraid you with it, or return it afterwards.

3. Avoid, both before, and after marriage, all thoughts of *managing* your husband. Never endeavour to deceive or impose on his understanding; nor give him uneasiness, (as some do very foolishly,) to try his temper; but treat him always, before-hand, with sincerity, and afterwards, with affection and respect.

4. Be not over sanguine before marriage, nor promise yourself felicity without alloy: for that is impossible to be attained in this present state of things.—Consider before-hand, that the person you are going to spend your days with, is a *man*, and not an *angel*:—and if, when you come together, you discover any thing in his humour or behaviour that is not altogether so agreeable as you expected, pass it over as a human frailty; smooth your brow; compose your temper; and try to amend it by cheerfulness and good-nature.

5. Remember always, that whatever misfortunes may happen to either, they are not to be charged to the account of Matrimony, but to the accidents and infirmities of human life, a burden which each has engaged to assist the other in supporting, and to which both parties are equally exposed. Therefore instead of murmurs, reflections, and disagreement, whereby the

weight is rendered abundantly more grievous, readily put your shoulders to the yoke, and make it easier to both.

6. Resolve every morning to be good-natured and cheerful that day; and if any accident should happen to break that resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with every thing beside, and especially with your husband.

7. Dispute not with him, be the occasion what it will; but much rather deny yourself the trivial satisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risk a quarrel or create a heart-burning, which it is impossible to know the end of.

8. Be assured, a woman's power, as well as happiness, has no other foundation than her husband's esteem and love; which, consequently, it is her undoubted interest, by all means possible, to preserve and increase. Do you, therefore, study his temper, and command your own; enjoy his satisfactions with him, share and sooth his cares, and with the utmost diligence conceal his infirmities.

9. Read frequently with due attention the matrimonial service; and take care, in doing so, not to overlook the word *obey*.

10. In your prayer be sure to add a clause for grace to make a good wife; and, at the same time, resolve to do your utmost endeavour towards it.

11. Always wear your wedding ring; for therein lies more virtue than is usually imagined. If you are ruffled unawares, assaulted with improper thoughts, or tempted in any kind against

your duty, cast your eyes upon it, and call to mind who gave it you, where it was received, and what passed at that solemn time.

12. Let the tenderness of your conjugal love be expressed with such decency, delicacy, and prudence, as that it may appear plainly and thoroughly distinct from the designing fondness of the harlot. And lastly—

13. Have you any concern for your own ease, or for your husband's esteem?—then, have a due regard to his income and circumstances in all your expences and desires.

A. P.

Tantum do medio sumptis accedit honoris.—HOR.

Such honour common subjects may receive.

SIR,

It has often occurred to me that there is nothing more unjust and illiberal, than those ill-grounded prejudices, which confound in general censure, or undistinguishing contempt, any particular class or description of men; and yet these prejudices, however sensible we cannot but be of their improper tendency, we are all too apt to indulge, till nourished by long habit, they take as deep root in our minds, as if they had been implanted there by nature, and acquire such strength, as enable them to withstand the most forcible arguments, to resist the most palpable conviction.

There are in Turkey a body of men, against whom universal contempt is indiscriminately, as well as undeservedly, directed;

and these are the worshipful company of Grocers: insomuch, that should any member of a noble family have disgraced himself and his connections by living a life of tranquillity, or what is worse, dying in his bed, that is, a natural death, his name is never pronounced by his relations but with disapprobation and disgust; and his memory is consigned to infamy, for having, as they say, lived and died like a Raccal or Grocer.

The person who has now the honour to address you, is a member of a community, who, by the courtesy of England, are like the Raccals of Turkey, collectively involved in the most indiscriminate ridicule, the most comprehensive contempt; I say collectively, Sir, because individually we are allowed to have no existence; the wicked waggery of the world judging *nine* weavers, and *nine* tailors, requisite to the formation of one man. Yes, Sir, to so high a pitch have they carried the disrespect in which these professions are held, that in the eyes of "the many," (as the poet calls them,) to address a man by the appellation either of weaver or tailor, implies not only, as formerly, a reflection on his horsemanship, but on his personal courage, and even his personal existence.

I, Sir, am a weaver; I feel for the injured dignity of my profession; and since, thanks to my own genius, and two years and a half of education at an academy on Tower-hill, I have a very decent acquaintance with the classics; that is, I know them all by name, and can tell Greek when I see it, any day in the week; and since as far as Shak-

speare's plays, and all the monthly magazines go, I have a pretty share of English book-learning. From these considerations, Mr. Editor, I think myself qualified to contend, not for the utility and respectability only, but for the honour of the art of weaving. Tailoring, as it is secondary to weaving, will of course partake of the fruits of my labours; as, in asserting the dignity of the one, I maintain the credit of the other.

To this end, Mr. Editor, I shall not appeal to the candour of my readers, but shall provoke their judgment; I shall not solicit their indulgence, but by the force of demonstration will claim their assent to my opinion.

Poetry, Sir, is universally allowed to be the first and noblest of the arts and sciences; inasmuch that it is the opinion of critics, that an Epic Poem is the greatest work the human mind is capable of bringing to perfection. If then I can prove, that the art of weaving is in any degree analogous to the art of poetry; if this analogy has been allowed by the whole tribe of critics; so far, that in speaking of the latter, they have used the terms of the former, and have passed judgment on the works of the poet in the language of the manufacturer; nay, if poetry herself has condescended to imitate the expressions, and to adopt the technical terms into her own vocabulary, then may I surely hope, that the sanction of criticism may challenge the respect and the flattery of poetry (for imitation is the highest degree of flattery) may claim the admiration of mankind.

First, then, with regard to criticism; to select a few examples from a multitude of others, are we

not entertained in the works of Longinus and the *Gentleman's Magazine* with delectable dissertations on the *weaving of plots* and the *interweaving of Episodes*? Are we not continually informed, that the author unravels the *web* of his intrigue, or breaks the *thread* of his narration? Besides these, a friend of mine, a great etymologist, has assured me that *bombast* and *bombasin* originally spring from the same root; and *fustian*, every one knows, is a term applied indifferently to passages in poetry, or materials for a pair of breeches. So similar is considered the skill employed in the texture of an Epic Poem and a piece of broad cloth; so parallel the qualifications requisite to throw the shuttle and guide the pen.

I was not a little pleased the other day to find, in the critique of one of the most eminent authors of the present day, the works of a favourite poet called a *tissue*. An idea then occurred to me, suggested perhaps by my partiality for my profession, which I am not without some faint hope of one day seeing accomplished.

By a little labour and ingenuity, it might surely be discovered, that the works of different authors bear a considerable affinity, (like this of the tissue) to the different productions of the loom. Thus, to enumerate a few instances, without any regard to chronological order, might not the flowery smoothness of Pope, be aptly enough compared to *flowered satin*? Might not the compositions of all the Poets-Laureate, ancient and modern, be very properly termed *princes stuff*? And who would dispute the title of Homer to *everlast-*

ing? For Shakspeare, indeed, I am at a loss for a comparison, unless I should liken him to those *shot silks*, which vary the brightness of their hues into a multitude of different lights and shades; and would orthography allow of the pun, I might say that there are few Poets but would be proud to be thought worthy of the *green bays*.

For a proof of the use which poetry makes of the weavers' dictionary, *vide* ten thousand odes on Spring; where you may catch the fragrance of the *damask* rose; listen to the rustling of the *silken* foliage; or lie extended with a listless languor, pillowing your head upon the *velvet* mead; to say nothing of *nature's loom*, which is set to work regularly on the first of May, to weave variegated *carpets* for the lawns and landscapes. Now, Mr. Editor, these similitudes, though very pretty, and very *a-propos*, I own I am not perfectly satisfied with. The Genoese certainly excel us in the article of *velvets*; and French silks are by many people far preferred for elegance to any of English manufacture. I appeal then to you, Mr. Editor, if these allusions would not be much more delightful to British ears if they tended to promote such manufactures as are more peculiarly our own. The Georgics of Virgil, let me tell you, Sir, have been suspected by some people to have been written with a political as well as poetical view; for the purpose of converting the victorious spirits of the Roman soldiery from the love of war, and the severity of military hardships, to the milder occupations of peace, and the more profitable employments of agriculture.

Surely, Sir, equally successful would be the endeavours of our Poets, if they would boldly extirpate from their writings every species of foreign manufacture; and adopt in their stead, materials from the prolific looms of their countrymen. Surely we have a variety which would suit all subjects and all descriptions; nor do I despair, if this letter has the desired effect, but that I shall presently see landscapes beautifully diversified with (all due deference being paid to alliteration) plains of *plush*, pastures of *poplin*, downs of *dimity*, vallies of *velveret*, and meadows of *manchester*. How gloriously novel would this be; how patriotically poetical an innovation; which nothing but bigotted prejudice could object to—nothing but disaffection to the interests of the country disapprove.

Excuse me, Sir, if I have detained you beyond the usual limits of a letter, on a subject, in which I am so deeply interested. Pardon, Sir, the partiality of an old man, to the profession of his youth; and, O! Mr. Editor, may your paper be the means of rescuing from unmerited ridicule and illiberal contempt, an art, which has added a clearness and polish to the remarks of criticism; and has clothed the conceptions of poetry in the language of metaphor: an art inferior to none, but those, which have so frequently and so successfully borrowed its assistance; nor even to them unless it can be proved, that that which provides the necessary raiment for the body, should yield to those which are but the sources of amusement to the mind.

I am, Sir, your's,
H. HOMESPUN.

ESSAYS ON PHRENOLOGY.

No. II.

FROM the earliest period of human knowledge and philosophical enquiry down to the present age, the physiology of the brain has occupied the attention, and stimulated the enquiries of a considerable portion of mankind; more especially of those individuals, who claim the title of metaphysicians. These, not contented with the knowledge of the existence of certain immutable laws and functions of the physical and mental world, are perpetually attempting to draw aside the mysterious curtain which veils their mutual connection from the cognizance of mortal eyes. Nothing certainly is more conducive to the improvement of human nature, or more worthy to exercise the powers of the mind, than searching after truth—yet (strange though it may appear) our desire to discover and explain unknown facts and phenomena, by nature hidden from our view, may be, and often is carried to a most unreasonable and unwarrantable length — particularly where the end sought after will not compensate for the labour lost in its attainment.

All art is founded on science; and, as a learned author* judiciously observes, "That science is of little value, which does not serve as a foundation for some beneficial art." As a striking example of the correctness of these remarks, I may mention the hypothetical doctrines of

* Dr. Campbell — Philosophy of Rhetoric.

Phrenology. For, supposing for the sake of argument (what is impossible) that the data, from which its disciples draw their conclusions, are founded in fact, it still does not appear, in what manner this science can tend materially to the advantage of mankind, either as to the improvement of their intellectual faculties, or the exaltation of their moral affections. But in this respect I differ from an enthusiastic admirer of these doctrines, who remarks, "Those who have so little soul as always to ask what is the good of any discovery in nature, may be told that craniology is calculated to assist parents in the choice of occupations for their children, and that a man of determined bad principle may be shunned by the benevolent, on account of being odious and dangerous."

Against the practicability of the first of these supposed advantages, it may be objected; that for parents to benefit by this science, they ought to be perfectly acquainted with its most minute details (which would be no trifling study, if we may judge from the outlines of the system by Dr. Spurzheim), because a mistake would be attended frequently with unpleasant, and not rarely, with dreadful consequences. Suppose a craniological parent should mistake an evil bump on the head of his child for an organ of benevolence or veneration, and under these favourable impressions, allow the boy unrestrained indulgence in all his propensities. Such a line of education, unless the parent discovered his error in sufficient time to obviate its mischievous tendency, might

terminate in an unhappy, and not improbably, an ignominious end. The methods already adopted for the education and moral improvement of youth are so excellent and perfect, as not to require the fallacious aid of Phrenological speculations.

The uncertainty of the second advantage, stated to result from this science, renders it scarcely worthy of an answer. It cannot be disputed, that injuries of the head frequently leave permanent swellings and protuberances on the cranium. But according to these sagacious Phrenologists, should any ill-starred wight receive a blow on that spot where destructiveness is supposed to dwell, the part though not previously developed, would undoubtedly in consequence of the injury be strongly elevated and enlarged; and this man must, forsooth, be driven from society, scouted by his friends, and shunned and detested by the whole world, as a villain by nature!

If the system deserves any consideration, it ought to be used merely as an amusement for those individuals, who have not sufficient energy of mind to discover the absurdity of its doctrines, or to be affected with the malignant influence of its conclusions.

I shall next proceed to expose some of the most glaring inconsistencies of this most fanciful and flimsy theory.

SCRUTATOR.

P. S. Phren. shall have an answer in due time.

To the Editor of the Freebooter.

SIR,

SEEING in your last number "the Portrait of a Country Squire of former Days"—allow me to offer, for the perusal of your readers, that of

A COUNTRY SQUIRE OF QUEEN ANNE'S DAYS.

Mr. GROSE, the antiquary, has given, in his sketches of some worn-out characters of the last age, a most amusing portrait of the Country Squire of Queen Anne's days: "I mean," says he, "the *little independent gentleman* of three hundred pounds a-year, who commonly appeared in a *plain drab*, or *plush coat*, large *silver buttons*, a *jockey cap*, and rarely without boots. His travels never exceeded the distance of the county town, and that only at assize and session time, or to attend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the next market-town, with the *attornies* and justices. This man *went to church* regularly, read the *weekly journal*, settled the parochial disputes between the parish-officers at the vestry, and afterwards adjourned to the neighbouring ale-house, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. He never played at cards but at Christmas, when a family pack was produced from the mantle-piece. He was commonly followed by a couple of *greyhounds* and a *pointer*, and announced his arrival at a neighbour's house by *smacking his whip*, or giving the *view-halloo*. His drink was generally ale, except on *Christmas*, the *fifth* of

November, or some other gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg. A journey to London was, by one of these men, reckoned as great an undertaking, as is at present a voyage to the East Indies, and undertaken with scarce less precaution and preparation.—His Hall was furnished with *fitches of bacon*, and the mantle-piece with *guns and fishing-rods* of different dimensions, accompanied by the *broadsword*, *partizan*, and *dagger*, borne by his ancestor in the civil wars.—The vacant spaces were occupied by *stags-horns*. Against the wall was posted king Charles' *Golden Rules*, Vincent Wing's *Almanack*, and a portrait of the *Duke of Marlborough*. In his window lay *Baker's Chronicle*, *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, *Glanvil on Apparitions*, *Quincey's Dispensatory*, the *Complete Justice*, and a book of *Farriery*.

In the corner, by the fire-side, stood a large wooden two-armed chair with a cushion; and within the chimney corner were a couple of seats. Here, at Christmas, he entertained his tenants, assembled round a glowing fire, made of the roots of trees and other great logs, and told and heard the traditionary tales of the village respecting ghosts and witches, till fear made him afraid to move. In the meantime the jorum of ale was in continual circulation. †††

THE MISCELLANY.

"Rebus et ordine dispar."—HOR.

HONESTY.

IN the little town of Oranienbaum lived a woman, bordering

on ninety, by name Christophorevna, a native of Holstein. A little cottage was her sole possession, and the visits of a few ship-masters coming over from Cronstadt to go to Petersburg by land, when the wind did not serve for sailing up, her only livelihood.

Several Dutch skippers having one evening supped at her house, on their departure she found a sealed bag of money under the table. Her surprise at this unexpected discovery was naturally very great; some one of the company just gone must certainly have forgotten it; but they were sailed over to Cronstadt, and perhaps at sea, the wind being fair, and therefore no hope of the guests returning. The good woman put up the bag in her cupboard to keep it till called for. However, nobody called for it. Full seven years did she carefully keep this deposit, often tempted by opportunities, still oftener pressed by want, to employ this gift of chance. Her honesty, however, overcame every allurement of opportunity and every command of want. Seven years had elapsed when some shipmasters again stopped at her house, to take what refreshment they could find. Three of them were Englishmen, the fourth a Dutchman. Conversing of various matters, one of the former asked the Dutchman whether he had ever before been at Oranienbaum.—"Yes, sure I have," returned he—"I know the cursed place but too well! my being here once cost me seven hundred rubles."—"How so?"—"Why, in one of these wretched hovels here I once got rather tipsy, and

left behind me a bag of rubles."

"Was the bag sealed?" asked old Christophorevna, who was sitting in one corner of the room, and had been roused to attention by what she had heard.—

"Yes, yes, it was sealed, and with this very seal here at my watch-chain."

The woman looked at the seal and knew it directly. "Well then," said she, "by that you may be able to recover what you lost." "Recover it, mother! no: I am rather too old to expect that. The world is not quite so honest as that comes to. Besides, consider it is now seven years since. I wish I had not mentioned it; it always makes me melancholy.—Let us have no more of it. Give me another tumbler of punch, mother."

While the four gentlemen were engaged in drowning the remembrance of the doleful accident in punch, the good woman had slipped out, and was now waddling in with her bag.—

"See here, perhaps you may be convinced that honesty is not so rare as you imagined," said she, putting the bag upon the table.

The guests were dumb with astonishment; and, on recollecting themselves, the reader may represent to himself their several expressions of commendation and gratitude. The four captains were all rather stricken in years, and had navigated the seas from Japan to Newfoundland, and from the Cape of Good Hope to Archangel; had had dealings with black and brown faces, with woolly-haired and powdered heads—therefore that their amazement was so great,

was certainly no panegyric on our times.

Never were such strong emotions excited in any human mind, as in that of the Dutchman. From the firmest persuasion of his loss to the completest certainty of its recovery, the transition was too sudden and too great not to set every fibre of his phlegmatic body in vibration. One look at the honest woman to whom he was indebted for this transport of joy brought him to himself. A sudden impulse of magnanimity overpowered him, to which all other sensations reverently gave way. He seized the bag, tore open the seal, took one ruble out, and laid it on the table, with a civil thanksgiving for the trouble his hostess had had.

If the astonishment of the other three was great before, it was now effaced by a greater. They stood looking at one another for a minute, as silent as the grave.

"Damme," at last exclaimed one of the Englishmen, striking his fist upon the table; "that bag there, my lad, you shall not carry off so. Devil fetch me, but the old woman shall have it!" His two countrymen, who had been mute till now, added their hearty concurrence to his proposal. The Dutchman turned pale, but endeavoured to console himself by the reiterated protestations of Christophorevna that she required nothing at all, that she thought she had done no more than her duty, and insisted that the Dutchman should even take back his ruble. However, the Britons could not so easily be brought

to strike sail. The conversation grew warm; the oaths followed rapidly on each other, and the fists of the Englishmen were doubling spontaneously, and attitudes forming for putting an end to the dispute *via facti*; during all which the Dutchman was striving to get the *corpus delicti* into his custody.

After a long debate conducted with various degrees of heat, perceiving no possibility of success against the sturdy arguments likely to be advanced, the skipper agreed to part with fifty rubles. The Englishman insisted on a hundred. This proposal seemed to the Dutchman so unreasonable, that he declared he would sooner encounter the whole weight of their fists than comply with it.

"Avast my lads!" cried the Captain who had made the first attack upon the Dutchman's generosity. "I have somewhat to say. The bag does not belong to us. That is true; but a Briton will never stand by and not see justice done; and, by heaven, the woman here has acted nobly and ought to be rewarded. Give me hold of the bag. I will count out the hundred rubles."

No sooner said than done. The Dutchman, thunderstruck at this summary way of proceeding, had not time to recover himself before the hundred rubles were fairly counted upon the table.

This brought on a truce. Where humanity, gratitude, generosity,

and English fists had made the attack in vain, there conquered ---national pride. The Dutchman insisted upon it, that the Britons should let him treat them; and in perfect stoical resignation parted with a hundred of his beloved, long-lamented, and lately recovered rubles.

This anecdote may be relied on as literally true, even in its minutest circumstances.

POET'S CORNER.

—"neque est ignobile carmen."

— VIR.

LINES ON MISS RAIN.

WHILST shiv'ring beaux at weather
rail,
Of frost, and snow, and wind, and hail,
And heat and cold complain;
My steadier mind is always bent
On one sole object of content,
I ever wish for RAIN!

Hymen thy vot'ry's pray'r attend,
His anxious hope and suit befriend,
Let him not ask in vain;
His thirsty soul, his parch'd estate,
His glowing breast commiserate;
In pity give him RAIN

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. S. must excuse our insertion of his "Farewell to Newton"—"Its distant hills and winding stream."—Had all his verses been equal to the third, we should have had pleasure in doing so.

H. N. B. has been received. We hope we shall hear again from the same quarter.

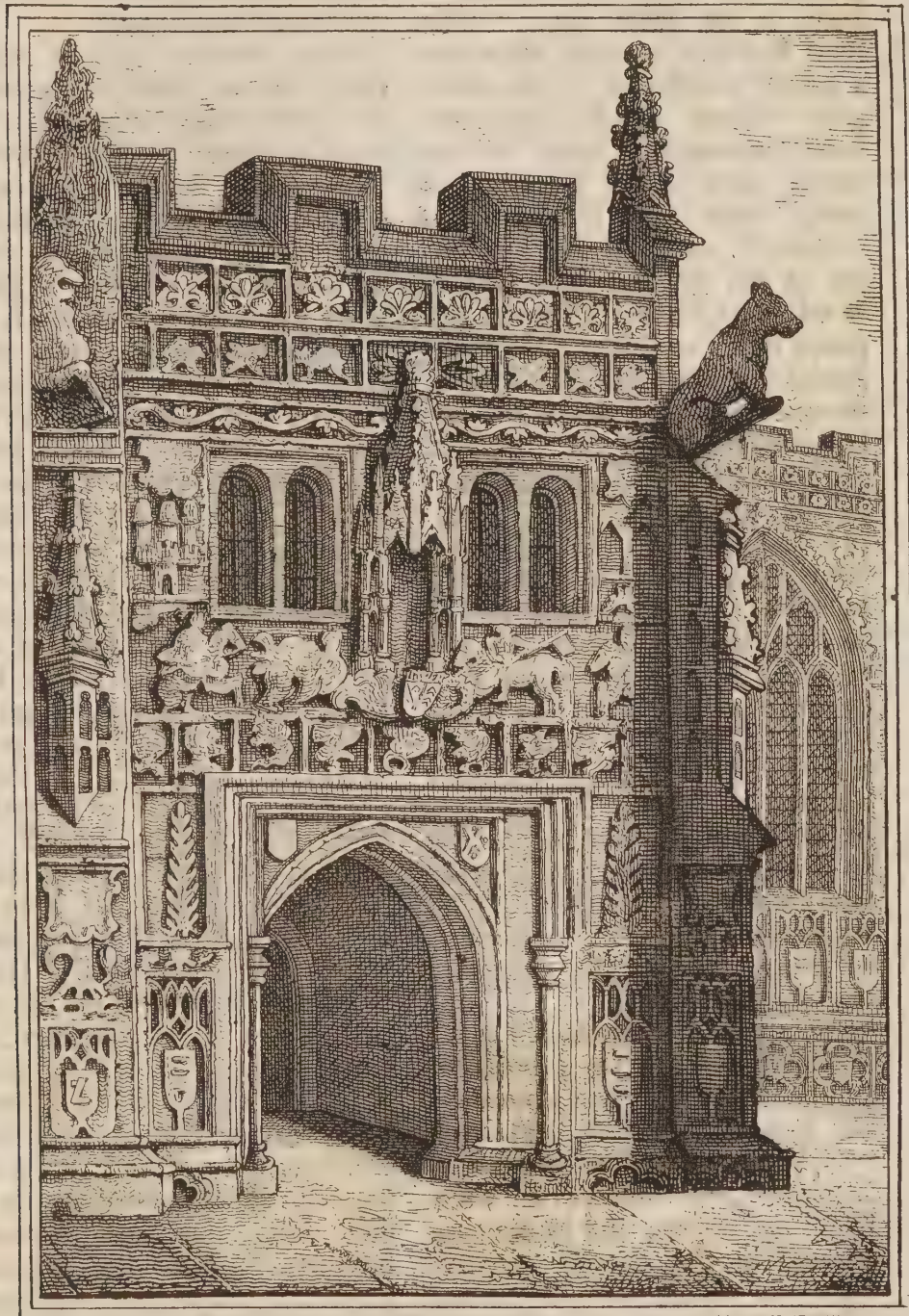
The dispatches from "Head-Quarters" have been safely received.

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THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex rapto vivens.

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ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, LAUNCESTON.

WARLEWART, Bishop of Exeter, placed at Launceston a prior and canons of the Order of St. Augustine. At first they inha-

bited a spot near the castle, but were afterwards removed to the other side of the river Kensey, which runs under the hill, upon which the town is situated.—Hals, in his MSS. says, “The then Earl of Cornwall, who was a great benefactor to the collegiate church of St. Stephen, near Launceston, used his interest with King Stephen to bring back the bishopric of Cornwall, and fix the bishop’s see at St. Stephen’s. Robert Warlewart, bishop of Exeter, opposed him; and in his first triennial visitation of his (Cornish) diocese, came and visited the collegiate church of St. Stephen, suppressed the order of secular priests, and brought in, to supply their places, black Monks, converting the church and college into the abbey and priory of St. Stephen.” From the antient priory and church, now demolished, the town and parish of Launceston took their names; from *Lanstaphedon*, or in Domesday Book, *Lanstaveton*, the church of St. Stephen; but, according to Borlase, “its antient name was *Dunheved*, the swelling hill; its present appellation signifies, in mixed British, the church of the castle.”

The town is esteemed of great antiquity; and, as the ground for probability that it was known to the Romans, Borlase says, that “Coins of Vespasian, and one of Domitian, were found in the walls of an old house; and in digging a vault in the church, another coin was found, with the letters ‘Juli’ plainly to be seen upon it.” At the entrance of the White Hart Inn is a circular arch, carved according to the manner of the Saxons; and though there are not any buildings to it which have any cor-

respondence, or bearing the least relationship to its architecture; yet it is not improbable that some similar remains were removed to make room for the erection of the inn before mentioned.

The present church stands nearly in the heart of the town. Its architecture exhibits a curious specimen of the science as it prevailed in the beginning of the sixteenth century. It is low, and much obscured by other buildings: the tower is plain, built principally with slate, between which and the body of the church are two small houses.—Every block of stone on the outside of this fabric is richly sculptured with representations of flowers, various figures, shields, armorial bearings, and crests; the ostrich feather is very conspicuous among the ornaments, and no doubt was intended as a compliment to the young king Henry VIII. in whose reign the building was completed, as appears by the date 1511 visible on the porch. The church is about 110 feet in length, and consists of a nave and two aisles: the nave is separated from the aisles by eight arches supported by clustered columns. Under the central window, on the outside of the church eastward, is a curious piece of masonry, which is worthy of particular notice.—It represents the penitent Mary Magdalen, to whom it is dedicated: she is recumbent on her right side, her head pensively reclining on her hand: the back ground is ornamented with flowers and other embellishments.—Connected with the niche in which she lies, are a number of priests and musicians, ranging along the eastern windows, each with his bended knees towards the penitent Mary.

Below the windows, sculptured on shields, is an inscription running round the church:

" AVE MARIA GRATIA PLENA,
DOMINVS TECVM, SPONSVS AMAT
SPONSAM, MARIA OPTIMAM PAR-
TEM ELEGIT, QVAM TERRIBILIS
AC METVENDVS EST LOCVS ISTE;
VERE ALIVD NON EST HIC NISI
DOMVS DEI ET PORTA CELI."

Which may be thus translated:—

" Hail, Mary, full of Grace!
the Lord is with thee: the bride-
groom loves his bride; Mary has
chosen the best part. How ter-
rible and much to be feared is this
place; truly this is none other
than the House of God, and the
gate of Heaven."

The whole of the structure exhibits abundant proofs of that false taste, which at the era of its erection began to deform the productions of art, but more especially of ecclesiastical architecture, when the simplex munditiis of the pure Gothic had given way to meretricious finery, and abundance of ornament was deemed only another term for beauty and elegance. A good altar-piece, a handsome organ, a curious polygonal wooden pulpit with carved Gothic niches, are among the ornaments of the interior, which is characterised by uniformity and lightness.—Polwhele says, that "the church of St. Mary Magdalen was originally a charity chapel."—Leland notes, "In the conventual church at Launceston were fair tombs of some of its priors; among which were those of prior Horton or Horestun, and prior Stephen." He also acquaints us that one Mabilia, a countess, was buried in the chapter-house.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

DESCENT INTO A MUMMY PIT.

WE stopt at Manfalont, to examine some mummy pits, of which we had heard an extraordinary account from a Greek we had met at Thebes. Our party consisted of Mr. Smelt, and an American of the name of Barthow, who had traded many years in the Red Sea, spoke Arabic extremely well, and whom we had engaged as a dragoman at Cairo, when we first began our travels in Upper Egypt. We took with us besides, an Abyssinian merchant, of the name of Fadlallah, and three of our boats crew who were Barabras, whom we had brought with us from the Cataracts. Having provided ourselves with asses and torches, we crossed the ferry of Manfalont at five in the morning.—We wandered about till nine in search of the village of Amabde, to which we had been directed, and near which we at length found four Arabs employed in cutting wood. These men, after some hesitation, undertook to be our guides for a reward of twenty five piastres. An hour's march in the desert brought us to the spot, which we found to be a pit or circular hole of ten feet in diameter, and about eighteen feet deep. We descended without difficulty, and the Arabs began to strip, and proposed to us to do the same: we partly followed their example, but kept on our trowsers and shirts.—I had a brace of pocket-pistols, which I concealed in my trowsers, to be prepared against any treacherous attempt of our guides. It was now decided that three of the four guides should go with

us, while the other remained on the outside of the cavern. The Abyssinian merchant declined going any farther. The sailors remained also on the outside to take care of our clothes. We formed therefore a party of six; each was to be preceded by a guide—our torches were lighted—one of the Arabs led the way—and I followed him.

We crept for seven or eight yards through an opening at the bottom of the pit, which was partly choked up with the drifted sand of the desert, and found ourselves in a large chamber about fifteen feet high. Here we observed the fragments of mummies of crocodiles. We saw also great numbers of bats flying about, and hanging from the roof of the chamber. The galleries extending beyond this chamber remained to be explored. We had all of us torches, and our guides insisted upon our placing ourselves in such a way, that an Arab was before each of us. Though there appeared something mysterious in this order of march, we did not dispute with them, but proceeded. We now entered a low gallery, in which we continued for more than an hour, stooping or creeping as was necessary, and following its windings, till at last it opened into a large chamber, which, after some time, we recognised as the one we had first entered, and from which we had set out. Our conductors, however, denied that it was the same; but on our persisting in the assertion, agreed at last that it was, and confessed they had missed their way the first time, but if we would make another attempt they would undertake to conduct us to the

mummies. Our curiosity was still unsatisfied; we had been wandering for more than an hour in low subterraneous passages, and felt considerably fatigued by the irksomeness of the posture in which we had been obliged to move, and the heat of our torches in these low and confined galleries. But the Arabs spoke so confidently of succeeding in this second trial, that we were induced once more to attend them. We found the opening of the chamber which we now approached guarded by a trench of unknown depth, and wide enough to require a good leap. The first Arab jumped the ditch; and we all followed him. The passage was extremely small, and so low in some places as to oblige us to crawl flat upon the ground, and almost always on our hands and knees. The intricacies of its windings resembled a labyrinth, and it terminated at length in a chamber much smaller than that we had left, but, like it, containing nothing to satisfy curiosity. Our search hitherto had been fruitless, but the mummies might not be far distant—another effort, and we might still be successful.

The Arab whom I followed, and who led the way, now entered another gallery, and we all continued to move in the same manner as before, each preceded by a guide. We had not gone far before the heat became excessive—for my own part I found my breathing extremely difficult, my head began to ache most violently, and I had a most distressing sensation of fulness about the heart.

We felt we had gone too far, and yet were almost deprived

of the power of returning. At this moment the torch of the first Arab went out: I was close to him, and saw him fall on his side; he uttered a groan—his legs were strongly convulsed, and I heard a rattling noise in his throat—he was dead. The Arab behind me, seeing the torch of his companion extinguished, and conceiving he had stumbled, passed me, advanced to his assistance, and stooped. I observed him appear faint, totter, and fall in a moment—he also was dead. The third Arab came forward, and made an effort to approach the bodies, but stopped short. We looked at each other in silent horror. The danger increased every instant; our torches burnt faintly; our breathing became more difficult; our knees tottered under us, and we felt our strength nearly gone.

There was no time to be lost—The American, Barthow, cried to us to take courage, and we began to move back as fast as we could. We heard the remaining Arab shouting after us, calling us *cassres*, imploring our assistance, and upbraiding us with deserting him. The windings of the passages through which we had come increased the difficulty of our escape; we might take a wrong turn, and never reach the great chamber we had entered. Even supposing we took the shortest road, it was but too probable our strength would fail us before we arrived. We had each of us separately, unknown to one another, observed attentively the different shapes of the stones which projected into the galleries we had passed, so that each had an imperfect clue to the labyrinth we had now to retrace. We compared notes, and

only on one occasion had a dispute, the American differing from my friend and myself; in this dilemma we were determined by the majority, and fortunately were right. Exhausted with fatigue and terror, we reached the edge of the deep trench which remained to be crossed before we got into the great chamber.—Mustering all my strength, I leaped, and was followed by the American. Smelt stood on the brink, ready to drop with fatigue. He called to us “for God’s sake to help him over the fosse, or at least to stop, if only for five minutes, to allow him time to recover his strength.” It was impossible—to stay was death, and we could not resist the desire to push on and reach the open air. We encouraged him to summon all his force, and he cleared the trench. When we reached the open air it was one o’clock, and the heat in the sun about 160°. Our sailors, who were waiting for us, had luckily a *berdak*, (a jar made of porous earth) full of water, which they sprinkled upon us, but though a little refreshed, it was not possible to climb the sides of the pit; they unfolded their turbans, and slinging them round our bodies, drew us to the top.

Our appearance alone without our guides naturally astonished the Arab, who had remained at the entrance of the cavern; and he anxiously enquired for his *hahabebas*, or friends. To have confessed they were dead would have excited suspicion; he would have supposed we had murdered them, and have alarmed the inhabitants of Amabde, to pursue us and revenge the death of their friends. We replied therefore they were coming, and were

employed in bringing out the mummies we had found, which was the cause of their delay.

We lost no time in mounting our asses, recrossed the desert, and passed hastily by the village to regain the ferry of Manfalont. Our cangia was moored close to the town, and we got on board by five o'clock.

Leigh's Journey in Egypt.

The wind proving unfavourable, they were overtaken by the exasperated Arabs, carried before the Bacheff; and though furnished with a firman by the Pacha of Cairo, they had much difficulty in saving their lives, and making their escape. The whole of the relation is highly interesting.

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCH.

[Progress of the Commerce, Coin, and Shipping of Britain in the early ages.] (*Continued from our last.*)

JULIUS CÆSAR was so great an admirer of the British pearls, which he had seen in Gaul, that the hope of obtaining a quantity of them, it has been alleged, was his chief inducement to the invasion of Britain. This much is certain, that after his return from this island, he consecrated a breast-plate, of great value and beauty, to Venus, in her temple at Rome, which he signified by an inscription, to be composed of British pearls. It seems probable that the pearls of Britain were inferior to those of India and Arabia, in general, though some of them might be remarkable for their size and beauty.

"The fairest pearls grow on British coasts."

As Britain very much abounded in cattle of all kinds, we may be certain that they furnished the merchants of those times with several articles for exporta-

tion. The British horses were so beautiful, and so admirably trained, that they were much admired by the Romans, and exported for the use of their great men, and for mounting their cavalry. After the Romans had instructed the Britons in the art of making cheese, great quantities of it are said to have been exported for the use of the Roman armies.

It will perhaps appear ridiculous to be told, that the British dogs constituted no inconsiderable article in the exports of this period. These dogs were of different kinds. But the greatest numbers, and those which bore the highest price, were designed for hunting, and excelled all others, both in their swiftness and exquisite scent. They are thus described in a passage of Ossian;—

"There is a kind of dogs of mighty fame
"For hunting, worthy of a fairer frame:
"By painted Britons brave in war they're bred,
"Are beagles call'd, and to the chace are led:
"Their bodies small, and of so mean a shape,
"You'd think them curs, that under tables gapc."

The goods imported into Britain, according to Strabo, were ivory bridles, gold chains, cups of amber, and drinking glasses. But after the Roman conquest, the imports unavoidably became much more various and valuable. Besides wines, spices, and many other articles for their tables, they were under a necessity of importing the greatest number of their tools, arms, furniture, clothing, and many other things.

Thus all the trade of Britain was carried on, for some ages, in the way of barter, or exchange.

of one commodity for another. When metals were first used as money, and made the common prices of all commodities, their value was determined only by their weight. The seller having agreed to accept of a certain quantity of gold, silver, or brass, for the goods, the buyer cut off that quantity from the plate or ingot of that metal in his possession; and, having weighed it, delivered it to the seller, and received the goods. But this method of transacting business was attended with much trouble, and liable to various frauds, both in the weight and fineness of the metals used in commerce. It was therefore ordained by the laws of several ancient nations, that all the metals used as money, should be divided into small pieces, and stamped with certain marks.

A considerable number of gold coins were found in 1749, on the top of Karn-bre, (bre signifies a hill) in Cornwall, which being proved to have belonged to the ancient Britons, it must certainly have been discovered, that this island produced gold and silver, not long after the first invasion of the Romans. The figures that were first stamped on the coins of all nations (especially of those nations whose chief riches consisted in their flocks and herds) were those of oxen, horses, hogs, and sheep. From hence we may conclude, that these coins of any country, which have only the figures of *cattle* stamped upon them, and perhaps of *trees*, representing the woods in which their cattle pastured, were the most ancient coins of that country. Some of the gold coins found at Karn-bre, and described by Dr. Bor-

lase, are of this kind, and may therefore be justly esteemed the *most ancient* of our British coins.

When sovereigns became sensible of the great importance of *money*, and took the fabrication of it under their own direction, they ordered their own heads to be stamped on one side of their coins, while the figures of some animals still continued to be impressed on the other. Of this kind are some of the Karn-bre coins, with a royal head on one side, and a horse on the other, which we may suppose to have been struck in a more advanced state of the British coinage.

(To be continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE RATTLE-SNAKE.

THE *fang* of a *rattle-snake* is a clear and curious example of mechanical contrivance. It is a perforated tooth, loose at the root; in its quiet state, lying down flat upon the jaw, but furnished with a muscle, which with a jerk, and by the pluck, as it were, of a string, suddenly erects itself. Under the tooth, close to its root, and communicating with the perforation, lies a small bag containing the venom. When the fang is raised, the closing of the jaw presses its root against the bag underneath, and the force of this compression sends out the fluid with a considerable impetus through the tube in the middle of the tooth. What more unequivocal or effectual apparatus could be devised, for the double purpose of at once inflicting the wound and injecting the poison?—Yet, though lodged in the mouth, it is so con-

situated, as in its inoffensive and quiescent state, not to interfere with the animal's ordinary office of receiving its food. It has been observed also, that none of the harmless serpents, the black snake, the blind worm, &c. have these fangs, but teeth of an equal size; not moveable, as this is, but fixed into the jaw.

One of these species was the cause, some years ago, of a most deplorable accident, which I shall relate to you, as I had it from the widow and mother of the victims. A Dutch farmer of Minisink, went a mowing with his negroes, in his boots, a precaution used to prevent being stung. Inadvertently he trod on a rattle-snake, which immediately flew at his legs; and as it drew back in order to renew the blow, one of his negroes cut it in two with his scythe. They prosecuted their work and returned home; at night the farmer pulled off his boots and went to bed, and was soon after attacked by a strange sickness at his stomach; he swelled, and, before a physician could be sent for, died. The sudden death of this man did not cause much inquiry; the neighbourhood wondered, as is usual in such cases, and without any further examination the corpse was buried. A few days after the son put on his father's boots, and went to the meadow; at night he pulled them off, went to bed, and was attacked with the same symptoms, about the same time, and died in the morning. A little before he expired the doctor came, but was not able to assign what could be the cause of so singular a disorder; however, rather than appear wholly at a loss before the country people, he pronounced both

father and son to have been bewitched. Some weeks after the widow sold all the moveables for the benefit of the younger children; and the farm was leased. One of the neighbours, who bought the boots, presently put them on, and was attacked in the same manner as the other two had been; but this man's wife being alarmed by what had happened in the farmer's family, dispatched one of her negroes for an eminent physician, who fortunately having heard something of the dreadful affair, guessed at the cause, applied oil, &c. and recovered the man. The boots, which had been so fatal, were then carefully examined, and he found that the two fangs of the snake had been left in the leather, after being wrenched out of their sockets by the strength with which the snake had drawn back its head. The bladders which contained the poison and several of the small nerves were still fresh, and adhered to the boot. The unfortunate father and son had been poisoned by pulling off these boots, in which action they imperceptibly scratched their legs with the points of the fangs, through the hollow of which some of this astonishing poison was conveyed.

Mr. James Pierce, in his account of the Geology, Scenery, &c. of the counties of Newhaven and Litchfield, has given the following interesting account of the Rattlesnake:—A young man having met with a large and vigorous rattlesnake, instead of killing it with his long cart-whip, as he could easily have done, amused himself by provoking it, and gently playing his whip around its body. The irritated

reptile made repeated and vigorous leaps towards the young man, coming nearer to him at every effort; and, being teased more and more with the whip, at last threw himself into the air with such energy, that when he descended, he seemed scarcely to touch the ground; but instantly rebounding, executed a succession of leaps, so rapid and so great, that there was not the slightest intermission, and he appeared to fly. The young man betook himself to a rapid flight; but his dreadful pursuer gained rapidly upon him, till approaching a fence, he perceived that he could not pass it before the fangs of the snake would be hooked in his flesh. As his only resource, he turned, and by a fortunate throw of his lash, by which he wound it completely round the serpent's body, he arrested his progress, and killed him.

Mr. Pierce had a living rattlesnake two months in his possession, and every day watched his manners. He immediately killed birds and most small animals when put into his cage, but did not eat them. He permitted a toad, however, to remain several weeks with him unmolested, and allowed it to leap upon his body, and sit upon his head.—When he opened his mouth, his fangs were not visible unless he was provoked; at other times they were covered with a membrane like a scabbard, only they were drawn back, so that the sheathing membrane formed merely a slight protuberance on each side of the upper jaw. If irritated, he flattened his head, threw it back, opened his mouth wide, and instantly the fatal fangs were shot out of their

sheaths, like a spring dagger, and he darted upon his object.—“After his death,” says Mr. Pierce, “I examined the fangs: they are shaped like a sickle; a duct led from the reservoir of poison at the bottom of the tooth, quite through its whole length, and terminated just by the point, which is very sharp. Thus the fang is darted out at the will of the animal; it makes the puncture at the instant, and simultaneously the poison flows through the duct, and is deposited in the very bottom of the wound. As this rarely fails to touch a blood-vessel, the venom is thus instantly issued into the system, and without delay commences the march of death through every vein and artery.”

†††

THE MISCELLANY.

“Rebus et ordine dispar.”—HOR.

ON THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PASSIONS, AND ON SILLY PECULIARITIES OF BEHAVIOUR.

Nunc adhibe puro
Pectore verba puer, nunc te melioribus
offer. HOR.

Now pliantly enure
The mind to virtue, while your heart
is pure;
Now suck in wisdom.—FRANCIS.

SIR,

Fully sensible that the noblest pursuit which can possibly engage the attention of a human being, next to the practice of virtue itself, is the study of diminishing the numerous mad votaries, who daily flock to the alluring banners of vice, and by pointing out the latent quicksands where so many heedless thousands have perished, exhort others to avoid a similar destruc-

tion, by a sudden reform of their pernicious courses, and by eagerly embracing the proffered offers of repentance; a mind eager to add its humble mite to this glorious undertaking, dictates the present epistle, and hopes that the sincerity of its intention will plead for the favour and patronage of your readers.

Sages versed in the most abstruse sciences of philosophy, those who through all ages have made the most splendid appearance in the paths of literature, and in the estimation of the learned world, have in many instances generously given up the labours of their life, to the task of implanting the admonitions of morality in the breast of their contemporaries.

In the vegetable and animal creation, early culture applied to the tender plant, or management to the beast, as soon as either is capable of receiving good or bad impressions, will remain "until the one is hewn down and thrown into the fire," and the other perishes by the natural effects of age. The gardener's hand can cause the delicate honeysuckle to entwine the majestic oak; the inhabitants of Ispahan tame the gigantic elephant; the savage African traverses his native deserts on the back of the stately dromedary; and the farthest citizen of Kam-schatka passes over tracts of ice and snow, seemingly impervious, by the wonderful sagacity which he has instilled into dogs. That the human mind is much more wonderfully formed for a similar cultivation, need not be mentioned.

Youth is the season when every example, every lesson which vir-

tue or vice can inculcate, are the most certain to stamp lasting impressions on the mind. Passions imbibed at an early period, seldom fail to give a decided bias to our future life; and conquering almost every opposition, to govern the man with an arbitrary sway. Convinced of this, how sincerely grateful should we be for every endeavour which tends to the important point of our future felicity; how cautiously should we guard every trifling action against the baleful influence of vice, or the insidious blandishments of temptation.

Few breasts are so pure, or possess such an absolute self-dominion, but that some one passion will, by degrees, and by frequent indulgence, gain ascendancy over the others, and work them into such a state of abject slavery, as to render them entirely subservient to its own authority. Would we but impartially examine our own minds, and determine to discover it in its rise, very little restraint might perhaps utterly eradicate it in its infancy; or reduce it at least to such subjection, as to prevent it from becoming our future bane.

But descending from objects more important, give me leave to remark, with how much greater pleasure to themselves, with how much less censure from the world at large, or particularly from their more intimate acquaintance, would the lives of individuals be passed, if each (though I fancy it is a thing utterly impracticable to attain) would endeavour, as far as is in his power, to extirpate from his conversation, and the general tenor of his more private actions, certain ridiculous

peculiarities which eminently mark his character.

If, for instance, I interrogate a friend of mine whether Miss — attended such a ball, and how she danced? he instantly replies, "*Indeed, Sir, she did attend, and danced, oh! she danced like the very Devil!*" How, I again ask, was she dressed? "*Oh! she was dressed with peculiar elegance, outshone the other beauties in the room, and looked as enchanting as the Devil.*" Whether his Infernal Majesty really possesses all the attributes my friend is pleased to ascribe to him or not, is not much to our purpose; however, to the generality of his auditors I should rather suppose that such an addition to most of the sentences he uttered would appear in a disadvantageous, rather than an ornamental light. I am, Sir, &c.

MUSIDORUS.

ESSAYS ON PHRENOLOGY.

No. III.

THE Phrenologists have, with great ingenuity, divided the faculties and affections of the mind into three sweeping classes, which are again sub-divided into numerous functions; each having a separate development on some portion of the brain, with a corresponding bump or process on the cranium, and by the shape and size of the respective organization the energy of the faculties is to be discovered.—To the first of these three classes belong the intellectual powers; and for their habitation are assigned the anterior and superior

parts of the brain, or what anatomists denominate the Anterior Lobes.

The second division comprehends the moral affections—these occupy the superior and middle parts or lobes of that organ.

The third great department, which is composed of the several instincts and animal propensities, occupies the posterior parts or lobes of the brain.

On a superficial observation this arrangement seems to wear the semblance of simplicity and truth. But let us take a nearer and more scrutinizing view of it, and examine, whether this airy and fanciful hypothesis holds correct in all its different bearings. And in pursuing this plan, I shall endeavour to avoid all unnecessary detail, and cursorily touch upon those points; as they may rise in my mind, wherein I feel confident that this system, quoad system, must necessarily fall to the ground—though as a theory to agitate and puzzle the heads of sophists and metaphysicians, it may probably eke out its existence for a while longer, until superseded by some newer, and on that account more captivating speculation.

Where the posterior lobes of the brain are highly developed and distinctly marked, there, according to Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, we may expect a predominance of the animal propensities. Whereas it is a well known fact to those who have had the opportunity of dissecting the brain, both of man, and of the animals in the lower order of creation, that in comparison with ourselves, the cow, calf, dog*, cat, &c. possess a very

* Envier's Comparative Anatomy.

small share, if any, of the posterior lobes. Yet it is equally certain, that they are endued with the animal propensities in a much more eminent degree, than man. I would ask the Phrenologists, how they account for this discrepancy.

Again—To the superior regions of the brain alone are assigned the mental powers and affections. The inferior parts are left utterly destitute—completely unoccupied by any division. Is this portion of the brain, then, a mere cypher?—Why ought it to be neglected? Surely not because these lower parts are unnecessary to the purposes of life and intellect? The least pressure on them by any foreign body causes a paralysis of the vital powers, and frequently irremediable injury to the intellectual faculties: whilst considerable portions of the superior lobes may be destroyed, and along with them the organs of benevolence, veneration, destructiveness, &c., without any serious injury to life, or visible alteration of the moral affections of the individuals. I would again ask the Phrenologists, how these *well-known* facts are reconcilable to their theory. But the inconsistencies of Phrenology, as a science, are so various and without number, that to multiply instances of this nature, would be tedious to my readers. In my next essay, I shall endeavour to show the evil tendency of this system, in that it inculcates the doctrines of materialism and fatality.

SCRUTATOR.

THE VANITY OF FUNERALS.

THE good people of England are all extremely fond of expen-

sive funerals; but this is most conspicuous in persons of the lower order, and of them the women. Many a wife, who hated her husband most cordially, and never suffered him to enjoy one quiet day during his lifetime, expends what ought to maintain her family for six months, that the poor dead soul may have a handsome funeral, a velvet-pall, with brass handles and hinges to the coffin; and will want shoes and stockings for a year to come, that the parson may be shod all round, that is, equipped with a hat-band, scarf, and gloves.

It is in England only that the epithets of delightful and charming are applied to shrouds and coffins, and that with such energy, as almost to make one believe the speaker envied the person for whom they were provided. In the west of England, I knew a number of old almswomen club their only sixpence, and deprive themselves of their afternoon's pipe and cogue, to pay for the hire of the best velvet pall for one of their sisterhood, to whom they would not have contributed one penny to save her life, or release her from a grave.

To be buried, what is called decently, is a great object with almost every inferior tradesman or artificer; and a surviving husband or wife, who should expend no more on the burial of their spouse than their situation absolutely required and justified, would run the risk of being themselves torn to pieces, or interred alive for having put their husband or wife into the ground like a dog.

In one extravagance we fall short of our ancestors, that is,

in the article of funeral sermons, which are not now so much in use. Formerly, for a funeral sermon, many a disconsolate widow or widower has paid their last half-guinea, guinea, or even more, according to the quantity of Latin with which it was larded.

Fashion and foppery affect even this last exhibition of human vanity. Particular undertakers are famous for the elegant curve of their coffins, the neatness of their feather-edge, and taste in the hinges, plates, and decorations, but more especially of the becoming and genteel cut of their shrouds. Nor is personal flattery confined to the living, but is also poured forth on the dead; nothing being more common than to hear a nurse compliment the relations of the deceased, by declaring her master or mistress makes the finest corpse she has seen this many a day.

In London, an expensive part of a country funeral is saved, at least to the meaner people; that is the wooden rail or head-stone, inscribed with rude ill-spelt poetry, and decorated with skulls, cross-bones, Time with his scythe and hour-glass, or little blubber-cheeked cherubims blowing the last trumpet.

On the other hand, when a successful haberdasher or tallow-chandler is buried in his parish-church, vanity often prompts his widow or heirs to put up a monument to his memory, under the accumulation of the following expences:—Forty pounds to the Heralds' Office for a Coat of Arms; ten guineas to the Master of the Free School, for a dozen Latin hexameters, recording his birth and virtues; and fifty guineas for a small marble monument. In

return for all this expence, the family will have an armiger on record; his epitaph being in Latin, cannot be read and contradicted by his neighbours; and in a few successive generations, the virtues then attributed to him may pass current. G.

RUSSIAN GAMING ANECDOTE.

THE grand chancellor Ostermann, who was chancellor during the reign of the empress Anne, was so well served abroad as to get intelligence of a scheme formed at the court of Versailles to send over an insinuating elegant gamester to attack the Duke of Biron on his weak side, (a violent rage for play,) by that means to render him probably more tractable on some point they wanted to gain, when less overflowing with ready money than he generally was.

To communicate this information, the chancellor called on the haughty duke, then all powerful, and suspected he was at home, though declared abroad by his porter. This real, or supposed affront, the chancellor took a most humourous mode of revenging, which was wrapping himself up in flannels, as if attacked with a violent fit of the gout, to which he was subject, and then writing a note to the Empress Anne, to inform her majesty he had something of moment to communicate, but was unfortunately, from his ordinary complaint, unable to move from his couch.

This produced the very visit he expected: and the duke was announced as coming to speak with him from the Sovereign. Ostermann received his visitor,

extended on a sofa, wrapped up like a mummy, and pretended to be unable, from pain, to utter any thing but the usual involuntary exclamations of a man in violent sufferings. When he had made the duke sit in eager curiosity to hear his secret long enough to be revenged on him for the supposed refusal at the door, he articulated, with great seeming difficulty, that the French were sending over a gamester—and then he stopped again with excess of pain. The duke, on hearing the mountain thus delivered of a mouse, and being unable to draw any thing further from the gouty chancellor, went off in a pet, probably thinking it a joke on his prevailing passion for gaming, and informed the empress that Count Ostermann had nothing to reveal, but was delirious with a severe fit of the gout. Here the matter rested, and was forgotten by the duke.

Some months afterwards, the political gamester actually arrived, under the form of an elegant, easy, dissipated marquis, with a large credit on a house of the English factory: he presently insinuated himself into the good graces of the duke, and had cleared him and his party of their superfluous cash, when the chancellor, thinking the lesson sufficient, dispatched a courier to Moscow, to bring down post a midshipman, absent on leave from the fleet, named Cruckoff, whom he was assured to be inferior to none in Europe, either in the necessary manipulation of the cards, or knowledge of the game of Quinze, then the fashionable court play, and at which the marquis had won all

the money. One preliminary measure was, however, necessary to the scheme of getting back the money of the duke and the other noblemen, which was to get the midshipman made an officer of the guards, to entitle him to play at court; this Ostermann did, by soliciting it for him under the title of a relation, a favor immediately conferred by Anne, who was left entirely ignorant of the plot. The new ensign began to loose small sums freely, like a wealthy novice elated with the honor of playing at court, and at last drew the attention of the marquis, as a pigeon worth plucking. After some evenings, forcing him with high play, two-thirds of all his former gain, were carried off by the pigeons who was then marked out as an object worthy of condign punishment by the nettled Frenchman, and a monstrous stake was proposed, which the marquis certainly made himself sure of gaining, by some master-piece of shuffling art, reserved for the *coup de grace*: but probably it never entered into the marquis's head, or calculation, that a Muscovite pigeon could swallow a card he had drawn too much as he actually did, with some sweetmeats taken from an adjoining table, and left just fifteen in hand, the same number the Frenchman's art had procured to himself likewise, and on which he betted not only all his former winnings, but to the amount of his credit with his banker, in perfect security of gaining; but he had forgotten an essential circumstance in case of equality, that the Russian was first in hand, which determined the

matter in his favor, and the laugh was turned on the unfortunate Frenchman.

The chancellor by this means being in possession of the gains and credit of the amiable gamester, waited once more on the duke, to finish the conversation which the gout had prevented him concluding on his grace's first visit, and told him that he was then anxious to put him on his guard against a gamester whom the court of France was sending to fleece him, and had it not been for the impatience of his highness on that occasion, and the abrupt manner in which he left him, he might have saved his money.

The duke, outrageous at the trick played him by the marquis, talked of having him arrested as a cheat—but the chancellor, taking a bag from under his cloak, added coolly, that he had taken a more effectual method to punish him in kind: returned the duke both his own and his friend's money, only drily begging him, in future, *not to be so impatient when gouty men had secrets to discover.*

The rest of the spoil made the fortune of the successful officer, with an injunction never to lift a card again, if he wished to spend his days out of Siberia, where people would run less risk from his address.

* * *

ANECDOTE.

A French marquis, in the early period of the late revolution in that country, being about to quit Paris for a tour, was required at the barriers of that capital, to give an account of himself, his name, style, titles, &c. "I am," said he, "*Monsieur Le Marquis de Saint Cyr.*"—"Oh, oh," replies the revolutionary democrat

officer, "we have no *Monsieurs* now." "Put me down as the *Marquis de Saint Cyr* then," said he. "All titles of *Nobility* are abolished," answered the man. "Call me *De Saint Cyr* only." "No person is allowed to have *De* before his name in these days of *equality.*" "Write *Saint Cyr* then," "That won't do either," said the gruff centinel; "all the *Saints* are struck out of the calendar. "Let my name be *Cyr* then," said the Marquis, "*Sire*, (*Cyr* is thus pronounced) that is worst of all; all *Sires*, thank God, are quite done away with." And thus for want of a sufficiently *republican*, antemonarchial and *profane* name, the unfortunate Marquis was kept confined within the *barriers*; a pretty trick to play a *Præses limitum*, or *prefectus Limitaneus*, the name of marquis being derived from the word march, a *limit*.

POET'S CORNER.

— "neque est ignobile carmen."

VIR.

ODE

ON THE INFINITE GREATNESS OF THE DEITY.

(From the Russian of Sumarokof.)

HEAV'N'S azure opens, and my mind ascends,

Searching how far eternal space extends:

Lost in the void, no certain bound she meets,

Repuls'd by darkness, awe-struck she retreats;

With trembling pinions sinks on earth below,

Convinc'd our Maker's greatness none can know.

Unnumber'd suns their genial rays dispense

To bless surrounding worlds with light and sense:

Myriads adore on every peopled ball; And thou, O Lord eternal, rulest all.

Yet space unbounded through thy wide domain,

But faintly shews a portion of thy reign.

As when a furious whirlwind's wild
career
Awakens chaos in the raging air,
Thick clouds of sand in hideous ruin
tost;
So thought in wild disorder'd thought
is lost,
When we would think on that Almighty
pow'r
Which knew no first nor dreads a final
hour.

Again I soar, again I seek heaven's
throne,
Add million worlds unseen to millions
known,
Striving with boundless number still
to rise,
And dare new voids beyond thought's
utmost skies;
Yet the whole sum we mortals can
explore
Is but a grain of sand to God's crea-
tive pow'r.

Pour prendre congé.

In vain for three seasons each art has
been tried,
I still am unwed, and unwed must
abide;
In vain have my mother, and I, every
night
Tried to gudgeon the men—but the
flats will not bite;
Sad, sad is my fate, every scheme has
miscarried,
I was twenty last Christmas, and still
am unmarried!
In vain to our dinners were dozens in-
vited,
And scores with our parties at night
were delighted;
Ah! was it for this that I sung till my
throat
Grew so hoarse not an ear could dis-
tinguish a note,
(Though of course every hearer pro-
nounced it divine,
That the words were so charming, the
music so fine.)
Oh! was it for this that I danc'd each
quadrille,
With a fairy-like grace, and a Paris
taught skill?
That I lost all my roses by keeping
late hours,
Till now I must cull some from Ack-
erman's bowers?

Oh! horrid! three months dear Sir
Thomas I thought
In my snares, a rich treasure at last
had been caught;
Every morning his tilbury-whisk'd me
along,
In the evening he sought me all others
among;
My partner when dancing, companion
when still,
The page at my back, and the slave of
my will.
To carry my fan, oh! how happy was he!
How delighted he seemed when he
sweeten'd my tea!
When I sung, with what ardour en-
raptur'd he listen'd,
When I smil'd, what delight in his
eyes ever glisten'd.
Oh! Sir Thomas, Sir Thomas, may
grief be my lot
For the whole of next winter, if thou
art forgot!
Mamma too, dear creature, how kindly
she plann'd
Fresh schemes to entice, to propose for
my hand!
To-day 'twas a dinner—her dishes
were eat up;
To-morrow a rout—the best we could
get up;
The dinner was eat, and the rout it
was over,
But alas! not an offer was made by
my lover!
Every ball in the country was grac'd
by our faces,
Corporation, Election, Assizes, and
Races;
What money we spent at the play-
house, where often
I fancied fair Juliet my lover might
soften!!
And that fiction might help to promote
declaration,
But alas! all on earth is but grief and
vexation!
After all our endeavours, and plots,
and advances,
Routs, dinners, wines, dishes, songs,
music, and dances,
One morn, on returning from calls,
unexpected
His card on the table I found, but con-
nected.
Three grief speaking letters—two P's
and a C
Rear'd their forms as in mockery of
love and of me.

+++

THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex raptō vivens.

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WINDSOR CASTLE, BERKSHIRE

THIS venerable fortress owes its origin to William the Conqueror, who soon after his establishment upon the throne, per-

ceiving how favourable the country hereabout was for his darling sport, the chase, gave to the monastery of St. Peter at

Z

Westminster, certain lands and manors in Essex, in lieu of their possessions at Windsor. The castle was first designed as a hunting seat; the parks were soon after laid out, and the bounds of the forest greatly extended: rigid laws were likewise enacted for the preservation of the game. The edifice was considerably improved by Henry I., and enlarged by additional buildings; for its greater security the whole was surrounded by a strong wall—indeed so great were the alterations made by this monarch, that by some he has been reputed its founder. Henry II. held a parliament here in 1170; and when Richard Cœur-de-Lion departed on his romantic expedition to the Holy Land, the Bishop of Ely, who was left in great authority, made it the place of his residence. King John, during his contest with the barons, resided here, and by them the place was besieged without success in 1216. Queen Eleanor, consort of Edward I. was extremely attached to this spot, and was here delivered of four of her children. Edward III. of triumphant memory, was born at Windsor, and to him it owes its present sublimity and grandeur. The improvements made by this prince extended to nearly the whole of the antient fabric, which, with the exception of the three towers at the west end of the lower ward, was entirely taken down, and the principal part of the building, as it now stands, erected on its site. The mode of procuring workmen for this purpose is related in Ashmole's History of the Order of the Garter. "The king granted his letters patent to certain surveyors, em-

powering them to impress as many hewers of stone, carpenters, and other artificers, as might be necessary for the due and honest performance of the great undertaking."

In the year 1357 the celebrated William of Wickham, was appointed to superintend the works, with the salary of 1s. daily, and 3s. per week for his clerk. Various alterations and additional buildings have been made by succeeding monarchs. The beautiful chapel of St. George was enlarged and rebuilt by Edward IV. The roof of its choir was vaulted by Henry VII. Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Mary, each contributed to enoble the fabric. Queen Elizabeth raised the terrace on the north side, which commands a prospect over one of the finest valleys in the kingdom. Several improvements were made by Charles I.; but during the civil wars the castle was much injured, and the palace of the sovereign became his prison. The chief improvements made here in the last century were under the direction of his late Majesty.

The castle is divided into two courts, called the upper and lower wards, which are separated by the keep, which is built upon a lofty artificial mount, surrounded by a moat. The ascent to the upper apartments is by a long flight of steps, having cannon planted at the top, and levelled at the entrance. The curtain of the tower is the only battery in the castle; it contains seventeen pieces of ordnance; these are retained as objects of ornament rather than utility.—From the summit of this tower may be seen the most enchanting

prospect that can well be conceived. The majestic Thames is seen winding through a great extent of country which is diversified with all the varieties of forest scenery, fertile fields, busy hamlets, and crowded towns.

The names of the following counties that are hence in prospect are written upon a board near the top of the tower:—Middlesex, Essex, Hertford, Bucks, Berks, Oxford, Wilts, Hants, Surry, Sussex, Kent, and Bedford. The dome of St. Paul's may be plainly discerned when the atmosphere is in a favourable state.

The chief curiosities within this fabric are the arms deposited in the guard-chamber, consisting of whole, half, and quarter pikes, bandoleers of different sizes, and some of the first match-locks that were ever invented. The pillars of the door leading to the dining-room are composed of pikes; these are surmounted by two coats of mail, said to have been worn by John King of France, and David King of Scotland, when prisoners in the Castle; they are inlaid with gold, and ornamented, one with fleurs-de-lys, and the other with thistles. In this tower resides the Governor or Constable, who is invested with the full powers to defend the Castle against foreign and domestic enemies: he is also empowered to decide all disputes within the precincts of the Forest.

In the presence-chambers of their Majesties were deposited the Cartoons of Raphael, which have been since removed to Hampton Court, for the convenience of Mr. Holloway, who received his late Majesty's permission to engrave them. The royal apart-

ments are all of them adorned with the choicest efforts of imitative art; among them are portraits of some of the most distinguished personages who lived in the time of Charles II.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ALFRED THE GREAT.

THE name which the voice of mankind has placed first on the list of those men of England, in whose glory the humblest as well as the highest of their countrymen may feel an honest pride, is Alfred. History, with peculiar truth, has styled this prince—the Great. His right to this title, and his claims to the gratitude of every English heart, even after an interval of nine hundred years, are best proved by the following mention of his actions:—He freed his country from a foreign invader, who had long plundered and harassed his people; he overcame the universal vice which had arisen out of these disorders and miseries; he rendered the administration of justice certain and impartial, instead of confused and corrupt;—he laid the foundations of Trial by Jury, and of many other Institutions, which are our most valued inheritance at this day;—he discerned and shewed the worth of that Naval force, which has ever since been Britain's best bulwark;—he endeavoured to correct the ignorance of his subjects, by encouraging useful learning of every kind;—and, last of all, he made his great victories instruments of the noblest good, by winning over his enemies to embrace Christianity

as the price of his friendship; whilst by exhibiting to his subjects the fruits of that religion in his diligent example, he completed the perfection, by manifesting the sincerity of his character. All these things this great Prince did, at a period when the natives of England were universally dwelling in an ignorance, of which we, in these times, have no adequate conception; and when the duties of government, and the happiness of society, were so imperfectly understood, that it required the utmost virtue, genius, and perseverance, to compel the people, whether freemen or slaves, (for in those days two-thirds of the nation were born vassals,) to perceive the value of the benefits which this King bestowed upon them, and to acknowledge the extent of his love and the greatness of his mind.

Alfred was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in the year 849. He was the youngest son of Ethelwolf, a king of the Anglo-Saxons. In his childhood he was distinguished for the vivacity of his temper. His mother, amidst the dearth of knowledge which marked that time, gave the first impulse to the noble and patriotic spirit of her son, by reciting to him the heroic songs of his native bards; and his mind was still further expanded by two visits to Rome, where the magnificent temples and palaces of the people that had once governed the world, might have contributed to fix his attention on the comparative barbarism of his own nation, and to stimulate his desire for their advancement in the arts and conveniences of life. Upon the death of his parents his education was neglected, and

most of his acquirements in learning were derived from the labour of his advanced years. He married at the age of twenty. Historians have alluded to his early profligacy. Many such stories of those ancient chroniclers may have originated in unworthy motives. Be that as it may, it is certain that at a later period he manifested a deep impression of religious obligations; and if those chroniclers be correct, it may be inferred that his habitual piety disclosed to him the miseries and the degradations of a sinful course, however shielded by the security, or excited by the temptations of power; while in his maturer years it sustained him in that career of undeviating excellence, which has commanded the admiration of all succeeding ages.

He ascended the throne in the year 871, at the age of twenty-two. A fierce and remorseless enemy, the Danes, held possession of part of the kingdom;—the first duty of the young King was to give them battle. His first contest was unfortunate, and he was compelled to purchase a peace of his invaders. The terms of accommodation were not respected by his perfidious opponents; and he was again and again exposed to the attacks of new swarms of adventurers, that poured from the north of Europe, to seize upon the fertile soil of Britain. These invaders had more the character of bands of robbers than regular armies; their warlike habits were directed by the love of plunder, and unrestrained by any feelings of pity or compassion. They were heathens. After a variety of good and evil fortune, which he bore with an un-

changeable mind, Alfred was at length driven from his throne by a sudden attack of his enemy. He laid aside the outward marks of royalty, and in the mean time fled to a place of security.

This was the most adventurous and romantic period of the monarch's fortune. He entered into the service of a cowherd, and submitted to the most menial offices. History has painted the great founder of the English Constitution, as patiently bearing the ill-humour of the peasant's wife, who was ignorant of his quality; and a highly interesting story has been told us of his humility and nobleness of mind. Alfred the Great, at this period of calamity, was set by his mistress to roast cakes, and received something worse than hard words, for suffering them to burn. How true is it, that adversity is one of the best means by which the Divine Ruler conducts his creatures to excellence, by subduing our passions, strengthening our reason, and confirming our piety.

But if Alfred was thus externally occupied with humble duties, his thoughts were incessantly directed to the perilous task of freeing his country. He had collected around him some few trusty friends, who communicated with many faithful adherents in various parts of the kingdom. His retreat was in the fens of Somersetshire, in a place since called the isle of Athelney. During this period of his seclusion, a fresh band of invaders assaulted the western provinces, and appeared to shut out all hopes of deliverance. But Alfred was still full of trust and watchfulness. It is said that in the disguise of a harper he penetrated into the Danish camp; and whilst

he charmed these barbarians with his music, obtained the secrets of their designs by his sagacity.—At this period a chieftain of the Saxons gained a great triumph over the invaders; and the news of this success filled every British heart with fresh courage. Alfred seized upon the opportunity, and dispatched trusty messengers to his friends to meet him in Selwood forest. On the appointed day the men of Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Somersetshire gathered round their king;—the wood rang with the shouts of these brave defenders of their country; and the monarch again appeared as the leader and avenger of his people. The two armies met; the shock was tremendous; but Alfred in the end completely triumphed. This great event happened in the year 879. The terms which the Conqueror imposed were as wise as they were noble; they were, that the invaders, upon leaving his dominions, should embrace Christianity. Their leader became a sincere convert; and with the outward forms of the Gospel, he put on its spirit. He preserved that peace which enabled Alfred to maintain his throne in safety, and to establish those glorious Institutions which were to become the blessings of his own generation, and the foundation of that system of laws, to which England owes her greatness in deriving from them her freedom.

The first object of Alfred, after the deliverance of his country, was to rebuild his ruined cities; his second, to establish a military force, as well as a navy, to preserve his kingdom from future attacks; his third, to perfect the administration of justice; his

fourth, to render the punishment of laws less necessary, by diffusing among his subjects the principles of sound religion and useful knowledge. In the latter part of his reign he was again disturbed by new bodies of piratical Danes; but he successfully resisted them, and finally established his throne in complete security.

(To be continued.)

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE STEAM ENGINE.

OUR readers are well acquainted with the extraordinary qualities of gun-powder when employed as a mechanical power. The whole art of war was suddenly changed, so soon as it was discovered that a mixture of nitre, sulphur, and charcoal, when touched by a single spark of fire, would drive to an immense distance any hard substance rammed into a tube of iron. By this contrivance cannon and muskets became the principal weapons of war; the work of death being remarkably changed, by substituting these for the ancient arms of attack and defence. It is probable that the poor monk, who is said to have been the inventor, little dreamt of the fatal use that would be made of his discovery by military men; those of more peaceful dispositions hoped that it would lead to very important advantages in other arts, and it was naturally expected that such a force might be successfully applied, instead of human strength, to perform many great and difficult works. Thus mines and quarries, which before the inven-

tion of gunpowder were excavated with much labour, are now worked with far greater ease and rapidity by the process of blasting. The great defect of gunpowder, when employed as a mechanical force, arises from its being instantaneous. The power ceases the moment after it is produced. Water supplies a force of great value in driving machinery, but this power has the objection of uncertainty. It is only in peculiar situations that water-works can be erected, and a frost or a drought may suddenly put a stop to the movements. Machines worked by winds are liable to a similar objection, and are subject to many others peculiar to themselves.

The steam-engine has supplied exactly what was wanting in them all. It furnishes a force more powerful even than gun-powder; it possesses the great additional quality of being perfectly manageable, and may therefore be applied with safety and dispatch to the minutest, as well as the greatest undertakings. It has the further advantage of being applicable to all situations; it is subject to no change of weather, and the whole machinery may be placed in the circumference of a closet. The variety and extent of its powers are wonderful. "The trunk of an elephant, which can pick up a pin, or rend an oak, is nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, or crush masses of metal like wax before it—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war, like a bauble, into the air; it can embroider muslin and forge anchors—cut steel into ribbons, and impel loaded vessels against wind and waves."

Like most other great inventions, the discovery was not made at once. So early as the middle of the 17th century, the Marquis of Worcester made known the principle upon which steam might be applied to mechanical purposes. In his *Century of Inventions*, he calls it "a forcible method of driving water by fire."—Most of our readers probably know that water is not elastic. It cannot be pressed into a less space than it naturally fills; but when fire is applied it is thrown off in the form of steam, and becomes then so elastic, that it will act against any thing opposed to it with astonishing force: a simple proof of this may be seen when a tea-kettle boils over; that part of the water changed into steam expands and presses the water out of the spout, or if this be stopped it will drive off the lid with violence. In 1696, Captain Savary employed this principle to force the water from mines, and in 1705, it was greatly improved by Mr. Newcomen; but it was reserved for the late Mr. Watt to carry it to the high degree of perfection it has now reached. This gentleman was a working mathematical instrument-maker at Glasgow. It happened that among the models of machines belonging to the Natural Philosophy Class at that University, there was one of Mr. Newcomen's steam-engines which wanted repair, and was sent to him for that purpose. His ineffectual attempts to set it right induced him to give his whole attention to improve the principle, and availing himself of a valuable discovery relative to latent heat made about that time by Dr. Black, he produced the

machine now universally known and distinguished by his name.

The genius of Mr. Watt raised him speedily above the condition of his parents, and aided by persevering and successful study, rapidly conducted him to reputation and fortune. He engaged in partnership with the late Mr. Boulton, of Birmingham, near which they established their celebrated manufactory of Soho, at once the delight and admiration of strangers, and the boast and honour of British science.—Mr. Watt was elected a Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, and was also a Member of the Philosophical Institute at Paris. Amidst all the distinctions which he received, he seems never to have lost the native simplicity of his character; and he preserved his faculties unimpaired to the advanced age of 83. He died at his seat of Heathfield, near Birmingham, August 25, 1819, leaving one son, who had long been associated with him in his profession.

THE MISCELLANY.

"Rebus et ordine dispar."—HOR.

SCENES OF MY YOUTH RE-VISITED.

FEW things excite in my mind stronger sensations of pleasure and pain, than the recollection of those days which were spent at school. In order to revel in all the luxury of that melancholy which arises out of such a mixture of conflicting feelings, I lately walked over to the village where I was first introduced to the Muses. Though within a very few miles of the metropolis, it is but little frequented by strangers; and is as retired, and

in fact as *dull*, as any spot within my knowledge.

It is *twenty years since* my last breaking-up day there; a period sufficient for effecting a considerable change in my circle of acquaintance, without bringing me to that advanced stage of life in which a kind Providence, preparing us for departure to another world, blunts our feelings to the joys and sorrows of this.

I struck from the high road as directly as possible, across some luxuriant meadows, which brought me to a full view at once of the old house, school-room, and play-ground. At one time there was not a crab-tree or a blackberry-bush in any of the hedges surrounding those meadows, to which I could not have found my way in the dark; but *twenty years* will lessen the value of crab-apples and blackberries, and perhaps teach us to toil after things of no greater value.

In one corner of the ground, a boy of my own age and myself had, *twenty years ago*, formed a garden in size at least fifteen feet square. It was *tastefully* laid out, and well stocked with London-pride, sun-flowers, double-daisies, and other such *gay* plants; part of it was devoted to the production of kitchen vegetables: the whole was fenced with neat painted palisades of a lively green, and furnished with a well-fitted gate, bearing a stout padlock for the exclusion of the *οἱ πολλοί*. From all this you will gather that my partner and myself were boys of consideration in the school. Our joint stock of money and ingenuity enabled us, moreover, to provide ourselves with a rural

table and benches; about these we planted four young fruit trees, which, when interwoven at top, formed a very pretty arbor over-head. I remember also we contrived space enough for a *fish-pond*, margined with turf and daisies; and on either side of our garden gate we planted a young and slender poplar. To our arbor on half holidays we retired to treat our friends with wholesome bread, the produce of the dairy, and sallad of our own growing. In order to do things *handsomely* we occasionally added a little ale, smuggled into the magisterial territory from our neighbour 'The Bear'—ale bad enough in fact, but to us nectar, perhaps because contraband. There we played flute duetts: our instruments were, to be sure, not always exactly in tune, and we cared almost as little for time in music as in other things; but we were the Nicholsons of the school. How sweetly were our afternoons thus passed! Without care, and full of health, our innocent pleasures were unalloyed.

The first object that struck me at *this* end of the *twenty years*, was my group of fruit trees, ragged, deformed, and so increased in dimensions, that were my table and benches still in existence, they could not occupy their ancient place. My poplars (for I cannot help calling them *mine* even now) are, as my good grandmother used at each succeeding vacation to say of me, "grown out of all knowledge." My palisades, garden, parterres, and fish-pond, have ceased to be; and I was half inclined to quarrel with two

or three urchins who were playing within *my bounds*.

On casting round my eye, I see every where something to revive the recollection of some formerly important occurrence. There is the window, for jumping out of which (it is full ten feet from the ground) I received my last caning—there are the yew-trees into which I have often climbed for their berries, (sweet again, because forbidden fruit)—and there the paling beneath them, on which I once suspended myself, through too much hurry in descending to avoid the birch threatening eye of our pedagogue. There is the furrow worn in the turf, by our cricket matches—there the ditch which afforded us in the winter a good slide, and indeed many a tumble too—there is the narrow pass (named by us *Thermopylæ*) between the house and the school-room, which I have often defended with a handful of Greeks, against all the rest of the school under a mimic Xerxes—there *was* the garden, where I used to assist in his horticultural labours, the good *Emigré*, who at the same time taught us French, and afforded us a bright example of patience and kindly feeling. In that school-room I first made *pot-hooks* and *hangers*; and I yet remember (as I presume was intended) the strapping bestowed on me for laughing at my master's (to me novel) observation that I *dog's-eared* my book—in that corner we made our Guy Fawkes' fires—and behind that hedge we settled our differences by single combat; but (Heaven be praised!) with less mischievous weapons than those employed by maturer years.

If I could but have forgotten what I had lost since those halcyon days, my musings would have been indeed delicious. But it has been my lot to become the survivor of almost all my youthful friends. My brother gardener, my chief antagonist in war, my solitary class-fellow in Greek, my bed-fellow—all are gone. The school-room is let to the parish officers, for the use of paupers; the great garden is a waste; and the house scarcely habitable. Never, without necessity, will I revisit that spot!

It was impossible for me, however, though with a swelling heart, to avoid taking a farewell of the village church. I have seen its grey tower, I hope for the last time. The first grave-board on which my eyes rested bore the name of the old one-eyed parish clerk, whose blind side bore the brunt of many a harmless prank from us. A little further on lie the iron fenced remains of the squire of the parish, who always took the curate home with him to dinner on Sundays in his carriage, and who often showered gingerbread nuts among us. Close by lies farmer Jones; and honored be his memory! for he once bestowed on us twelve large faggots to add to our bonfire, besides a famous pole for the more signal suspension of *the great incendiary*. Near farmer Jones lies Gabriel the barber; I remember him from having slipped a lighted squib into his gaping boot on the same occasion. And there lies Mr. Dickinson, the half-cracked surgeon, who to our unvarying question, "what's the best thing for the stomach-ache, Doctor?"

as invariably answered, "a slice of hot plumb-pudding applied inwardly, you young dog!" A little chat with the present sexton enabled me to take my old seat in the gallery, where I recognized the initials "A. P." and the date "1799," carved with my own hand. In my mind's eye, again I saw the pretty Miss S.; and again I turned from her in the eager expectation of seeing my father enter the door-way on his Sunday visit, with news from *dulce domum*.

I could proceed with my *recollections*, and perhaps you might forgive me; but the subject becomes exquisitely painful to myself. Why, I dare not attempt to particularize. You may, however, imagine the possible sum of the deprivations, the griefs, and the errors of *twenty years*. On such occasions they *will* intrude themselves as foreground objects, while the gratifications which rendered them tolerable are lost in the distance.

But while we deplore the mistakes and the vicious actions past, should we not reflect that those who have yet *twenty years* to live, are, with respect to the future, young? Ought we not with our experience of the past, to begin as we are permitted to do, afresh? Is it not our duty to remember, that if we seriously determine to rectify what is wrong in our conduct, we are now as one of those *little ones*, and that our course is yet before us? With such considerations, a review of our early days, and of subsequent occurrences, must be highly useful. There are few men who would not with the experience of age, re-

joice to have all their work undone—to be made children again, and to have the opportunity of avoiding those seductions which have cost them so much peace of mind. We may have all this advantage; and happy am I in the idea that this little narrative, and the cogitations arising out of it, may draw the line for one erring individual, between by-gone misconduct, and a future virtuous and peaceful career.

A. P.

HISTORY OF JEREMY THE SCHEMER.

"Quæque ipse miserrima vido,
Et quorum pars magna fui!"

Direful misfortunes which myself have seen,
Of which myself the greatest part have been!

MR. EDITOR,

You may implicitly rely upon the authenticity of the following narrative, although the person to whom the events have happened may have good reasons for wishing his full name to be withheld. Let it be sufficient, therefore, to call him by the style and title of Jeremy the Schemer.

Jeremy, although far from being an old man, now feels himself in a declining state of health, and is learning to bear with fortitude the approach of death.—For even *he* is convinced of the utter futility of all schemes to escape the vigilance or ward off the attacks, of this last and mightiest destroyer of human projects, and human hopes. He looks back upon his past life with a smile at the removal of

that veil which youthful enthusiasm had drawn before his eyes, and with regret, not that its illusions have vanished, but that they have proved to be illusions. His chief hope is, that integrity of design may count for something; as he would indeed be in a woeful predicament if it were necessary to believe literally in the truth of the old proverb, that "men go to heaven for the good which they have done; and to hell for the good which they have intended to do." But as every body has said, we must begin at the beginning.

To go back, however, to the nursery adventures of the unhappy Jeremy, would scarcely, whatever discoveries we might make, repay us for the trouble of the search. And the fact is, that the history of his infancy, like that of many other great men, is involved in almost impenetrable obscurity. Even the traditions and interesting anecdotes which were, doubtless, delivered with regard to him, by his mother and his nurse, have long been forgotten. At school, however, it is certain that Jeremy already began to display his invincible propensity to scheming. He was always making projects and experiments for the invention of a new bird-trap, or a new cross-bow, or some other extraordinary implement for every boyish purpose under heaven. At every possible game he was practically the worst player in the school; but then upon the theoretical principles he had formed, as *he* conceived, some very wise notions of his own. Cricket was his peculiar study: it is true that he never could defend his wicket

for a minute; but then he could always suggest some indisputable improvement in the shape of the bat. His themes and verses too were declared intolerable; for he would insert his own crude, half-formed, unfledged notions, which he could not even express, instead of the tame, trite, hackneyed sentiments and phrases which usually compose the exercise of a school-boy. By the way I may here mention one of his favourite opinions in after life, which was, that the habit of laying so much stress upon early composition at schools, and making boys write before they can think, has been the great cause that the literary world has been so uninterruptedly inundated in modern times with the deluge of common-place, and the diluted mawkishness of smooth versifiers, and the turners of smart periods.

As Jeremy entered upon the career of youth, his scheming propensities grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. He never saw a carriage without having some improvement to propose as to the construction, or the colour, or the springs; although no wise person who set the slightest value upon his life, would ever trust himself to the guidance of Jeremy in any vehicle for a moment. Moreover, in the "history" and "philosophy" of dancing—for in this age of refinement we must use grand terms upon every occasion, or consent to be considered as utterly deficient in the true dignity and elegance of phraseology,—he was a perfect adept;—of the sameness and want of inventive genius displayed in our English dances he bitterly and contemptuously com-

plained; he would even talk of introducing the Pyrrhic dance, and the Romaic dance, and a thousand other dances ancient and modern, with all sorts of steps from all sorts of places:— he had, besides, a magnificent project of making a kind of composite order of dancing out of them all. In the meantime, with regard to the common dances which were practised in his early youth, when it must be remarked dancing was by no means so complicated a science as it is at present, his ignorance and awkwardness were lamentably conspicuous. The minuet was quite beyond him: he never went through a country dance without a mistake, or performed the evolutions of a reel without being in every body's way.

These are trifling things; but trifling things, as the wise know, not only make up the sum of life, but are the best index of character. Jeremy proceeded in his career—every art and science supplied him with matter for cogitation, and for a new scheme. He laboured at the creation of a new style in architecture, sculpture, and painting; he wished to improve their principles, to enlarge their boundaries, and to emancipate them from the trammels of arbitrary rules. He said, what was in some measure true, that while nature was infinite, and open to all, to circumscribe the limits of imitation by the line and compass of artificial canons, and the standard of acquired taste, was the very ultraism of absurdity.

It was in some measure fortunate, that the age of alchemy had passed away before the birth of Jeremy the Schemer, otherwise his life would assuredly

have been wasted in a search after the philosopher's stone, or the elixir of life; he would have plunged into the mazes which bewildered some of the mightiest intellects which have ever risen among mankind, and pursued the same "*ignis fatuus*" which led Cardan and Albertus Magnus so far astray from the path of genuine science. The time however was now come, when his petty schemes were either abandoned and forgotten, or concentrated and absorbed in vast and splendid schemes of political and moral regeneration; a thousand plans, one after another, crossed his soul, like the meteoric flashes of a northern sky, beautiful and bright, but impalpable, unsubstantial, and fugitive. He felt himself destined to hasten the millennium and restore the golden age.

His friends were naturally anxious for him to apply himself to a particular profession, and it was evident to them that if the talents which he certainly possessed were steadily employed upon a single subject, he might raise himself, with comparative ease, to eminence and wealth.— But Jeremy, alas! had other views. He confine himself to a single dull mechanical pursuit! he become a mere drudge, and plod onwards along the beaten track with the common herd!— They who gave him such advice might have excellent intentions, but they could comprehend neither the grasp of his intellect nor the magnitude of his designs.

(To be continued.)

CONTRAST BETWEEN THE
TRADESMEN OF THE PRESENT
AND OF FORMER TIMES.

WHAT a contrast between a

tradesman or a citizen of former times, and those of our days! To go no further back than forty or fifty years, a thriving tradesman was almost as stationary as his shop; he might at all times be found there. "Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you," was a maxim continually in his mind. Born within the sound of Bow Bell, he rarely ventured out of it, except, perhaps, once or twice in a summer, when he indulged his wife and family with an expedition to Edmonton or Hornsey.—On this occasion the whole family, dressed in their Sunday clothes, were crowded together in a landau or coach hired for the day. On Easter or Whitsunday, he might likewise treat himself to a ride on a Moorfields hack, hired at eighteen pence a ride; through what was then called the Cuckold's Round.

If in holiday time a friend was invited to dinner, which was not often the case, his fare was a large plumb-pudding, with a loin of veal, the fat spread on a toast, well sauced with melted butter, a buttock of beef, or, if the guest was of the Common Council, possibly a ham and chicken. The drink was elder or raisin wine, made by his wife, and strong ale in a silver tankard. The meat was brought up in newly-scoured pewter; the apprentice cleaned the best knives, and the maid, with her hands before her, waited at table, serving every guest with a low curtesy. His wife was dressed in her best silk damask gown, with flowers as large as a fire-shovel, so stiff that it would have stood alone—probably left her by her mother or grandmother.

These tradesmen paid their

bills when due, and would have conceived themselves ruined had a banker's runner called twice for a draft; and after going through all the parish and ward offices, as well as those of their own company, terminated their days in rural retirement, at Turnham-Green, Hackney, or Clapham-Common; from whence they could now and then make a trip, in their one-horse chaise, to visit the shop where they had acquired their fortune. The daughters of these men were taught all kinds of needle-work, and at a certain age were initiated into all the culinary secrets of the family, preserved in a manuscript, handed down from their great grand-mother. The sons, instead of losing their time in an imperfect acquisition of a little Latin, were well-grounded in Cocker's and Wingate's Arithmetic, and perfect adepts in the Rule of Three and Practice.

A tradesman of the present day is as seldom found in his shop as at church.—A man of any spirit cannot, he says, submit to sit kicking his heels there; it is consequently left to the care of his apprentices and journeymen, whilst he goes to the coffee-house to read the news and settle the politics of the parish. His evenings are spent at different clubs and societies. On Monday he has a neighbourly meeting of the most substantial inhabitants of the parish; this it would be extremely wrong and unsocial to neglect. On Tuesday he goes to the Sols, or Bucks, among whom he has many customers. Wednesday he dedicates to a disputing club, in order to qualify himself to make speeches in the Vestry or at the Common Coun-

cil.—As a man of taste and cultivator of oratory, he forms an acquaintance with some of the under-players, from whom, on their benefit nights, he takes tickets, and at other times receives orders.—If he has the misfortune to sing a good song, at least a night in the week is devoted to *private* concerts, of gentlemen performing for their own amusement, at some *public* house. As a good husband, he cannot refuse to accompany his wife and daughters to the Monthly Assembly, held at the Crown and Anchor, or the ———, in Cateaton-street, and sometimes to a card party, to play an innocent game at shilling whist.

During two or three of the summer months, he and his family take a *tower*, as they term it—to Margate, Brighton, or some other of the watering-places, where, to make a handsome appearance, and look like themselves, they are dressed out in every expensive piece of frippery then in vogue.

If a friend is invited to take a family dinner, nothing less than two courses will go down: besides the footman, the porter, and the errand-boy exhibit in liveries.—Claret and Madeira are the liquors.—On a tradesman of this sort entering into the holy state of matrimony, his wife's drawing and dressing-rooms must be furnished according to the newest fashion, with carpets, curtains, looking-glasses, girandoles, and all other fashionable appendages.

If he has a family, the young ladies, as they are always styled, are sent to a boarding-school, where they are taught to dance,

to jabber a few mis-pronounced French phrases, and to thrum two or three tunes on the guitar or piano-forte; but not a single stitch of plain-work, for fear of making them hold down their eyes; and as to housewifery, they could as soon make a smoke-jack as a pudding.

The education of the male part of the family is not more sensible.—At school they are taught the Latin Grammar, and advance in that language to Corderius and Cornelius Nepos, which is forgotten in three months after they leave school.—This, with a little French, dancing, and blowing a tune on the German flute, completes the piece.

This style of living is for a while supported by paper credit, and assisted by two or three tradesmen of the same description, who jointly manœuvre drafts of accommodation, and run through all the mazes of that art denominated swindling; till at length, overpowered by the accumulated expences of renewals, interest, and forbearance-money, this gentleman-like tradesman makes his appearance in the Gazette, preceded by a *Whereas*, and falls to rise no more, but terminates his life in the Marshalsea or King's Bench, his lady in the parish workhouse; his daughters, left exposed to all the arts of seduction, become but too often dependant upon the uncertain and wretched earnings of vice for their support; and his sons, unable to procure a livelihood by industry, make their exit at Newgate—or are sent on their travels at the national expence—to Botany Bay.

G.

POET'S CORNER.

——— "neque est ignobile carmen."

——— VIR.

THE FROLICKSOME DUKE, OR THE
TINKER'S GOOD FORTUNE.

THE following ballad is upon the same subject, as the *Induction* to Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*; whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the Dramatic Poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine.

The story is told of PHILIP THE GOOD, Duke of Burgundy; and it is thus related by an old English writer:—"The said duke, at the marriage of Eleanora, sister to the king of Portugall, at Bruges in Flanders, which was solemnised in the deepe of winter; when as by reason of unseasonable weather he could neither hawke nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c., and such other domestick sports, or to see ladies dance;—with some of his courtiers, he would in the evening walke disguised all about the towne.—It so fortun'd, as he was walking late one night, he found a cuntry fellow dead drunke, snorting on a bulke; he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attyring him after the court fashion;—when he wakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and persuade him that he was some great duke. The poor fellow admiring how he came there, was served in state all day long: after supper he saw them dance, heard musicke, and all the rest of those court-like pleasures; but late at night, when he was well tippled, and again fast asleepe, they

put on his old robes, and so conveyed him to the place, where they first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before, as he did now, when he returned to himself: all the jest was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poore man told his friends he had seen a vision; constantly believed it; would not otherwise be persuaded, and so the jest ended.—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

This ballad is given from a black letter copy in the Pepys collection, which is entitled as above—To the tune of "Fond Boy."

Now as fame does report a young duke
keeps a court,
One that pleases his fancy with fro-
licksome sport:
But amongst all the rest, here is one
I protest,
Which will make you to smile when
you hear the true jest:
A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on
the ground,
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a
swound.

The duke said to his men, William,
Richard, and Ben,
Take him home to my palace we'll
sport with him then,
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care
soon convey'd
To the palace, altho' he was poorly
arraid:
Then they stript off his cloaths, both
his shirt, shoes, and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take
his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was
all over dirt,
They gave him clean holland; this was
no great hurt:
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of
renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink
out of his crown.
In the morning when day, then admir-
ing he lay,
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy
and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich
bed of state,
Till at last knights and squires they
on him did wait;
And the chamberling bare, then did
likewise declare,
He desired to know what apparel he'd
ware:
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gen-
tleman gaz'd
And admired how he to this honour
was rais'd.

Tho' he seem'd somewhat mute, yet
he chose a rich suit,
Which he straitways put on without
longer dispute;
With a star on his side, which the
tinker oft ey'd,
And it seem'd for to swell him, no lit-
tle with pride;
For he said to himself, where is Joan
my sweet wife?
Sure she never did see me so fine in
her life.

From a convenient place, the right
duke his good grace
Did observe his behaviour in every
case.
To a garden of state, on the tinker
they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him:—
thought he, this is great:
Where an hour or two, pleasant walks
he did view,
With commanders and squires in scar-
let and blew.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him
and his guests,
He was plac'd at the table above all
the rest,
In a rich chair, or bed, lin'd with fine
crimson red,
With a rich golden canopy over his
head:
As he sat at his meal, the musick
play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys
to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had
plenty of wine,
Rich canary with sherry and tent su-
perfine.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took
off his bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and
roll

From his chair to the floor, where he
sleeping did snore,
Being seven times drunker than ever
before.

Then the duke did ordain, they should
strip him amain,
And restore him his old leather gar-
ments again:
'Twas a point next the worst, yet per-
form it they must,
And they carry'd him strait, where
they found him at first.
Then he slept all the night, as indeed
well he might;
But when he did waken, his joys took
their flight.

For his glory to him so pleasant did
seem,
That he thought it to be but a meer
golden dream;
Till at length he was brought to the
duke, where he sought
For pardon, as fearing he had set him
at nought;
But his highness he said, thou'rt a
jolly bold blade,
Such a frolick before I think never
was plaid.

Then his highness bespoke him a new
suit and cloak,
Which he gave for the sake of this
frolicksome joke,
Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten
acres of ground,
Thou shalt never, said he, range the
counteries round,
Crying old brass to mend, for I'll be
thy good friend,
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my
duchess attend.

Then the tinker reply'd, What! must
Joan my sweet bride
Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to
ride?
Must we have gold and land every day
at command?
Then I shall be a squire I well under-
stand:
Well I thank your good grace, and
your love I embrace,
I was never before in so happy a case.

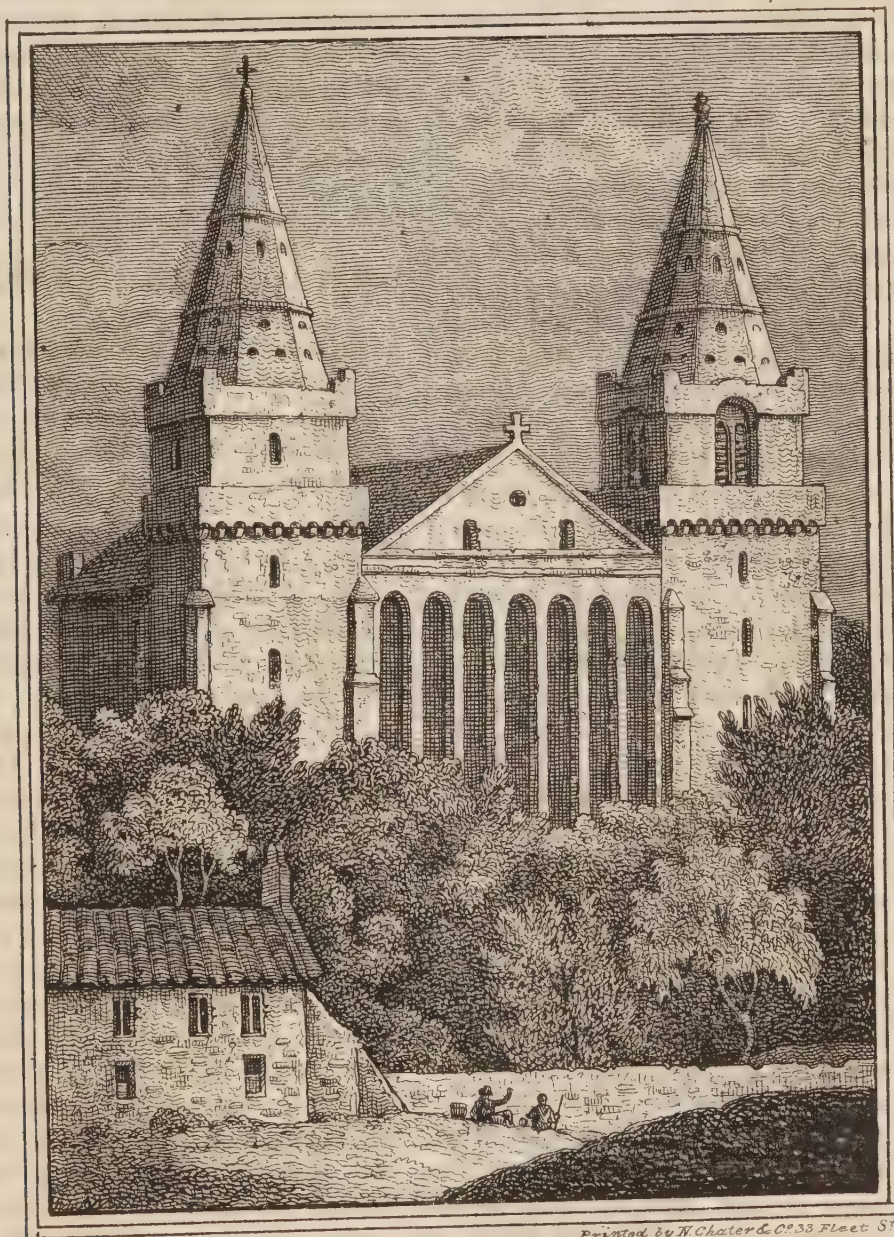
✍ Correspondents in our next.

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Ex raptō vivens.

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OLD TOWN CHURCH OR CATHEDRAL, ABERDEEN, ABERDEENSHIRE.

THE bishoprick of Aberdeen was originally founded at Murthlack, in the county of Banff:—the see was translated to Aber-

deen, in the year 1187, by King David I. The cathedral was begun about the year 1165, and dedicated to St. Marchar. In

1356 the then bishop, Alexander Kennimouth, not thinking the cathedral sufficiently magnificent, caused it to be pulled down, and laid the foundation of one more superb; but before the work was much advanced, he was sent, by the king, on an embassy, and dying soon after his return, the building remained unfinished till the accession of Bishop Henry Leighton, in 1424, who added greatly to the work, and gave large sums of his own towards its perfection.

This cathedral suffered much at the Reformation, but more at the Revolution, so violent was the rage of the covenanters, during that period, against all manner of idolatry, that perhaps the sun and moon, very antient objects of worship, owed their safety to their distance.—As there was nothing about the cathedral worth carrying away, they wreaked their vengeance upon the stones and timber. The high altar-piece, of the finest workmanship of the kind in Europe, which had hitherto escaped every violence, was hewed to pieces, by order, and with the aid, of the parish minister. The carpenter, awed by the sanctity of the place, and struck with the noble workmanship, refused to raise his hand against it, till the more than Gothic priest took the hatchet from his hand, and struck the first blow. The wainscoting was richly carved, and ornamented with different kinds of crowns at the top, admirably cut.

The cathedral had a grand cross aisle and a fine tower, which fell down in the year 1688, having been undermined by the soldiers of Cromwell, for

stones to build a fort. By the fall of the tower the rest of the church was much damaged. The present remains consist of two spires, 112 feet high, and the nave 135 feet by 64, inside measurement. It has a handsome window at the west end, and on the ceiling are painted, in three columns, forty-eight armorial bearings.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

THE MASSACRE OF THE GARDIKIOTES, AND THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY OF GARDIKI BY THE CELEBRATED ALI BEY, PASHA OF JOANNINA.

GARDIKI was a large city, about ten miles to the west, or north-west of Argyro Kastro, with a population of Turks and Albanians, who had much property in the surrounding country, and were extremely independent and warlike in their habits. In the early part of Ali Pasha's life, when relying chiefly on the zeal and resolution of his mother, the Gardikiotes became his enemies, and endeavoured to dispossess him of the small territory then subject to him. On a certain occasion, when, with his mother and sister he was passing the night at some village in this part of the country, they laid a plot for surprising him and taking away his life. Ali, with difficulty, escaped, but his mother and sister were made prisoners, and conducted to Gardiki; where, after being exposed for thirty days to various outrages, particularly offensive to the usages of the Turks with respect to women, they were ignominiously

sent away. This event never left the recollection of the family. His mother, it is said, did not cease, as long as she lived, to urge him to accomplish some work of revenge; and the influence she had over his mind was aided by his own temper, and by the opposition the Gardikiotes continued to offer to his growing power.

The situation, however, of Gardiki, and the protection afforded it by the Pashas of Berat and Delvino, made it impracticable for Ali to execute his designs till the beginning of 1812, when the subjugation of Argyro Kastro, Delvino, &c. enabled him to surround Gardiki with his troops, and thus to prevent the escape of the inhabitants. It is not impossible that he might have taken the place before, but in this case many of them would have escaped, and he would thus have been foiled in his full work of vengeance. Previously to the attack, he had contrived, by delusive means, to retain almost the whole of the Gardikiotes within the city, with the expectation that they should not suffer more than the inhabitants of the other conquered territory. His troops, to the number, it is said, of about 15,000 men, having surrounded the place, orders were given to attack it. The Turkish officers of the army—either in consequence of the vigorous defence of the people, or because they were unwilling to take a city, in the safety of which the Porte had directly interested itself, and where the inhabitants, though Mussulmans, were likely to be eventually sacrificed, delayed their operations, and made little progress in the siege. The vizier, it appears, had begun to

be irritated by this tardiness, when Athanasius Bra came forward, and offered with a certain number of Albanians, to take the place by storm; though its position on the acclivity of a conical hill, rendered this an enterprize of much difficulty. This offer was accepted, and a single night put Gardiki into the vizier's hands; after an interval of forty years from the commission of the original offence.

The inhabitants, who might be 5000, or 6000 in number, were at first distributed into different places in the vicinity, with the exception of 36 of the Beys and principal people, who were sent to Joannina. Early one morning, soon after the surrender of the city, nearly 800 of the Gardikiotes were brought into the area of a large khan, a few miles to the north-east of Argyro Kastro.—The vizier himself came in his carriage to the gate of the khan, which was every where surrounded by his troops. The names of a certain number of the Gardikiotes were called out, who were allowed to depart from the area, and transported with the remainder of their countrymen, into a sort of slavery in other parts of Albania. Those left within the khan, who are said to have been about 730 in number, were tied together with cords, to prevent the efforts that might be suggested by despair. They were all men, and selected, as it appears, either as having actually been in Gardiki at the time when the mother and sister of Ali were imprisoned there, or as the direct descendants of those who bore part in the outrage.—Orders were given to the soldiers who surrounded them, standing on the high walls of

the khan, that when a signal was made by the report of a fusil, they should fire upon the prisoners in the area. This fusil is said to have been discharged by the vizier himself, as he sat in his carriage. The work of slaughter instantly began, and was continued without intermission, either by the musket or the sabre, till not a single one of the Gardikiotes remained alive. The fate of some was delayed by their escape into certain wooden buildings within the area. The vizier, however, who remained himself on the spot, till the whole was completed, ordered fire to be put round these buildings, which drove the unhappy victims from their places of concealment.—Some of them becoming desperate, took up stones, with which they wounded several of the soldiers employed in their destruction. At length they all lay on the ground; every opening in the area was closed up; and the bodies were left without burial, to attest yet more strongly the vengeance which led to the act.

On the same day, the thirty-six Gardikiotes, who had been carried to Joannina, and treated there with a delusive kindness, were transported to the other side of the lake, and shared the same fate as the rest. Even here the work was not wholly completed—I was informed that one or two of the principal inhabitants of Gardiki, who had been absent at the time the city was taken, were afterwards seduced to return, were murdered, and their bodies sent to the spot where the others had perished.

The situation of the deserted

and half ruined city of Gardiki is singularly striking:—it stands on the steep acclivity of a double conical hill, with high mountains in the immediate back ground; the castle crowning one summit of the hill—on the other nearly a thousand houses, all built of stone, lofty, and deriving an air of magnificence from their situation. As I looked upon Gardiki in the distance, it appeared to me one of the finest towns I had seen in Turkey. The near approach to it was a mournful contradiction to the distant aspect. None of the usual busy sounds of a city met the ear; but there was a desolate stillness and silence, which made an impression I shall not easily forget. I entered the streets; all here was vacant and deserted. The doors and windows of the houses were open; but no living sound came from within. The ruins of an ancient city display the hand of time, gradually working its decline; but this shewed itself as the effect of some sudden calamity, which at once had fallen upon the place; bringing to mind the enchanted city in one of the Arabian Tales, where, as a punishment, all the inhabitants had been changed to stone. It would not be easier to find a fitter subject for melancholy, than a city still retaining the exterior of all that denotes it such; but the inhabitants of which have suddenly, and entirely disappeared.

As I walked through the silent streets, I saw a few peasants here and there employed in taking down the wooden beams of the larger houses to transport them to the new Seraglio at Argyro Kastro. The vizier, it seems,

has thrown a curse upon the place, and will not allow it, as long as his own power remains, to become again the habitation of man.—*Holland's Travels in the Ionian Isles, &c. &c.*

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCH.

[Progress of the Commerce, Coin, and Shipping of Britain in the early ages.]

(Continued from No. 21.)

FLOATS or rafts are believed, by most authors, to have been the first kind of water carriage. To these succeeded *canoes*, made of one very large tree *excavated*, to secure its freight from being wetted or washed away.

“Tunc alnos primum flavii sensere cavatas,”

“Then first on seas the hollow alder swam.”

As they wanted proper tools for sawing large trees into planks, the more ancient vessels or boats, in several countries, were made of ozers, and the flexible branches of trees interwoven as close as possible, and covered with skins. “The sea which flows between Britain and Ireland is so unquiet, and stormy, that it is only navigable in summer; when the people of these countries pass and repass it in small boats, made of hurdles of willows, and covered carefully with the hides of oxen.”

The singular form of their boats is, perhaps, the reason that they are so much taken notice of by ancient writers; while those of a better form, are seldom mentioned. It is however very probable, that they were not altogether destitute of such ships,

even before they were invaded by the Romans. For we are told by Cæsar, “that the sea-coasts of Britain were possessed by colonies which had lately come from Gaul, and still retained the names of the several states from whence they came.” As these colonies came with a design to make war, in order to force a settlement, they must have brought with them great numbers of armed men, together with their wives and children, and perhaps their most valuable effects. This could not be done without fleets of ships of greater capacity, and strength, than the wicker-boats above described.

After the Roman conquest, when London, in the reign of Nero, (A. D. 64), was become a great city, abounding in merchants and merchandize, certainly abounded also in shipping. And when, in the year 859, no fewer than eight hundred ships were employed in the exportation of corn, the whole number employed in the British trade must have been very great.

Towards the end of the third century, when the Frank and Saxon pirates began to infest the seas, we may form some idea of the greatness of the British fleet, by observing the vast preparations that were made against them for several years. The Emperor Constantius did not think it safe to put to sea, nor to attempt the recovery of Britain, till he had collected a fleet of a thousand sail; and after all, his success in that enterprise is ascribed more to his good fortune in passing the British fleet in a thick fog, than to his superior force.” [*Campbell's Lives of the Admirals.*] The high encomiums bestowed on Constan-

tius, for this exploit of recovering Britain, afford another proof of its great importance, on account of its naval force. O happy victory! (exclaims his panegyrist) comprehending many victories and innumerable triumphs. By it Britain is restored, the Franks exterminated, and many nations which had conspired together, are constrained to make submission. Rejoice, O invincible Cæsar! for thou hast conquered another world, and by restoring the glory of the naval power of Rome, has added to her empire a greater element than the whole earth.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A BATTLE BETWEEN TWO SNAKES.

As I was one day sitting solitary and pensive in my primitive arbor, my attention was engaged by a strange sort of rustling noise at some paces distant. I looked all around without discovering any thing, until I climbed one of my great hemp-stalks; when to my astonishment, I beheld two snakes of considerable length, the one pursuing the other with great celerity through a hemp stubble field. The aggressor was of the black kind, six feet long; the fugitive was a water-snake, nearly of equal dimensions. They soon met, and in the fury of their first encounter, they appeared in an instant firmly twisted together; and whilst their united tails beat the ground, they mutually tried with open jaws to lacerate each other. What a fell aspect did they present! their heads were compressed to a very small size;

their eyes flashed with fire; and after this conflict had lasted about five minutes, the second found means to disengage itself from the first, and hurried towards the ditch. Its antagonist instantly assumed a new posture, and half creeping and half erect, with a majestic mein, overtook and attacked the other again, which placed itself in the same attitude, and prepared to resist. The scene was uncommon and beautiful; for thus opposed they fought with their jaws, biting each other with the utmost rage; but notwithstanding this appearance of mutual courage and fury, the water-snake still seemed desirous of retreating towards the ditch, its natural element. This was no sooner perceived by the keen-eyed black one, than twisting its tail twice round a stalk of hemp, and seizing its adversary by the throat, not by means of its jaws, but by twisting its own neck twice round that of the water-snake, pulled it back from the ditch. To prevent a defeat, the latter took hold likewise of a stalk on the bank, and by the acquisition of that point of resistance, became a match for its fierce antagonist. Strange was this to behold, two great snakes strongly adhering to the ground, mutually fastened together by means of the writhings which lashed them to each other, and stretched at their full length, they pulled, but pulled in vain; and in the moments of greatest exertions that part of their bodies which was entwined seemed extremely small, while the rest appeared inflated, and now and then convulsed with strong undulations rapidly following each other. Their eyes seemed on fire, and ready to start out of

their heads; at one time the conflict seemed decided; the water-snake bent itself into two great folds, and by that operation rendered the other more than commonly outstretched; the next minute the new struggles of the black one gained an unexpected superiority; it acquired two great folds likewise, which necessarily extended the body of its adversary, in proportion as it had contracted its own. These efforts were alternate, victory seemed doubtful, inclining sometimes to the one side and sometimes to the other; until at last, the stalk to which the black snake had fastened suddenly gave way, and in consequence of this accident they both plunged into the ditch. The water did not extinguish their vindictive rage, for by their agitations I could trace, though not distinguish their mutual attacks. They soon re-appeared on the surface twisted together, as in the first onset; but the blacksnake seemed to retain its wonted superiority, for its head was exactly fixed above that of the other, which it incessantly pressed down under the water, until it was stifled, and sunk. The victor no sooner perceived its enemy incapable of farther resistance, than abandoning it to the current, it returned on shore and disappeared.

THE MISCELLANY.

"*Rebus et ordine dispar.*"—Hor.

ON THE IMPROPER APPLICATION AND THE LUDICROUS EFFECTS OF CERTAIN NAMES.

THE business of standing god-mother and godfather to children

is a matter of much more serious consideration and consequence than is generally conceived; I do not mean as to the solemn undertaking to instruct the infant in the duties of our religion—a subject more proper for the pulpit than this essay—but I confine myself simply to the naming of the child, whose future comfort, during great part of its life, depends on the name the sponsors are pleased to give it.—Battles innumerable await a youth of spirit labouring under a singular name. The rage for fine names is incredible. Among the middle and lower order of tradesmen, we find few Joans, Hannahs, Sarahs, Rachels, or Deborahs;—but Anna-Marias, Charlotte-Matildas, Eliza-Sophias, and such romantic and royal appellations fill the parson's baptismal register and the lists of the little boarding-schools about Stoke Newington, Hoxton, and Islington, where young ladies of that rank receive the rudiments of their education. High-flown names of this kind sound ludicrously, when directed to perform the ordinary household drudgery. It would be next to impossible to refrain from smiling on hearing Clarissa ordered to wind up the jack, or Catherine-Ann-Maria to baste the meat.

I remember a school-fellow of mine, who was a striking instance of the inconvenience of a remarkable christian name.—He was a very honest simple lad, unluckily called Solomon—his name and mental abilities formed too strong a contrast, to escape the least boy in the school;—therefore, not to speak of the jokes with which it furnished his companions, it lay too obvious to escape the master, who un-

fortunately was a punster, and who, in correcting him for a fault, could not refrain from embittering the chastisement with some allusion to his name, or comparison of his wisdom or his judgment, with those of his royal namesake. If he appeared in a new coat, the whole school was convened by some wag or other, to see Solomon in all his Glory. —A godfather would do well to avoid such names as admit of any ridiculous diminutives, or are subject to vulgar witticisms.—Edward, for example, is a name dignified by the Black Prince, and that warlike monarch Edward the Third, yet all their laurels scarcely avail against the ridiculous appellations of Neddy or Teddy my godson.

Daniel, though the name of a prophet, is as every school-boy knows, subject to many by-words and scurvy rhymes, which I will not here repeat. If any of that name pretends to foresee any thing likely to happen, he is jeeringly saluted as a prophet; and if he appear uneasy, terrified, or surprised, he is said to look as if just come out of the Lion's Den.

Peter is another name—I know not why—to which the idea of an odd fellow is generally annexed. There is scarce a regiment but has an officer nicknamed Peter, who is always an eccentric being, and frequently a stupid fellow. Was it not that Greek is almost as rare among military men as money, I should suspect it was built upon some allusion to the Greek word signifying a stone.

Regard should likewise be had to the sphere of life in which the boy is likely to move. Theophilus, Nathaniel, Obadiah, Noah,

and Michael, are very good names for a dissenting minister, but would make an indifferent figure on a muster-roll, or list of dramatic performers in a strolling company.

On the other hand—George, Alexander, Guy, Sampson, and Orlando, are exceeding good military names, and convey the ideas of fighting men, but savour too much of assault and battery to appear to advantage in a Court of Law. Hard names give the bearers somewhat like the external husk of learning; and Onesiphorus, Vincentius, Eustatius, and Desiderius, look well at the bottom of a legal opinion or physical prescription, especially if precursors of D.D., L.L.D. or F.R.S.

In many professions it is well known a happy name has been the cause of a great fortune.—Thus a Lottery-office-keeper, by the surname of Goodluck, either real or assumed, almost monopolised the sale of Tickets. Had he been christened Fortunatus, nothing could have withstood him. Several pretty little competencies were afterwards picked up by gentlemen in the same profession, under the names of Wingold, Sharegold, &c. &c. &c.
G.

ON WIT.

To the Editor of the Freebooter.

SIR,

IT is with men of their wit, as with women of their beauty:—Tell a woman she is fair, and she will not be offended that you tell her she is cruel. Tell a man that he is a wit, and if you lay to his charge ill-nature or blas-

phemy, he will take it as a compliment rather than a reproach. — Thus too, there is no woman but lays some claim to beauty; and no man that will give up his pretensions to wit. In cases of this kind, therefore, where so much depends upon opinion, and where every man thinks himself qualified to be his own judge, there is nothing to a reader so useless as illustration; and nothing to an author so dangerous as definition. Any attempt therefore to decide what true WIT is, must be ineffectual; as not one in a hundred would be content to abide by the decision: it is impossible to rank all mankind under the name of wits, and there is scarce one in a hundred who does not think that he merits the appellation.

Hence it is that every one, how little qualified soever, is fond of making a display of his fancied abilities; and generally at the expence of some one to whom he supposes himself infinitely superior. And from this supposition many mistakes arise to those who commence wags, with a very small share of wit, and a still smaller of judgment; whose imaginations are by nature unprolific, and whose minds are uncultivated by education. — These persons, while they are ringing their rounds on a few dull jests, are apt to mistake the rude and noisy merriment of illiterate jocularities, for genuine humour. They often unhappily conceive, that those laugh *with* them, who laugh *at* them. The sarcasms which every one disdains to answer, they vainly flatter themselves are unanswerable; forgetting, no doubt, that their *good things* are unworthy the notice of a retort, and below the

condescension of criticism. They know not perhaps that the ass, whom the fable represents as assuming the playfulness of the lap-dog, is a perfect picture of jocular stupidity; and that in like manner, that awkward absurdity of waggishness, which they expect should delight, cannot but disgust; and instead of laying claim to admiration, must insure contempt.

But, alas! Sir, I am aware that mine will prove a successful undertaking; and that, though knight-errand like I sally forth to engage with the monsters of witticism and waggery, all my prowess will be inadequate to the achievement of the enterprize. The world will continue as facetious as ever in spite of all I can do, and people will be just as fond of their "little jokes and old stories," as if I had never combatted their inclination.

Since then I cannot utterly extirpate this unchristian practice, my next endeavour must be, to direct it properly, and improve it by some wholesome regulations. And herein shall I imitate his most Christian Majesty, who by licensing a limited number of brothel houses, restricted an evil which he never could entirely have suppressed; prevented many of the ill consequences which naturally arise from promiscuous libertinism; and drew moreover from the profits no very inconsiderable revenue; thus, from the folly of individuals, deriving advantage to the community. Equally advantageous to the public, and equally profitable to myself, will be the plan which I have laid down; and which I have already bestowed some pains to bring to

perfection. I propose, if I meet with proper encouragement, making application to parliament for permission to open "A LICENSED WAREHOUSE FOR WIT," and for a patent, entitling me to the sole vending and uttering wares of this kind, for a certain term of years. For this purpose, I have already laid in *Jokes*, *Jests*, *Witticisms*, *Morceaus*, and *Bon Mots* of every kind, to a very considerable amount, well worthy the attention of the public. I have *Epigrams*, that want nothing but the sting; *Conundrums*, that need nothing but an explanation; *Rebusses* and *Acrostics*, that will be complete with the addition of the name only. These being in great request, may be had at an hour's warning. *Impromptu's* will be got ready at a week's notice. For common and vernacular use, I have a long list of the most palpable *Puns* in the language, digested in alphabetical order; for these I expect good sale at both the universities.—*Jokes* of all kinds ready cut and dry. N. B. Proper allowance made to gentlemen of the law going on circuit; and to all second-hand venders of wit and retailers of repartee, who take large quantities. N. B. *Attic Salt* in any quantity.—N. B. Most money given for old *Jokes*.

B.

HISTORY OF JEREMY THE SCHEMER.

(Concluded from our last.)

JEREMY was an orphan; and among the friends on whom he principally depended was a rich uncle, who had gained his fortune by trade. Now it happened in

the course of time that the tide of Jeremy's finances was at its lowest ebb, and that at the same identical period he was in a fever of agitation to commence a most magnificent scheme, which required at the outset the moving power of certain funds, which even he was unfortunately conscious could not be drawn, by any imaginable device, out of his own pocket. He determined, therefore, to make an application to the said uncle; but Jeremy felt at the moment, that the most sublime projector that ever schemed himself into poverty, cuts but a sorry figure as a petitioner. He however introduced himself to his relation, as he sat writing at his desk, and began the conversation as follows:—"My dear uncle, you have promised to assist me, and I feel assured from your uniform kindness,"—"Stop, Jeremy—no mummary,—I *have* promised to assist you, and I *will*, as soon as you prove to me that I can be of real and essential service. What is it you want?" "You would confer an eternal obligation upon me if you would just lend me a few hundred pounds." "For what purpose, Jeremy?" "I have a scheme in my head."—"Umph! I suspect that you will not get a farthing from me in furtherance of your scheme, you have had too many schemes in your head—but what is it?" "I wish to buy a piece of land, for the purpose of forming an establishment somewhat similar to Mr. Owen's, at Lanark, where I may introduce a new state of society, and a new system of education." "God bless the boy! How old are you, Jeremy?" "Three and twenty." "A pretty modest age, truly, to compare

yourself with Mr. Owen's practical knowledge and experience! And pray how do you expect to subsist in your new establishment?" Oh! by farming and manufactures, and by disseminating my opinions through the medium of the press." "What do you know of farming?" "Not much." "Of manufactures?" "About as little." "So I thought: you cannot buy land for nothing, Jeremy." "No, Sir, not good land; but we wish to get some waste land, and put it into cultivation; so we shall confer a benefit on the country, by adding to the quantity of wholesome food." "Even that point is doubtful, Jeremy, the time may come when we shall hear of the necessity of throwing lands out of cultivation. But, Jeremy, what capital security you offer me for the re-payment of my money!" "Oh! you might have any share in the profits of the speculation." "Indeed! profits of the speculation! now listen to me, Jeremy. A certain loss, or what is equivalent to a certain loss, a loan of money to you, is something; but to be made a partner in your speculations, by consenting to have a share in the profits, is nothing more or less than ruin, complete and final. The largest fortune upon earth could not stand it. Jeremy, Jeremy, let me give you a little wholesome advice, once for all. Be a lawyer, be a parson, be a physician, be any thing, only be something. Descend from the clouds for one moment, and just consider what you are about. Writing is a bad trade, a very bad trade, at least so they tell me. You ought to be steadily engaged in some honourable profession, which will

not allow your head any time to go wool-gathering; else, Jeremy, you will get connected with some profligate adventurers, who will make a prey and booty of your simple enthusiasm, by stripping you of your fleece, and then leaving you to take care of your carcase. Within a year, I suppose, you will have schemed yourself into the King's Bench; and as you will not have a sixpence in the world, what will afterwards become of you is quite beyond the limits of my conception. Jeremy, I will not hold out a helping hand to your ruin, by lending you a farthing. You have heard my determination. I am busy with my accounts, and so good morning to you." Jeremy, in whose composition, although there was much which was speculative, was nothing dishonest, immediately desisted from his scheme, when he found that he could not obtain the necessary supply of money from his uncle. He therefore changed his plan of operations, and wrote to the then existing administration, proposing a variety of schemes for the employment of the poor, the establishment of colonies, the liquidation of the debt, the eradication of diseases, the prevention of crime and prostitution, and sundry other projects, equally philanthropic and impracticable. It is also a curious fact, connected with this part of his history, that he anticipated certain sages of the current year of Our Lord, by recommending the repeal of the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland. Truth compels the statement, that he met with very little success in his application to the Ministers; he never received a letter of thanks,

a letter even of acknowledgement, or perceived they made use of any of his suggestions.

We are now arrived at another important epoch in the life of Jeremy the Schemer. Jeremy fell in love; this was perhaps the only thing which he ever did without a scheme. But men can no more scheme themselves into love, than they can reason themselves out of it. Love, too, as has been often observed, laughs at all dissimilarities in taste and character; and delights in joining by the links of mutual attachment, persons, with regard to whom there were a thousand reasons why they should never come together. In one respect, the love of Jeremy was fortunate. He inspired the affection which he felt. But the parents of her with whom he was enamoured, were rich, plain, honest, straight-forward people, who at first could not regard him without evident suspicion; and the young lady herself was more remarkable for strong native sense, than for high-flown and romantic notions: and the extent of her ambition was to enjoy things in the regular way, and confine her benevolence and charity to the immediate neighbourhood.

It so happened, however, that while Jeremy was uncertain as to the issue of his suit, the anxiety, occasioned by an ardent passion, was a sufficient excitement to his restless spirit, and not only drove all his other projects from his mind, but appeared to have obliterated them from his memory. Even his uncle had some hopes of him: whilst the father and mother of his intended bride were most agreeably disappointed, in perceiving something like

steadiness and sobriety, instead of the visionary absurdities of which they had so often heard. But alas! this halcyon calm was deceitful and short-lived. The good star of Jeremy was not long destined to remain in the ascent. His evil genius, like the devils of old, soon returned and took possession of him. When security had succeeded to doubt, when he knew that he was beloved; his madness—for what other name can we give to his inveterate habit of losing himself in the formation of impracticable schemes—seized hold of him again. One day at dinner, he shocked his intended mother-in-law beyond description, by stating, that in his family he should wish to introduce a vegetable diet; as he had just discovered, that the use of animal food rendered the blood gross and impure, inflamed the appetites, instilled a savage ferocity into the human character, and was, in short, the cause of almost all the vice and misery which exist under the sun: but still more unutterably was she alarmed, when he gravely talked of inoculating his own children for certain diseases, in which the experiment had not hitherto been tried. The father, too, of the young lady, was startled, when upon talking matters over seriously and confidentially with poor Jeremy, he became convinced, that he had neither laid down a rational plan of life, nor settled in any way how his time was to be employed, and his expenditure supported.

This was bad enough, but "worse remains behind." On a fine evening in July, when the earth was green beneath their feet, and the heavens blue and

cloudless above them, Jeremy was enjoying a long and interesting conversation with his mistress, free from the fear of intrusion or interruption. In that evil hour, he gave the reins to the warmth of his imagination and the expansion of his soul. He had treated himself with talking of the depravity and wretchedness, which so universally prevail in all existing societies in Europe; and he at last hinted at the formation of a colony, with a few friends, in some remote settlement, where they might carry their own views into execution: where they might realize in actual life the poetic description of Arcadia, and return to the primeval innocence, simplicity and happiness of mankind. Alas, alas! the forbidden glance with which Orpheus looked back on Eurydice, was not more fatal, than this unfortunate suggestion of poor Jeremy's to his betrothed bride. It struck upon her ear, like the knell of departed hopes; her countenance fell and became blank. What! exchange the comfort of a substantial brick-built tenement, the polished pleasures of an English drawing-room, and the company of valued friends and old acquaintances—for such a state of exile, as he proposed, considered even at its best, without taking into the account the inconveniences and privations, which would probably and almost inevitably attend it!—The very idea, the very possibility of such a thing was infinitely too strong a trial of her love, and of her forbearance.—She asked him if he were in earnest. “In earnest?” replied the unsuspecting Jeremy, “cer-

tainly I am earnest.” An altercation ensued, begun in dangerous playfulness, and ending in an irreparable breach.—Jeremy defended his notions: the young lady overwhelmed them and him, with all the artillery of ridicule and all the readiness of female wit. Jeremy was piqued: the lady was angry; reproach followed reproach; and on both sides those unkind things were precipitately said, which although they may be mutually forgiven, always leave behind them an impression and a sting. In the end, the unhappy suitor was discarded for ever; and the young lady was congratulated by her relatives on her lucky escape. Thus ended the loves of Jeremy the Schemer.

The disappointment was a grievous blow; and he endeavoured to banish the recollection of it by devoting himself more entirely than ever to the meditation of mighty projects. But Jeremy was poor: his uncle was tired and disgusted with his follies; and the mournful anticipations of that worthy relative seemed about to be fulfilled.—Jeremy was involved in debt; and sometimes, as he was wrapped and absorbed in his brightest dreams of reforming the universe, and diffusing plenty and happiness amongst nations, a single loud determined rap at his door would awaken him from his trance, recall him to a sense of his real situation; and his real wants, until his soul sunk and sickened in that gnawing and benumbing anxiety, with which low and petty cares, daily and unavoidable distresses, *must* weigh at last upon an ardent and visionary spirit. Often when

he had caught a glimpse of some new project for the improvement of millions, the revery was disturbed, the charm broken by the appearance of one stern, wretched, importunate creditor, whom he was thoughtlessly defrauding, and perhaps contributing to ruin.

These things, however, could not again and again recur, without at length opening his eyes, and compelling him to perceive the error of his way. Jeremy has therefore retired upon a small annuity to a remote part of the country, where he weans himself by degrees, from the earth and its concerns; where he reflects with a sigh, that men of the best intentions may become useless and even mischievous, for want of sober views and temperate discretion: where he laments over the vanity of human projects; and where he declares the utter decay of all his hopes, that the world will ever be better than it is, or that any beneficial change can be effected in the moral, political, or social condition of mankind.

Such is a true account of a few passages of his life. I think that some good may result from sending it to you, Mr. Editor. If you read it, it may be of service to yourself: if you publish it, it may be of service to many others. The moral to be derived from his disappointments may thus compensate for the dreaming idleness of his life; and I shall not have written in vain the melancholy history of Jeremy the Schemer.

I am, Mr. Editor,
Your very obedient servant,

— — — —

CHURCH-YARDS.

FORMERLY few persons chose to be buried on the north side of a church; the original reason was this: in the times when the Roman Catholic religion prevailed, it was customary, on seeing the tomb-stone or grave of a friend or acquaintance, to put up a prayer for their soul, which was held to be very efficacious.—As the common entrance into most churches was either on the west end, or on the south side of the church, persons buried on the north side escaped the notice of their friends, and thereby lost the benefit of their prayers. This becoming a kind of refuse spot, only the poor, or persons guilty of some offences, were buried there; persons who, actuated by lunacy, had destroyed themselves, were buried on this side, and sometimes out of the east and west direction of the other graves. This is said to be alluded to in *Hamlet*, when he bids the *Gravedigger* cut *Ophelia's* grave straight. The same was observed with respect to persons who were executed.

ROSEBERRY.

POET'S CORNER.

——— "neque est ignobile carmen."
VIR.

Mr. EDITOR,

If you think the following attempt at a parody on Addison's pleasant criticism upon the old ballad of *Chevy Chase*, worthy a place in the *Freebooter*, it is much at your service:—

H. C.

The carrion crow sat upon an
oak, (1)
And spied a taylor cutting out a
cloak;

With a heigh ho! the carrion crow!
Sing tol de rol, de riddle row!

The carrion crow he began for to
rave,
And called the taylor a lousy knave, (2)

With a heigh ho, &c.

Oh, wife, fetch me my arrow and my
bow (3)

That I may shoot this carrion crow;

With a heigh ho, &c.

The taylor he shot and he mist his
mark (4)

And shot the old sow right through
the heart.

With a heigh ho, &c.

Oh wife, fetch me some treacle in a
spoon,

For the old sow is in a terrible
swoon; (5)

With a heigh ho, &c.

The old sow died and the bells they
did toll,

And the little pigs pray'd for the old
sow's soul; (6)

With a heigh ho, &c.

Zooks, quoth the taylor, I care not a
louse, (7)

For we shall have black puddings,
chitterlings and souse;

With a heigh ho, &c.

This ballad, however it may wear the rustic garb of simplicity, and teem with the images of common life, carries with it evident marks of the touches of a master, who must have been endowed with much classical and medical knowledge, as well as skilled in Natural History, and the popular opinions and manners of our forefathers.

(1) The carrion crow was in ancient times, always considered as an arborescent bird: besides other classics, Virgil more than once mentions him as such, particularly in one or two

eclogues, where, as in this little poem, he is described as sitting on an oak.

(2) Some learned commentators have this elucidation: It is not to be conceived that the crow actually uttered these words; they are rather assumed with the *licentia poetica*, which must not be unsparingly allowed to every original writer; though it is certain, that all birds of the crow kind are perfectly capable of imitating the human voice. It may be supposed sufficient that the taylor imagined that he heard them expressed by the crow. Our author was perhaps desirous of giving some reason for the action of his hero.

(3) The taylor calling for his bow, proves beyond all doubt the antiquity of this little poem, and that it was written before the introduction of fire-arms.

(4) This shows an admirable attention to the truth and propriety of character; for the occupation of a taylor being sedentary and unwarlike, he cannot be expected to be a good toxophilite; therefore nothing could be more likely than his missing the mark, and shooting so wide of it as to hit the sow lying upon the ground, rather than the crow which was perched upon the tree.

(5) Treacle does not always mean that syrup which school-boys are so fond of eating with new rolls; but a mixture so denominated in the *Materia Medica*; whence we may gather that our author was no Tyro in the healing art.

(6) Another proof of the early date of the poem is afforded by this stanza. The circumstance of the pigs praying for their mother's soul shows clearly that it was written before the Reformation.

(7) The introduction of the louse into the taylor's apostrophe, either uttered as a soliloquy, or as an address to his wife, is an allusion to a common joke thrown out against the calling, the professors of which have the vulgar appellation of prick-louse.

The above observations, though no doubt many others will occur to the intelligent reader, must place beyond a doubt the antiquity of the poem, as well as elucidate the meaning of the ingenious author.

PREFACE TO AN ALBUM.

WHEN grave physicians are in consultation
 Settling the patient's cure, or—condemnation;
 Or counsellors engaged in knotty cause
 Meet to explain, (perhaps—confuse)
 the laws;
 The youngest always first propounds
 the case
 And offers all its mazy web to trace.
 So I, the junior of the court and hall
 Of Lord Apollo, must precede you all.
 Precede you all? what awe subdues
 my mind!
 Who knows what embryo genius is
 behind?
 Warmed into life by beauty's genial
 ray,
 Chusing these pages for his *coup*
d'essai,
 Who can foretell what Tyro bard may
 shine
 A Milton, or a Pope, in every line,
 And make my uncouth rhymes but
 serve to shew
 His clearer talent in the brightest
 glow?

But take, fair friend, a wish (instead
 of art)
 That comes unvarnished from an honest heart.
 Untainted by the vices of the age,
 Like thee unsullied, be each following
 page:
 May chastened wit, smooth numbers,
 warmest fire
 Of friendship, or of love, grace every
 lyre
 Tuned for thy album: and, when time
 is o'er,
 When gilded falsehoods deck our works
 no more,
 May thy fair book of life, as this, be
 clear
 From wilful error—thou, delighted,
 hear
 The great Reviewer at thy *Finis* say
 "It is approved—enjoy the endless
 day!"
 A. P.

Written by Burns, upon a Bank note, which in 1814 was in the possession of Mr. James F. Gracie, of Dumfries. The note is of the Bank of Scotland, and dated 1st March, 1780.

Wae worth thy power thou cursed
 leaf!
 Fell source of o' a' my woe and grief;
 For lack o' thee I've lost my lass!
 For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass—
 I see the children of affliction,
 Unaided by thy curs'd restriction,
 I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile,
 Amid his hopeless victim's spoil,
 For lack of thee I leave this much-
 lov'd shore,
 Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland
 more.

R—T—KYLE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. will find a letter for him on Monday at the Printer's.

R.'s second contribution has been received—we trust he will continue his *promised* contributions.

We are sorry we have not been able to acknowledge our obligations to J. W. S. for the specimen of his intended communications.

We must decline the translation from an original poem by the Duke of Richlieu.

D. is received through A. P., and has our thanks.

We are obliged by W. W's copious extracts.

J. W. S. may obtain the permission he requests, on application both to Mr. Johnson and Messrs. Chater and Co.

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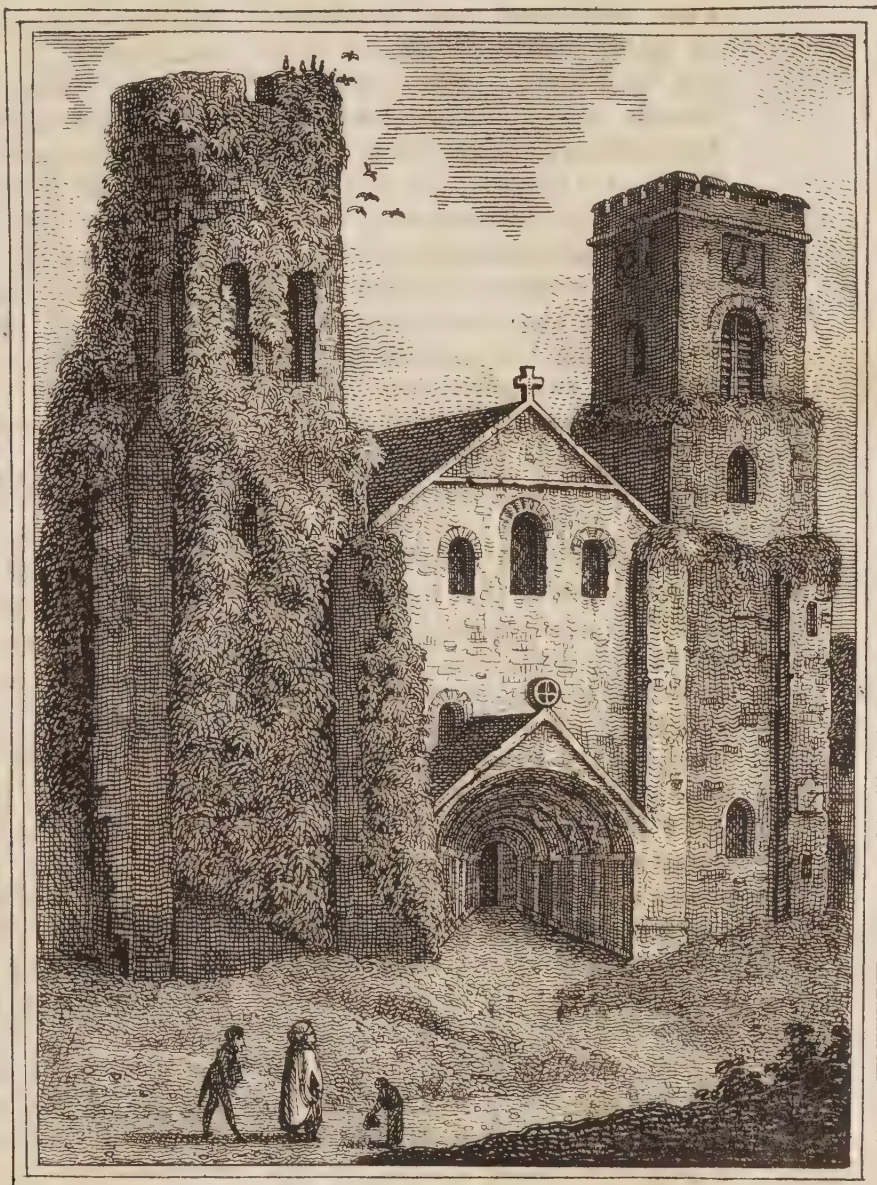
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Ex rapto vivens.

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ST. GERMAINS' CHURCH, CORNWALL.

THE borough of St. Germain's is pleasantly situated near a branch of the Lynher creek, on the ascent of a hill, and is only remarkable on account of its ancient cathedral church, and the

seat of Lord Elliot, which stands on the scite of a priory. The church was originally conventual, and was annexed to the priory, which, according to the most ancient records, was founded by king Athelstan, and dedicated to St. Germain, bishop of Auxere, in France. The yearly revenues of this priory were valued in the twenty-sixth of Henry VIII. at 143l. 8s. Its scite was granted by that monarch to Catharine Champernoun, John Ridgway, and others. All the tithes belong to the dean and chapter of Windsor, who allow a small salary to the officiating clergyman. The west front of St. Germain's church has two towers, both of which have, at a former period, been octangular; the upper part of the southern tower is now square, the northern one is nearly enveloped in ivy, which gives it a romantic appearance: between the towers is the ancient entrance, which is a fine highly-ornamented circular arch, receding. There are four pillars on each side, having plain square bases and capitals: the pillars are contained within semi-circular niches; the arch is composed of seven mouldings, besides an ornamented band which surrounds the whole, and is terminated at either end with a projection resting upon the capitals of the outer pillars. Over the arch is a pediment with a cross at the top within a circle; on each side of the pediment is a small pointed window, and above these are three narrow semi-circular windows. The interior of this edifice, which consists of a nave and two aisles, is well worthy of observation from its antiquity, and the multiplicity of its embellish-

ments. The north aisle is divided from the nave by five short thick columns, each of them connected by a low arch, with a semi-column opposite to it in the wall: all the capitals of the columns are square, and highly sculptured: in that part now used as a chancel is an ancient seat, called the bishop's chair.—The episcopal see for Cornwall was fixed here about the year 981, and continued till 1050, when Leofric, bishop of Crediton, united both bishoprics in the church of St. Peter, at Exeter.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

FORMATION OF CORAL ISLANDS IN THE GREAT SOUTH SEAS.

[From Kotzebue's Voyage.]

It is now an ascertained fact, that the corals are living creatures, and that the foundation on which they build are shoals, or table mountains, rising with perpendicular walls from the depths of the ocean. The layer of mould on some of them is not more than ten inches deep. Lieutenant Kotzebue, on first landing on one of these modern islands, thus describes his feelings:—"The spot on which I stood filled me with astonishment, and I adored in silent admiration the omnipotence of God, who had given even to these minute animals the power to construct such a work. My thoughts were confounded when I considered the immense series of years that must elapse before such an island can rise from the fathomless abyss of the ocean, and

become visible on the surface ! At a future period they will assume another shape ; all the islands will join, and form a circular slip of earth with a pond or lake in the circle : and this form will again change, as these animals continue building, till they reach the surface ; and then the water will one day vanish, and only one great island be visible. It is a strange feeling to walk about on a living island, when all below is actively at work. And to what corner of the earth can we penetrate, where human beings are not already to be found ? In the remotest regions of the north, amidst mountains of ice, under the burning sun of the equator, nay, even in the middle of the ocean on islands which have been formed by animals, they are to be met with !” The completion of this wonderful work is thus described :—

“ As soon as the outer edge of the reef has reached such a height that it remains almost dry at low water, at the time of ebb the corals leave off building higher ; sea shells, fragments of corals, sea hedge-hog shells, and their broken off prickles, are united by the burning sun through the medium of the cementing calcareous sand, which has arisen from the pulverization of the above-mentioned shells into one whole or solid stone, which strengthened by the continual throwing up of new materials, gradually increases in thickness, till it at last becomes so high, that it is covered only during some seasons of the year by the high tides. The heat of the sun so penetrates the mass of stone when it is dry, that it splits in many places, and breaks off in dry flakes : these flakes, so separated, are raised one upon ano-

ther by the waves, at the time of high water. The always active surf throws up blocks of coral (frequently of a fathom in length, and three or four feet thick) and shells of marine animals between them, and upon the foundation stones : after this, the calcareous sand lies undisturbed, and offers to the seeds of trees and plants cast upon it by the waves, a soil upon which they rapidly grow to overshadow its dazzling white surface. Entire trunks of trees, which are carried by the rivers from other continents and islands, find here at length a resting place after their long wanderings ; with these come some small animals, such as lizards and insects, as the first inhabitants.— Even before the trees form a wood, the real sea-birds nestle here : strayed land-birds take refuge in the bushes ; and, at a much later period, when the work has been long since completed, man also, appears, builds his hut on the fruitful soil, formed by the corruption of the leaves of trees, and calls himself lord and proprietor of this new creation.”

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ALFRED THE GREAT.

(Continued from No. 22.)

IN our late brief view of the history of Alfred, his qualities of an heroic warrior have been principally displayed. During this eventful period he fought

fifty-six battles. But even in this career of danger and hardship he was continually engaged in the cultivation of his mind, and was never seen without a book in his bosom. Upon his restoration to a peaceful throne, the milder graces of his character were principally unfolded, as a legislator, an encourager of science, a diligent student, and a devout Christian. His life was not extended to a great length, and his health was constantly delicate, yet he accomplished the performance of his manifold duties, and made himself master of the learning of his time, with a success that would be truly astonishing, had not the secret been transmitted to us by his historian. He was strictly exact in the arrangement of his business—he usually divided his time into three equal portions; one was employed in sleep, and the refreshment of his body in diet and exercise; another in the dispatch of business; a third in study and devotion.—Clocks were then unknown, and Alfred therefore regulated his time by burning tapers of an equal length. To his care for preserving these tapers from the effect of the wind, we owe the invention of lanterns. His private studies were directed for the benefit of his people in the translation of many valuable works from the Latin into the British tongue.

This great prince was fully sensible that the happiness of a state is best preserved by diffusing Christian knowledge amongst the people. He therefore rebuilt or restored all the religious edifices that had been destroyed or injured by the invaders; and encouraged wise and pious instruc-

tions by every liberality. As a proof of his zeal for Christianity as well as his adventurous spirit, in those days when there was little intercourse between nations, it is related, that by means of a correspondence, in which he engaged with a patriarch of Jerusalem, having heard of a set of Christians, who lived in great poverty on the south-eastern coast of Asia, he dispatched an active priest with sumptuous gifts for the benefit of this distant colony; his agent returned with tokens of their gratitude.

The following account of the Civil Institutions for which his country was indebted to Alfred the Great, is abridged from a description in Hume's History of England:—

That he might render the execution of justice strict and regular, he divided all England into counties; these counties he sub-divided into hundreds, and the hundreds into tithings. Every householder was answerable for the behaviour of his family and slaves, and even of his guests, if they lived above three days in his house. Ten neighbouring householders were formed into one corporation, who, under the name of a tithing, were answerable for each other's conduct, and over whom one person, called a tithing-man, was appointed to preside. Every man was punished as an outlaw who did not register himself in some tithing. And no man could change his habitation, without a warrant or certificate from the tithing to which he formerly belonged.—When any person in any tithing was guilty of a crime, the tithing-man was summoned to answer for him; and if he were not wil-

ling to be surety for his appearance and his clearing himself, the criminal was committed to prison, and there detained till his trial. If he fled, either before or after finding sureties, the tithing and tithing-man became liable to inquiry, and were exposed to the penalties of law. By this institution every man was obliged for his own interest to keep a watchful eye over the conduct of his neighbours; and was in a manner surety for the behaviour of those who were placed under the division to which he belonged.

Such a regular distribution of the people, with such a strict confinement in their habitations, may not be necessary in times when men are more inured to obedience and justice; and it might perhaps be regarded as destructive of liberty and commerce in a polished state; but it was well calculated to reduce that fierce and licentious people under the salutary restraint of law and government. But Alfred took care to temper these rigours by other institutions favourable to the freedom of the citizens; and nothing could be more popular and liberal than his plan for the administration of justice. The tithing-man summoned together his whole tithing to assist him in deciding any lesser difference which occurred among the members of this small community. In affairs of greater moment, the cause was brought before the hundred, which consisted of a hundred families of freemen, and which was regularly assembled once in four weeks for the deciding of causes. Their method of decision deserves to be noted, as being the origin of juries; an institution, admir-

ble in itself, and the best calculated for the preservation of liberty, and the administration of justice, that ever was devised by the wit of man. Twelve freeholders were chosen; who, having sworn, together with the hundreder, or presiding magistrate of that division, to administer impartial justice, proceeded to the examination of that cause which was submitted to their jurisdiction. And besides these monthly meetings of the hundred, there was an annual meeting, appointed for a more general inspection of the police of the district. The next superior court to that of the hundred was the county-court, which met twice a year, after Michaelmas and Easter, and consisted of the freeholders of the county, who possessed an equal vote in the decision of causes. The bishop presided in this court together with the alderman; and the proper object of the court was the receiving of appeals from the hundreds and tithings, and the deciding of such controversies as arose between men of different hundreds. Formerly, the alderman possessed both the civil and military authority; but Alfred, sensible that this conjunction of powers rendered the nobility dangerous and independent, appointed also a sheriff in each county, who enjoyed an equal authority with the former in the judicial function. His office also empowered him to guard the rights of the crown in the county, and to levy the fines imposed; which in that age formed no contemptible part of the public revenue.

There lay an appeal, in default of justice, from all these courts to the king himself in council:

and as the people, sensible of the equity and great talents of Alfred, placed their chief confidence in him, he was soon overwhelmed with appeals from all parts of England. He was indefatigable in the dispatch of these causes; but finding that his time must be entirely engrossed by this branch of duty, he resolved to obviate the inconvenience by correcting the ignorance or corruption of the inferior magistrates, from which it arose.

The better to guide the magistrates in the administration of justice, Alfred framed a body of laws; which, though now lost, served long as a basis of English jurisprudence, and is generally deemed the origin of what is denominated the Common Law. He appointed regular meetings of the states of England twice a year in London; a city which he himself had repaired and beautified, and which he thus rendered the capital of the kingdom. The similarity of these institutions to the customs of the ancient Germans, to the practice of the other northern conquerors, and to some ancient laws which prevailed in England, prevents us from regarding Alfred as the sole author of this plan of government; and leads us rather to think, that like a wise man, he contented himself with reforming, extending, and executing the institutions which he found previously established.— But on the whole such success attended his legislation, that every thing bore suddenly a new face in England. Robberies and iniquities of all kinds were repressed by the punishment or reformation of the criminals; and so exact was the general police, that Alfred, it is said,

hung up by way of bravado, golden bracelets near the high-ways, and no man dared to touch them. Yet amidst these rigours of justice, this great prince preserved the most sacred regard to the liberty of his people, and it is a memorable sentiment preserved in his will, that it was just the English should for ever remain as free as their own thoughts. This great monarch died in the year 901, after a glorious reign of twenty-nine years and a half; leaving a reputation which will never decay while there is an English heart to feel, or tongue to speak his worth.

K.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE SAFETY LAMP.

It is difficult to contemplate the attainments of feeble man, without some feeling of pride. The overwhelming power which he has obtained by the controul he exercises over steam; the familiarity with which he handles heaven's lightning; his ascents to the clouds; his descents into the bowels of the earth; his defiance of the polar winter; his braving the tropical summer; his accurate measurement of light, of heat, of velocity, of distance, and of time;—a reflection on these things is too apt to cause him who is not a true philosopher, to forget how small is the amount of what we really know. Alas! observe yonder care-worn alchemist: he does not, after years of anxious study, comprehend the nature of the morsel of dirt against which he is directing that dazzling stream

of heat with which recent discoveries have armed him.

I am led to this train of thinking, by a rapid perusal of Sir Humphrey Davy's papers on the Safety Lamp, and on flame; which delight the reader of them by their perspicuity and the interesting information they communicate, at the same time that they carry conviction that the fields of science are hardly entered upon, and that when we shall have been long turned to dust, our successors will remove the veil which conceals most of the beauties of nature from our eyes, and which we have but slightly pierced. A short account of the safety lamp, and of its value, may not be unacceptable to you.

"Since the earliest period of the application of mineral coal to the purposes of fuel," says Sir Humphrey Davy, "the explosions in coal mines, from inflammable air, or *fire damp*, have been regarded as the greatest evil occurring in the working of the mines. The strata of coal lie usually parallel, or nearly parallel, to the surface, at certain depths beneath it; and this coal, when the pressure of the superincumbent material is removed, affords inflammable air, which is disengaged not only in the common operations of mining, when the coal is broken and removed, but is likewise permanently evolved, often in enormous quantities,* from fissures in the strata.

"When it has accumulated in any part of the gallery or chamber of a mine, so as to be mixed

in certain proportions with common air, the presence of a lighted candle, or lamp, causes it to explode, and to destroy, injure, or burn whatever is exposed to its violence.

"To give detailed accounts of the tremendous accidents owing to this cause, would be merely to multiply pictures of death and of human misery. The phenomena are always of the same kind. The miners are either immediately destroyed by the explosion, and thrown, with the horses and machinery, through the shaft into the air, the mine becoming as it were an enormous piece of artillery from which they are projected, or they are gradually suffocated, and undergo a more painful death from the carbonic acid and azote remaining in the mine, after the inflammation of the fire damp; or what, though it appears the mildest, is perhaps the most severe fate, they are burned or maimed, and often rendered incapable of labour and of healthy enjoyment for life."

For this dreadful evil there appeared, when Sir Humphrey first turned his attention particularly to the subject, very little hope of finding a remedy. Ventilation, promoted by air-pumps and steam apparatus, had been resorted to for carrying off the fire-damp; and to afford the miner light enough to pursue his dreary labour, mills for producing streams of sparks, by the collision of flint and steel, or tinder, or phosphorus, had been employed; for, generally speaking, nothing less than flame will explode the fire-damp.

Our able and persevering chymist, after a laborious series of experiments, completed the Safe-

* This phenomenon is called, in the language of the North country miners, a *blower*.

ty Lamp. He discovered that flame will not pass through the meshes of fine gauze made of wire, the metal cooling it to a degree which renders it incapable of exploding gas on the opposite side of the gauze. He therefore surrounded and covered the miner's light entirely with wire gauze. The fire-damp would pass through to the flame of the lamp, and become inflamed *within* the gauze cylinder, but no flame would come *out* of the cylinder. "In plunging a light, surrounded by a cylinder of fine wire gauze, in an explosive mixture," says our scientific countryman, "I saw the whole cylinder become quietly and gradually filled with flame, the upper part of it soon appeared red hot, yet *no* explosion was produced."

The miner can now pursue his work with comfort and security. He can face his enemy, the fire-damp, and destroy it by fire, the very instrument which formerly rendered it so destructive itself. He is perfectly safe with a flame, in the midst of the most inflammable atmosphere, the most tremendous magazine imaginable. The flame of the fire-damp will flicker and roar in the lamp, but cannot escape from its prison.

The men call these lamps their *Davys*. "In the most extensive coal-mines in the North of England," says Mr. Buddle, of the Wall's-end Colliery, Newcastle, "where the fire-damp prevails to such an extent as to require the general use of the safety lamp, it has been found most advantageous to employ a steady person to take charge of the lamps, and is made responsible for keeping them in good order. A chamber is allotted to him, in which he keeps a num-

ber of spare lamps, together with oil and cotton for replenishing the lamps which are in use.

"The brass collars of the wire gauze cylinders are secured to the bottoms of the lamps by locks, which can only be opened by the lamp-keeper; so that the workmen cannot, either by accident or carelessness, expose themselves to danger, by separating the wire gauze cylinders from the bottoms of the lamps.

"After finishing their day's work, the colliers bring their *Davys* to the lamp-keeper's *cabin*, who, unlocking them, takes the bottoms into his own possession, and allows the colliers to take the wire gauze cylinders home, for the purpose of cleaning them thoroughly.

"When the colliers return to their work the following morning, the lamp-keeper, having replenished the lamps with oil and cotton, lights them, and screws on their tops, and then examines them with the utmost care, before he delivers them for use; but if the least injury or defect appears in the gauze, or any other part of a lamp, it is immediately set aside to be repaired, and the person to whom it belongs is supplied with a perfect one.

"After having dispatched the business of the morning, the lamp-keeper occupies himself during the day in walking leisurely through amongst the workmen, carrying some spare lamps with him to replace such as may happen to be extinguished, &c.

"After a little practice, the lamp-keepers acquire great dexterity in the trimming, &c. of the lamps, and quickly discover the slightest defect or injury in the wire gauze.

"It is scarcely necessary to

observe, that the lamp-keeper's cabin is always placed in a secure part of the mine, as near the workings as circumstances will permit."

I find this paper has run to a greater length than I intended, and shall therefore offer no observations in conclusion, but shall content myself with reminding you that you are indebted for the comfort of a fire-side, to the miner who fetches fuel for you from fifteen hundred feet below the surface of the earth, and to Sir Humphry Davy who enables him to do it in cheerfulness and safety.

A. P.

THE MISCELLANY.

"Rebus et ordine dispar."—HOR.

SINGULAR CUSTOMS, &c.

Taberdor, Oxford.—The name of this rank of Gownsmen, belonging to Queen's College, is taken from the short gown which they formerly wore, called *Taberdum*. They preserve a very odd custom here: it is their place to wait upon the Fellows, &c. at dinner, during which they are compelled to stand at a high table with their thumbs crossed. They report that a Taberdor "owing a grudge" to one of the Fellows, on account of an imaginary injury, took an opportunity to stab him while at his dinner: hence arose the custom, to prevent future mischief.

Rochester.—There is an ancient stone bridge at Rochester, over the Medway, which was erected in the reign of Richard II. Sir Robert Knolles is celebrated for having been the founder of this bridge. He was

distinguished both by his courage and military preferments, being elevated gradually from a common soldier, to the rank of general. He attended Edward III. in his successful campaigns in France; and when the king's affairs declined, through the ill health of Edward the Black Prince, Sir Robert was sent over to the Continent with an army of 30,000 men—he advanced into the heart of France, and extended his conquests as far as the gates of Paris. In this, and in many other expeditions, he acquired great riches, and returned to his native land, with "all his blushing honours thick upon him."—Lambard says, Sir Robert built the above-mentioned bridge with the spoils of towns, castles, churches, monasteries, and cities, which he had burned and destroyed; so that the ruins of houses, &c. were called *Knolles' Mitres*.

Woodmancote, Gloucester.—The tithing of Woodmancote, in the parish of Dursley, in the county of Gloucester, has a very singular custom annexed to it. It lies in the hundred of Berkeley, and there is a Court Leet held twice every year for that hundred, at the town of Berkeley, distant five miles from Woodmancote. The tithing-man of Woodmancote is constantly chosen at the yearly Court Baron, held in and for the tithing;—yet this tithing-man is obliged twice a-year to attend the Court Leet for the hundred, for the sole purpose of furnishing the Earl of Berkeley (who is lord of the hundred) with a piece of purple leather, about two inches wide, and a yard long, slit at both ends, and two tags fixt at each end to

tie his lordship's writings up;* but has no other business whatever there. This custom, antique and singular as it is, is still kept up; and on neglect of it, the tithing-man forfeits 10s. for each omission.

And the constable of Beverstone, near Tetbury, in the same county, (which is likewise in the hundred of Berkeley) at every Court Leet for the hundred, the moment he is called upon in court, he is obliged to advance to the steward, and falling on *one* knee, to say "God prosper long the noble family of the Berkeley's!" and on default to forfeit 10s.

This custom is of equal antiquity with the former one, and is still observed: as to the Woodmancote custom no one can *clearly* account for it—but that of Beverstone is accounted for thus:—The manor and castle of Beverstone, was some centuries *agone* given by a Lord Berkeley to one of his daughters, as a marriage portion, which daughter married into the family of the Hiches' (a descendant of whom is now Lord of Beverstone), and this custom was reserved as a mark of homage.

NOBODY.

NEMO in sese tentat descendere.—Juv.
Nobody tries himself to scan.—

To the Editor of the Freebooter.

SIR,

'THE peculiar hardships of my situation call loudly for your in-

*These are the words in the records of Berkeley Castle.

terference. As they have hitherto escaped the notice of those righters of wrongs, and redressers of grievances, your periodical predecessors, it remains with you, Sir, by the publishing of this letter, to clear my injured fame from the aspersions of the malevolent; and vindicate to the world the importance of my character.

'I shall not detain you, Mr. Editor, by a long account of my birth, parentage, and education; suffice it only to say, that I never received any education; that I am not indebted to a parent for my existence; but that, notwithstanding I am thus defective in point of ancestry, I boast a family of wide alliances and extensive relationships, and date my birth even prior to the creation.

'In short, Sir, the person who has now the honour to address you, is no other than Nobody. To prove what I have advanced of my large connexions, I am, you must know, allied to Anybody, nearly related to Somebody, and connected by the closest ties to the family of Everybody. Besides these, the various branches of the What'shisnames, the Whatyecallums, the Suchaones, and the Thingums and Thingumbobs, come, one and all, from the same parent stock.

'From this account you might probably be led to suppose, that my situation is, of all others, the most enviable; that I am growing old, amid the caresses of a diffusive family; and that I am looked up to with wonder and veneration by the rest of the world, as a being pre-existent to the common ancestor, and contemporary with every gene-

ration of mankind. But alas, Mr. Editor, very widely mistaken would this idea be found. —Alas, Sir, the world holds me in contempt, and my nearest relations have been taught by their example to do the same. I cannot make Anybody confess his knowledge of me; Everybody shuns the suspicion of being acquainted with me; and Somebody has long ago set himself up in direct opposition to me; and by degrees attracted to his party all the inferior branches of the family, who find their ideas of self-consequence much more pleasingly gratified in the relationship they bear to him, however distant, than in the disgraceful consanguinity of Nobody.

‘It has not been always thus. There was a time when the name of Nobody was more respected. —You cannot but know, Mr. Editor, that in all places where the feudal system obtained, and even now I believe, in some remote parts of Scotland, it has been customary for whole clans to take the name of the master under whom they held their several tenures; insomuch, that it was nothing unusual for the inhabitants of whole districts to be distinguishable from each other only by the difference of their *prænomen*, or Christian name, or by some additional *cognomen*, which they adopted for the purpose of this distinction; so that had you, Sir, lived in those days, there would have been, I doubt not, whole provinces peopled with a hopeful progeny of *Freebooters*. Ah, Sir, these were times indeed. Then it was, that I, and my old opposer Somebody, by mutual compact, shared

the land between us, and distributed our names to our respective adherents. The Barons, to be sure, and all principal persons, considered themselves as members of his family; but then the tenants and the bulk of the people were of necessity contented to rank under my denomination. And so very inconsiderable was the number of his adherents, compared to that of mine, that he might be almost said scarcely to have Anybody on his party; whilst, comparatively speaking, Everybody sided with me.

‘There were then no regular steps of consequence, no intermediate gradation of ranks between the lord and his slave; but while the importance of the one was sufficiently gratified in the title of Somebody; the other, hugging himself in his own insignificance, was fully satisfied to herd with the multitude of Nobodies.

• How different is my situation, and how much lessened is the estimation in which I am held in these days; while Everybody is labouring with restless ambition to be considered by the world as Somebody. It is this principle which enforces the young heir into expences far beyond the limits of his fortune, and melts the accumulation of years in the extravagance of an hour; that he may, by his spirited conduct, persuade the admiring world that he is Somebody. On what other principle does the spouse of the substantial shopkeeper ground her arguments, in favour of frosting the cauliflower wig, and rolling up the round belly in a new red waistcoat, but that he may be enabled to display himself on a

Sunday's terrace, with a dress and a figure, which may shew him to be Somebody? And whence that self-sufficient smile which curdles the fat cheek of love, but from a consciousness of having assumed, together with her flowered damask, a degree of importance, which abundantly rescues her from the disgraceful appellation of a Nobody.

'But even these desertions, Sir, however distressing, and this contempt, however wounding, I might perhaps be able to endure without complaint; and console myself with the idea of their being but negative misfortunes. But who, Mr. Editor, could forbear to complain of the malice of false aspersions, and the railings of groundless abuse? who could bear, without repining, the imputation of vices, of which he was perfectly unconscious: of outrages, of which he was wholly incapable?

There does not pass a day in which my name is not called in a hundred times, as a foil to the vices and imperfections of others; as thus, in speaking of any notorious offender, "Nobody is more wicked," "Nobody is more abandoned," "Nobody will come sooner to the gallows."—It is, however, some compensation for this, you will say, that I am also made use of as a comparison for all that is good and great in any character.—But, alas! when you consider how far greater is the propensity of most people to calumny than commendation, you will readily own, that the being coupled once or twice with the name of a great or a good man, is but a slender consolation, for being daily associated with the name of every thing that is

rascally and villainous under the sun.

'It cannot, I think, have escaped your observation, how often in common life, a suspicion of being an acquaintance of mine, has been prejudicial to many an innocent and well-meaning person; and has served as an excuse for treating him with the utmost incivility; a hint, that such a person was a fellow "who spoke to Nobody," or a "creature that Nobody knew," has been a cause sufficient to subject him to the most mortifying rudeness and contempt. But I shall pass over the consideration of this, and a multitude of other circumstances of the same nature: nor shall I stop to make a single observation on that unaccountable malignity with which mankind are taught to persecute me in proverbs, and most maliciously to pronounce that wind "*An ill wind which blows NOBODY good.*"

—But

'I shall proceed without delay to shew the injustice and wickedness of mankind, in laying to my charge several enormities which it is actually out of my power to perform. The first instance which occurs to my memory is one of very great antiquity. I allude to the paltry contrivance of *Ulysses*, who, to shield himself and his party from the resentment of *Polypheme*, for the extinction of his eyes, had the address to persuade that simple shepherd swain, that it was one *Ovdeis* (meaning me, Sir,) who was perpetrator of the bloody deed. But it were endless to dwell on every particular circumstance which has been laid hold of, to sully my fair fame with malevolent asper-

sions. I should detain you too long, were I to enumerate the many atrocious house-breakings of which a confirmed suspicion is said to have fallen on Nobody; the many midnight murders at which Nobody was thought to have been present; or (to descend to less heinous offences) the many strayed tea-spoons and broken china basons, the guilt of which a favourite lap-dog, a cat, or a fine family of little ones have been lucky enough to throw off their own shoulders on those of Nobody. I myself was not a little displeased the other day, to hear an old gentleman (who by the bye has one son of two-and-twenty, and several head of younger children, living in the house with him) complain, in the double capacity of master of a family, and justice of the peace, that he had at that time a pier glass shattered to pieces, an arm broken off his mahogany easy chair, and a housemaid *in the straw*, for all which circumstances he was, as far as he could learn, indebted to the kind officiousness of Nobody.

‘ Now, Mr. Editor, I have laid my misfortunes before you in a manner that I think cannot fail to excite your compassion. With you it remains to mediate between me and the public—and by explaining my case to them, to confer on me a lasting favour and benefit, and lay a strong claim to the gratitude of, Sir, your sincere admirer, and most humble petitioner,

‘ NOBODY.

‘ P. S. One thing, Sir, I forgot to mention, while I was upon the subject of the mischiefs laid to my charge, which is, that even

my most violent accusers have always the justice to own, that if Nobody does perform all these exploits, they fully expect Nobody to make them reparation,”

DREAM.

To the Editor of the Freebooter.

Bunhill-Row, March 11, 1824.

SIR,

It has been long the custom for periodical works, like yours, to commence with a visionary incitation to your labours; and I have been long in expectation of some “constant reader,” “A. B.” or “Philalethes,” &c. communicating the results of a curiously *a propos* somnolency to your columns.

However, the time has almost passed, and no dream has as yet appeared; each successive number has been carefully scrutinized; but your columns are all in unfeeling openness; no beautifully mystical-allegory, no softly shaded truth has adorned them; and, in fact, I am very much displeased with you. But as, a few days ago, I heard, with dissembled patience, the unmeaning incongruity of confused time, place, and persons, which had employed the “night thoughts” of maiden sister, I, in a fit of boldness, determined to usurp the office of dreamer, and make a bold attempt to effect an entrance into your productions.

This idea had occupied my mind all day. I returned home in the evening from my walk, in the dusk, and as I entered my little sanctorium, a white body on the dark oak table caught my attention: I took it up, and found it (I believe) to be the twenty-

second number of your work. Eagerly I looked at its picture, and cast my eye through it—Pshawed—turned back, and began to peruse it attentively; but before I had reached the fourth page, your arguments were too deep, your sentences became confused, I resolved to let it remain till the next day, turned down the leaf, and began to examine carefully the lithography, but even that was confused, the flickering light made it appear unsteady, its arches trembled, and their groinings disappeared, the grey melancholy towers faded away and left an open plain, at the end of which rose a chain of blue mountains, whose summits, mantled in snow, glistened like crowns of glory above their dark and sloping sides. Along this plain walked an immense crowd, whose hum gave me the head-ache, and I was so confused, that I could only observe that a large phalanx urged itself by me, out of which stepped a gentleman, whom I knew (ask not how) for yourself, who accosted me, and whose arm I seized, glad to escape the buffets of those who flocked behind, all eager to pass me.

He drew me into the party, and we proceeded more comfortably, when, at my request, he thus explained the surrounding scene. "The fields on which we tread are part of the wide domain of literature, and those who move along it, its children; children the object of whose existence is to reach those mountains, called the mountains of fame, from which they may, at the close of their march, smile on the scene of their past labours, and stimulate by example their successors."

"A few there are, indeed, who

venture no farther than that yellow hill, called Lucre Point, and to which, indeed, most of our corps tend;"—"Including yourself," said I.

He returned no answer but proceeded. "Some, indeed, have ventured higher, and even reached that far distant mountain, but these are few." He paused.

"But," said he, "I have not told you the dangers that attend us. At the foot of those mountains runs a deep yet swift flowing stream, called the Stream of Probation, flowing from the fountains of Criticism and Merit, and increased by a thousand rills, too many to name, which falls (swoln with the numerous bodies which have sunk in endeavours to pass it) into the still waters of oblivion." He looked melancholy, and changed his topic. "I belong," said he, "to a party who have lately enlisted, and who are principally known by the little engravings which they hang about their necks, in numbers, according to their age; see mine, representing an old house in Fleet-street. Though you are admitted into our columns, as an 'escuyer' (forgive me for the term) of mine."

He then pointed out to me many of our fellow-travellers, as well as our predecessors, which occupied our time until, on a sudden, we beheld the mournful Stream of Probation at our feet. I shuddered—but he pointed to the chief of us, who smiled upon us from his gay and happy seat, "spectator" of our labours. I longed to sit beside him, and listen to the suavity with which he addressed those elders who sat around him, and I boldly plunged. The sudden chill numbed me, and I clung for support to my guide; but he himself was sink-

ing and pulled me with him.—Despair gave me strength. I raised myself by a sudden spring, and the dark waves gathered into a heap before me.—I sneezed, and the illusion was no more—I was hanging stupid and chilly over the black grate whose embers had long since been extinguished; a deluge of grease from my candle whitened the table, and dropped like stalactites on the carpet. I seized the light, snuffed it, and rushed up to bed.

Your's truly,

A OLDEN.

PATIENCE AND PERSEVERANCE.

THE annals of literature, fertile in curiosities and calamities, have preserved few anecdotes more remarkable than that of our own time, which we are about to record.

The Rev. W. Davy, curate of Lustleigh, in Devonshire, finished in the year 1807, a work of twenty-six volumes. It is a surprising and mournful case of wasted perseverance. Mr. Davy attempted to publish his collection by subscription; this he found did not answer; so he stopped short, and resolved to print, himself; that is, with his own hands. He was poor, and, for a reason which is sufficiently apparent, his theological labours could obtain no patronage; but his ardour and invincible patience overcame all difficulties. He purchased as many worn-out cast-off types, from a country printing-office, as sufficed him to set up two pages; the outlay could not be more than the value of the metal, and he made a press for himself.

With these materials he went

to work in the year 1795; performing every operation himself, and working off page by page, he struck off forty copies of the first three hundred pages;—twenty-six of which he distributed among the Universities, the Bishops, the Royal Society, and the Reviews, hoping, no doubt, to receive from some of those quarters the encouragement to which he thought himself entitled. Disappointed in this, he resolved to spare himself any further expence of paper upon those before whom he had thrown his pearls in vain; and as he had reserved only fourteen copies of the forty with which he commenced, fourteen he continued to print, and at the end of twelve years of unremitting toil, finished the whole twenty-six volumes.

This is a tale which excites respect for the amazing perseverance of the patient labourer, as well as compassion for its misdirection. To those who might regard this perseverance with contempt, because it was bestowed upon a course of sermons, we present an instance equally surprising: the actor was not a curate, but a philosopher, in the modern use of the word, Franscham, the Norwich Pagan, who died above twelve years ago.—“Every man,” said he, “has some great object which he wishes to accomplish, and why should I not have mine? I will choose such a one as no mortal being ever yet chose, and which no one less than the gods would ever think of attempting. I will get a cup and ball, and I will catch the ball, on the spiked end, six hundred and sixty-six thousand, six hundred and sixty times,” and this he did!

POET'S CORNER.

———"neque est ignobile carmen."
VIR.

(THE following beautiful little Sonnet is re-printed from a small volume of "Poems by T. Carew, Esq. one of the Gentlemen of the Privie-Chamber, and Sewer in Ordinary to his Majesty Charles the First. London. 1640." This elegant and almost forgotten writer died in the prime of his age, 1639.)

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where these are not I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

BRITISH HEROISM.

Who has not wept o'er Sidney's early grave—
The wise, the good, the courteous, and the brave?
Who has not felt elate with patriot pride
To tell how England's Christian hero died?
On Zutphen's field of doubtful strife he lay,
While pale and faint, his life-blood ebb'd away—
See to his famish'd lips he bears the cup,
The far-sought draught which nature bids him drain—
Why stops the warrior—why thus lifts he up
His head to look upon another's pain?
"Behold," he cried, "that soldier's anxious eye,
He asks this drop in his last agony;

The cheering draught I willingly resign,
This man's necessity is more than mine."

Who has not kindled up at Nelson's fame,
And felt the tear flow at Trafalgar's name?
Who has not own'd, that in his patriot part
He wore the bravest and the kindest heart?
In Nile's great triumph when the hero fell,
Amidst the fears of those who lov'd him well.
Why asks he not the prompt obedient skill—
Why sits he on the dark and gory ground,
To struggle with his pain, and task his will
Yet to endure his gushing, unstaunch'd wound?
"Leave not," he said, "the bleeding seaman's side,
A streaming cock-pit is no place for pride—
Alike with hopes of victory we burn—
With my brave fellows will I take my turn." C.

Epitaphe d'un Procureur

Ci-git un procureur, qui, le seul au palais,
Au titre d'honnête homme eut le droit de pretendre:
Passant, viens honorer sa cendre,
Si toutefois tu sais ce que c'est qu'un procès:
Si, par hasard, tu l'ignorois,
Que Dieu te garde de l'apprendre!
SIMON.

(TRANSLATION.)

Epitaph on a Lawyer.

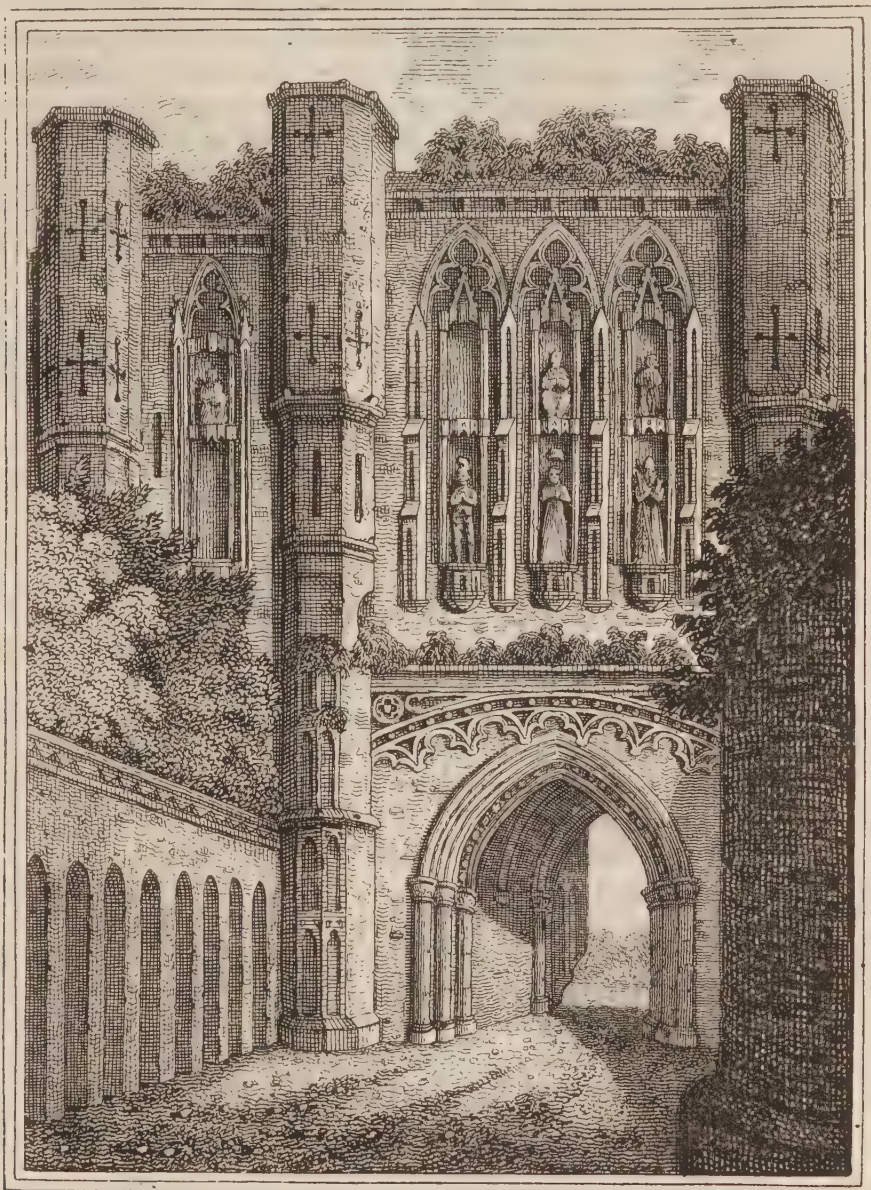
Here lies a lawyer, and the sole
Justly called honest though you search the roll.
Stay, traveller, and reverence his bones,
That is, if under law your spirit groans;
If not, then, lucky man! I only say
Go, pray to Heaven that it never may.
A. P.

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THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex ripto vivens.

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THORNTON ABBEY; OR, THORNTON COLLEGE, LINCOLNSHIRE.

THAT peninsula in Yorkshire, on whom he also bestowed his
denominated Holderness, was niece in marriage; but this in-
given by William the Conqueror human lord, having destroyed
to Dango de Buerer, a Fleming, his consort by poison, fled from

his possessions, and was succeeded in his estates and titles by Stephen Fitz-Odo, lord of Albermarle, in Normandy. On the death of Stephen, his son William, surnamed Le Gross, obtained possession of his estates, established or enriched several religious houses, and, among the rest, founded Thornton Monastery, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1139, as a priory of black canons, and dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin. He died in 1180, and is supposed to have been buried here. The establishment was at first governed by one Richard, a prior, who, together with the monks, were introduced from the monastery of Kirkham. As a priory, it continued but a short period; for, having been endowed with many liberal grants from its founder, and other benefactors, it soon began to assume some degree of consequence, and Richard had the satisfaction of finding himself advanced to the dignity of abbot, by Pope Eugenius III. in 1148.

In 1541 Henry VIII. took a journey into the North, upon pretence of quelling some discontents among his subjects, but more particularly to have an interview with his nephew, the young King of Scotland, at York; in this, however, he was disappointed. On his return, with his queen and retinue, he crossed the Humber from Hull to Barrow, in Lincolnshire, and honoured the Abbey of Thornton with a ceremonious visit; the whole monastery came out in solemn procession to meet the royal guests, and sumptuously entertained them for several successive days. This might probably be a skilful manoeuvre of the abbot to evade that impend-

ing storm which threatened destruction to his own, as well as every other monastic institution in the kingdom; nor did it entirely lose its effect; for Henry appears to have had some little degree of compunction, on reflecting upon the flattering attention here paid him; and though, at the dissolution, its suppression took place with the rest, the greater part of its revenues were preserved for the endowment of a college, which was established at this place, for a dean and prebendaries, to the honour of the Holy and Undivided Trinity. This college, however, was of very short duration; it experienced a total suppression, by Edward VI. in 1547, and was granted in exchange to the Bishop of Lincoln; its members, however, were not left entirely destitute of support; for, according to Willis, nineteen of them were allowed pensions in 1553.

At the dissolution it was valued, according to Dugdale, at 59*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.*; and 730*l.* 17*s.* 2*d.* by Speed.

From the present remains it may justly be concluded, that it once exhibited very great magnificence, as well as strength. It originally consisted of an extensive quadrangle, nearly approaching to a square, surrounded by a deep ditch, and an exceeding high rampart: thus it was admirably adapted as a place of defence against piratical plunderers, to whose ravages its contiguity with the Humber and German ocean, perhaps, often exposed it.

The gate-house, which formed the western, and, probably, the only entrance, is tolerably entire, truly majestic and well calculated for defensive operations. The

entrance-road crossing the ditch, is flanked by cemented brick walls, with fourteen loop-holed recesses on each side; three support broad embattled parapets, now covered with vegetation, and terminate with two strong round towers, once crowned with frowning battlements, but now softened into beauty by creeping evergreens: between these towers was once a draw-bridge, which formed the first security. The grand entrance-arch is in a good state of preservation, over which is a parapet about four feet broad; a small doorway opens upon this path, which leads to a little cell, probably the watchman's lodge: this entrance was made almost impregnable by an immense portcullis; the grooves it once occupied remain as perfect as ever, but the timber is gone to decay at the other end; a few years back, were the mouldering remnants of two ponderous doors pendant on their massy hinges. The vaulting is ornamented with elegant rib work, springing from fluted bracket imposts, the intersection embossed with flower work and figures. The face of this entrance, towards the west, presents a formidable aspect, six embattled turrets majestically rise to the summit; the two immediately connected with the entrance-arch, are octangular until they reach the parapet, when they take an hexagonal form, and have archways for the sake of communication; above these arches they again assume their octagonal shape, and so continue to the top. The next two form the boundaries of the parapet; these are also octagonal, but those that terminate the ends of the building, are of a circular

construction. Over the gateway, between the two middle turrets, are three long niches; in the lower part of each of these stands a statue, under an enriched canopy; the centre one appears to have a regal crown suspended above his head; the figure on his right is partly in armour, with his hands upon his breast; that on his left is mitred, with a pastoral staff; above these, and under other florid canopies, have been three smaller figures, two of which still remain, and seem in the attitude of prayer. Between these turrets and the adjoining, are two other similar niches, with the same sort of canopies, which doubtless once contained four statues: one only has escaped the ravages of time.

The greater part of this building is brick, but the ornamental parts, and some of the turrets, are of stone; their embattled tops were probably of the latter materials, but these have chiefly fallen to the ground.

What does not fade? the tower that
long had stood
The crush of thunder, and the warring
winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer,
Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its
base.

ARMSTRONG.

Above the gateway is a spacious room, denominated the refectory, ascended by a winding stone staircase; the window giving light from the east, exhibits the remains of masterly workmanship, and the arch separating it from the room, is equally fine: at one corner of this window is a beautiful piscina. Another room has evidently existed above this: two very large half-length corbel figures, that once supported the middle beams, have

escaped Time's ruthless hand; their distorted countenances bespeak the heavy burden they once supported: but the sculptor has endeavoured to alleviate the sufferings of one, by ingeniously placing a cushion upon his shoulders.

At a considerable distance, east of the entrance, stands the ruin of the church, consisting of an elegant clustered column, and a pointed recess, relieved with tracery; this is partly broken down: below the opening, is a very large but plain piscina. These remains, inconsiderable as they are, afford a convincing proof, that the whole was a structure of superior elegance; and the foundation, which may in several places be traced, bears sufficient evidence that it was of very extensive dimensions.

The octagonal chapter-house was united to the south part of the church; its side measures exactly eighteen feet, and consequently its diameter was about forty-three feet and a half: from the remains of one of its ponderous buttress, it is probable that the roof was supported without a central pillar. The entrance was from the west, and appears to have communicated with the end of a cloister. But the ruins in this part are scarcely sufficient to substantiate the conjecture; it is evident, however, from its connection with the church, that four of its sides were completely closed; and most probably the whole of the other four admitted the light: it was highly decorated; the pointed recesses are finely ramified, and the open windows were unquestionably of corresponding beauty: along each side was an elegant arcade of pointed arches, whose heads are filled with trefoil and quater-

foil tracery work, and whose impost consists of foliated brackets.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

EGYPT.

FROM the narrow isthmus of Suez, consisting of barren sand, sprinkled at intervals over a low rocky base, expands the fertile valley of Egypt. In order to acquire a general idea of this singular country, "a stranger in the place of its situation," we must represent to ourselves an immense valley, six hundred miles long, descending from the height of Syene, between two grey ridges of sandy mountains, that frequently approach within five miles of each other, till towards the sea it terminates in a vast plain, the extent of which is above three hundred miles. Through this valley flows the majestic Nile;—now calm and tranquil, it returns within its ancient banks; now reddened with the sands of Ethiopia, it overflows the plain, and sweeps the base of the mountains. From this periodical inundation the country assumes in succession the appearances of an ocean of fresh water, of a miry morass, of a green level plain, and of a parched desert of sand and dust. Along the Mediterranean the shore is flat and low, nor is it till the mariner has approached within three leagues of the coast, that the palm trees of Egypt, and the sand-hills on which they seem to grow emerge from the waters. Advancing from the shore, a vast plain, naked, and unbounded, opens to the view, under a horizon flat and unvaried, where the eye, searching in vain for an in-

interesting object, wanders among the slender date-trees and thinly scattered palms, or rests on groups of huts composed of brick and mud. Such is the vast plain of Lower Egypt, which comprehends all the country bounded by Cairo, the Mediterranean, the isthmus of Suez, and the Lybian desert.

Upper Egypt, or the *Sahid*, commences at Cairo, and extends to the cataracts of Syene, between two chains of mountains, which run from north to south. The western range, which separates Egypt from Libya, terminates near Alexandria; and consists chiefly of hills of sand, piled on a base of calcareous stone. The eastern range; which verges towards the Red Sea, is more elevated and rocky, though, from its naked and barren aspect it may properly be denominated a desert. The basis of Egypt, from Syene to the Mediterranean, is a continued bed of whitish, soft, calcareous stone, containing such shells as are found in the contiguous seas; and of the same stone the mountains are composed. Beyond these mountainous ridges, arid deserts expand on every side; but though the fierce and wandering tribes which inhabit them have often been subject to Egypt, their territories at an early period formed no part of its proper domain.

Egypt lies between the 48th and 53rd degrees of longitude, and the 24th and 33rd degrees of north latitude. The bare and unsheltered surface of the country, and its small elevation above the level of the sea, combining with its exposure to the rays of a vertical sun, render it much warmer than many countries in the same latitude. The hot

season continues from March to November; and during this period, while the sun remains above the horizon, the atmosphere is inflamed, the sky is cloudless and sparkling, and the heat is rendered supportable only by the profuse perspiration it excites. In summer the medium heat at Cairo is from 90 to 92 degrees, and in winter from 58 to 60 degrees; the difference between the greatest degrees of heat and cold seldom exceeding thirty degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. On some occasions however it has been known to rise to 112 degrees; but such an uncommon heat is generally of short continuance, and occurs most frequently in the *Sahid*. At sunset the winds fall, the temperature of the air becomes cooler, and the super-abundant humidity, which the heat exhaled, but could not elevate in the atmosphere, is again deposited in the form dew. As the evening descends, a thin mist veils the horizon, and broods over the watery grounds, but in the darkness it becomes scarcely perceptible, and in the morning, when the sun rises, quickly disperses in flaky clouds. Nor are the clouds always dispelled by the sun's rays; for the atmosphere sometimes appears loaded, and exhibits all the meteorological symptoms which indicate rain in other climates, without any alteration of weather ensuing. The phenomena of the winds, so variable in our climate, are in Egypt regularly periodical. In point both of duration and strength, the northerly wind predominates. As it blows about nine months in the year, the branches of the trees and the trunks themselves, when un-

sheltered, assume its direction. It continues with little intermission from the end of May till the end of September. About the end of September, when the sun repasses the line, the wind returns to the East, where it fluctuates till November, when the northerly winds again prevail. About the end of February, the winds assume a southerly direction, and fluctuate exceedingly till the close of April, when the east wind begins to predominate. The southerly winds are the most inconstant as well as pernicious; traversing the arid sands of Africa, uninterrupted by rivulets, lakes, or forests, they arrive in Egypt fraught with all the noxious exhalations of the desert. At their approach, the serene sky becomes dark and heavy; the sun loses its splendour, and appears of a dim violet hue; a light warm breeze is perceived, which gradually increases in heat, till it almost equals that of an oven. Though no vapour darkens the air, it becomes so grey and thick with the floating clouds of impalpable sand, that it is sometimes necessary to light candles at noon-day. Every green leaf is soon shrivelled, and every thing formed of wood is warped and cracked. The effect of these winds on animated bodies is equally pernicious, and when they blow in sudden squalls, they sometimes occasion immediate death. Respiration becomes quick and difficult, the pores of the skin are closed, and a feverish habit is induced by suppressed perspiration. The ardent heat pervades every substance, and the element of water, divested of its coolness, is rendered incapable of mitigating the intolerable sensation excited. Dead silence

reigns in the streets; the inhabitants, by confining themselves to their houses, vainly attempt to elude the showers of fine penetrating dust, which, according to the oriental expression, will enter an egg through the pores of the shell. These are the hot winds of the desert termed by the Arabs *simoon*, and by the Turks *samiel*. They are frequently denominated *the winds of the fifty days*, because they prevail chiefly between Easter and Whitsuntide, or during the fifty-days at the period of the equinox. When they continue longer than three days their heat becomes insupportable, and peculiarly injurious to persons of a plethoric habit. These winds, in spring so destructive by their heat, are in winter from the beginning of December to the end of January, distinguished only by their intense and penetrating cold. While the sun is in the southern tropic, his rays fall more obliquely on the desert, and the current of air which descends on Egypt is tempered by the snowy mountains of Abyssinnia. Sudden or violent squalls are unfrequent on the coast, from the regularity of the temperature, which prevents any rapid rarefaction or condensation. The northerly and westerly winds, denominated by the Arabs *the fathers of the rain*, notwithstanding the humidity with which they are impregnated, seldom or never produce copious rains in Egypt. When this phenomenon occurs, it continues only a few minutes, and even then the rain seems obstructed in its descent. In the Delta it occurs only in winter, and above Cairo it is considered as a species of miracle. The phenomena of thunder and

lightning, are still more uncommon than rain, and so far divested of their terrific qualities, that the Egyptians are unable to associate with them the idea of destructive fierce, or to comprehend how they are ever productive of injury. Slight showers of hail, descending from the hills of Syria, passing along the plains of Palestine, sometimes reach the confines of Egypt. The production of ice is so extremely uncommon, that once, when it appeared in Lower Egypt, the Arabs collected it from the ditches in the vicinity of Alexandria, and brought it for sale to the European merchants.

(To be continued.)

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCH.

OF THE ORIGIN AND DESIGN OF CARDS.

It appears that cards were invented about the year 1,300, to divert Charles VI. of France, who was fallen into a melancholy disposition. That they were not in use before, appears highly probable,—first, because no cards are to be seen in any painting, sculpture, tapestry, &c., more ancient than the period above mentioned, but are represented in many works of ingenuity since,—secondly, no prohibitions relative to cards by the king's edicts are mentioned, although some few years before, a most severe one was published, forbidding, by name, all manner of sports and pastimes, in order that the subjects might exercise themselves in shooting with bows and arrows, and be in a condition to

oppose the English. Now it is not to be supposed, that soluring a game as cards would have been omitted in the enumeration, had they been in use;—thirdly, in all the ecclesiastical canons, prior to the same time, there occurs no mention of cards, although twenty years after that date, card playing was interdicted the clergy, by a Gallican Synod: about the same time is found in the account book of the King's cofferer, the following charge: "Paid for a pack of painted leaves, bought for the King's amusement, three livres." Printing and stamping not being then discovered, the cards were painted, which made them so dear; thence, in the above Synodical Canons, they are called *pagillæ pictæ*, painted little leaves;—fourthly, about 30 years after this, came a severe edict against cards in France, and another by Emanuel Duke of Savoy, only permitting the ladies this pastime, *pro spinulis*, for pins and needles. The French pack at present contains but 32 cards, which was probably the original number. And now let us examine into

THE DESIGN OF CARDS.

The inventor most probably proposed, by the figures of the four suits, or colours, as the French call them, to represent the four states or classes of men in the kingdom.

By the *Cœurs*, (hearts) seem to be meant the *Gens de Chœurs*, choir men, or ecclesiastics; and therefore the Spaniards, who certainly received the use of cards from the French, *copas* or chalices instead of hearts.

The nobility, or prime military part of the kingdom, are represented by the *ends* or *points* of

lances, or pikes, and our ignorance of the meaning or resemblance of the figure, induced us to call them spades. The Spaniards have *espades*, (swords in lieu of pikes,) which is of similar import.

By diamonds are designed the order of the citizens, merchants, and tradesmen, *carreaux*, (square stones, tiles, or the like,) the Spaniards have a coin, *dimeros*, which answers to it; and the Dutch call the French word *carreaux*, *stieneen* stones, and diamonds from the form.

Trefle, the trefoil leaf, or clovergrass, (corruptly called clubs) alludes to the husbandmen and peasants. How this suit came to be called clubs, I cannot explain, unless borrowing the name from the Spaniards, who have *bastas* (staves or clubs) instead of the trefoil, we gave the Spanish signification to the French figure. The history of the four kings, which the French sometimes call the cards, is David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charles, (which names were then, and still are, on the French cards.) These respectable names represent the four celebrated monarchies of the Jews, the Greeks, the Romans, and Fanks under Charlemagne.

By the Queens, are intended Argine, Esther, Judith, and Pallas, (names retained in the French cards,) typical of birth, piety, fortitude, and wisdom, the qualifications residing in each person. Argine is an anagram for *Regina*, queen by descent.

By the knaves, were designed the servants to knights; (for knave originally meant only servant; and in an old translation of the Bible, St. Paul is called the knave of Christ;) but French

pages, and valets now indiscriminately used by various orders of persons, were formerly only allowed to persons of quality—esquires (*escuriers*), shield or armour bearers.

Others fancy that the knights themselves were designed by those cards, because *Hogier* and *Lahire*, two names in the French cards, were famous knights at the time cards were supposed to be invented.

H. N. B.

NATURAL HISTORY.

COMMON SALT.

FEW productions, either natural or artificial, are in so much request as common salt. It is used by the inhabitants of nearly all countries, for correcting the insipidity of food. When applied in small quantities, it accelerates the putrid fermentation; and, in this case, is considered to aid digestion, by promoting the decomposition of the aliments. In larger quantities, it has a contrary effect, and tends to preserve organic substances from corruption. Salt is used for glazing the surface of coarse earthenware; and is employed in several processes of dyeing.

When this substance is dug out of the earth, it has the appellation of *rock salt*: and immense masses of it are found in different countries of the world. The most considerable, as well as the most celebrated *salt mines* with which we are acquainted, are those about five miles from Cracow, in Poland; and it is supposed that they contain more salt than would be sufficient to supply the wants of the whole world

for several years. On descending to the bottom of these mines, a stranger is astonished to find a kind of subterraneous republic, consisting of many families, who have their own laws and polity. Here are likewise public roads and carriages, horses being employed to draw the salt to the mouths of the mine, where it is taken up by engines. The horses, when once they are down, never more see the light of the day; and many of the people seem buried alive in this immense abyss. Some are born there, and and never stir out; others, however, have occasional opportunities of breathing the fresh air in the fields, and enjoying the light of the sun.

The subterraneous passages or galleries are very spacious; and in many of them, chapels are hewn out of the salt. In these are set up crucifixes, and the images of saints, before which lights are kept continually burning. In some parts of the mine, large columns are left standing to support the rock. Its windings are so numerous and intricate, the workmen have frequently lost their way; the lights they carried have been burnt out, and they have perished before they could be found.

The salt is taken from these mines in blocks so large, as sometimes to measure nine feet in length, four feet in width, and two or three feet in thickness. In the year 1780, the greatest depth to which the workmen had penetrated was about 320 yards, and the mass of salt was considered to be in some places more than 240 yards thick, and the extent at least three leagues.

At Northwich at Nantwich, in the county of Chester, there are

salt mines of great depth and extent. These are frequently visited by travellers, and are found amply to repay the trouble and inconvenience of descending into them. There are two principal beds of this substance: the upper one is about forty-two yards below the surface, and twenty-six thick. This was originally discovered about a century and a half ago, in searching for coal. The lower bed has already been examined, to the depth of forty yards, without coming to the bottom; and it is about the centre of this bed that the purest salt has been discovered. The average depth of the cavity formed by the workmen along the vein of salt in the different mines, is supposed to be about sixteen feet. In some of the mines, where pillars, six or eight yards square, are left to support the roof, the appearance of the cavity is singularly beautiful: and the effect is greatly increased when the mine is illuminated, by numerous candles fixed to the side of the rock. The scene so formed would almost seem to realize the notion of the magic palaces of eastern poets. Some of the mines are worked in aisles or streets. The methods employed in working out the salt, offer nothing worthy of particular notice. Large masses are separated from the body of the rock, by blasting with gun-powder: and are afterwards broken up by pickaxes, hammers, and other instruments. The present number of mines in the vicinity of Northwich is eleven or twelve, from which there are raised on an average 50 or 60,000 tons of salt per annum. The greater part of this quantity is exported to Ireland and the Baltic; the

remainder is employed in Cheshire and the adjacent counties.

Salt is also made from *brine springs* in Cheshire, Cumberland, Staffordshire, and Worcester: but the kind most commonly used in England is that which is made from sea-water, and has the name of *sea-salt*. The mode of manufacturing is very simple. The water is first pumped into shallow reservoirs of earth, called salt pans, or salterns. In these it remains exposed to the sun until a certain proportion of the water is evaporated, so as to leave it seven times stronger than in its original state. It is then conducted by another pump into flat iron pans, eight or nine feet square and as many inches deep. These, being placed over a hot fire, the liquor or brine is boiled until nearly all the remaining particles of water are passed off by evaporation, and nothing is left in the pan but salt. This is thrown together into proper vessels, for a few days to drain, after which it is fit for use.

THE MISCELLANY.

"Rebus et ordine dispar."—HOR.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, FORTY YEARS AGO.

IT was a lovely morning; a remittance had arrived in the very nick of time; my two horses were in excellent condition; and I resolved, with a college chum, to put in execution a long concerted scheme of driving to London, tandem. We sent our horses forward, got others at Cambridge, and tossing Algebra and Anacharsis "to the dogs," started in high spirits. We ran up to London in style—went

ball-pitch to the play—and after a quiet breakfast at St. James's, set out with my own horses upon a dashing drive through the west end of the town. We were turning down the Haymarket, when whom to my utter horror and consternation, should I see crossing to meet us, but my old warm-hearted, yet severe and peppery uncle, Sir Thomas——?

To escape was impossible.—A cart before, and two carriages behind, made us stationary; and I mentally resigned all idea of ever succeeding to his five thousand per annum. Up he came. "What! can I believe my eyes? George? What the —— do you do here? Tandem too, by ——." (I leave blanks for the significant accompaniments which dropped from his mouth, like pearls and rubies in the fairy tale, when he was in a passion.) "I have it," thought I as an idea crossed my mind which I resolved to follow. I looked right and left, as if it was not possible it could be me he was addressing. "What! you don't know me, you young dog? Don't you know your own uncle? Why, Sir, in the name of common sense—Pshaw! you've done with that. Why in —— name an't you at Cambridge?" At Cambridge, Sir?" said I. "At Cambridge, Sir," he repeated, mimicking my affected astonishment; "why, I suppose you never were at Cambridge! Oh! you young spendthrift; is this the manner you dispose of my allowance? Is this the way you read hard? You young profligate! you young —— you ——." Seeing he was getting energetic, I began to be apprehensive of a scene; and resolved to drop the curtain at once, "Really, Sir," said I, with as brazen a look as I

could summon upon emergency, "I have not the honour of your acquaintance." His large eyes assumed a fixed air of astonishment. "I must confess you have the advantage of me. Excuse me, but, to my knowledge, I never saw you before." A torrent, I perceived, was coming. "Make no apologies, they are unnecessary. Your next *rencontre* will, I hope, be more fortunate, though your finding your country cousin in London, is like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. Bye, bye, old buck." The cart was removed, and I drove off; yet not without seeing him in a paroxysm of rage, half frightful, half ludicrous, toss his hat on the ground, and hearing him exclaim—"He disowns me! the jackanapes! disowns his own uncle, by —."

Poor Philip Chichester's look of amazement at this finished stroke of impudence is present, at this instant, to my memory. I think I see his face, which at no period had more expression than a turnip, assume that air of a pensive simpleton, *d'un mouton qui rêve*, which he so often and so successfully exhibited over an incomprehensible problem in "Principia." "Well, you've done it, Dished completely.—What could induce you to be such a blockhead?" said he.—"The family of the blockheads, my dear Phil," I replied, "is far too creditably established in society to render their alliance disgraceful. I'm proud to belong to so prevailing a party."—"Pshaw! this is no time for joking, what's to be done?"—"Why, when does a man want a joke, Phil, but when he is in trouble? However, adieu to *badinage*, and hey for Cambridge

instantly." "Cambridge?" In the twinkling of an eye—not a moment to be lost. My uncle will post there with four horses instantly, and my only chance of avoiding that romantic misfortune of being cut off with a shilling, is to be there before him."

Without settling our bill at the inn, or making a single arrangement, we dashed back to Cambridge. Never shall I forget the mental anxiety I endured on my way there. Every thing was against us. A heavy rain had fallen in the night, and the roads wretched. The traces broke—turnpike gates were shut—droves of sheep and carts impeded our progress; but in spite of all these obstacles, we reached the college in less than six hours. "Has Sir Thomas — been here?" said I to the porter with an agitation I could not conceal. "No Sir." Phil, "thanked God," and took courage. "If he does, tell him so and so," said I giving *veracious* Thomas his instructions, and putting a guinea into his hand, to sharpen his memory. "Phil, my dear fellow, don't shew your face out of college for a fortnight. You twig! God bless you."—I had barely time to get to my room, to have my toga and trencher beside me, Newton and Aristotle before me, optics, mechanics, and hydrostatics, strewn around in learned confusion, when my uncle drove up to the gate.

"Porter, I wish to see Mr. —," said he, "is he in his rooms?" "Yes, Sir; I saw him take a heap of books there ten minutes ago." This was not the first bouncer the essence of truth, as Thomas was known through the college, had told for me; nor the last he got well paid for. "Aye! very likely."

Reads very hard, I dare say?" "No doubt of that, I believe, sir," said Thomas, as bold as brass. "You audacious fellow! How dare you look me in the face, and tell me such a deliberate falsehood? You know he's not in the college!" "Not in the college! Sir, as I hope——" "None of your hopes or fears to me. Show me his rooms. If two hours ago I did not see—see him—yes, I've seen him, and he's seen the last of me."

He had now reached my rooms; and never shall I forget his look of astonishment, of amazement bordering on incredulity, when I calmly came forward, took his hand, and welcomed him to Cambridge. "My dear sir, how are you? What lucky wind has blown you here?" "What, George! who—what—why—I can't believe my eyes!" "How happy I am to see you!" I continued, "How kind of you to come! How well you're looking!" "How people may be deceived! My dear George, (speaking rapidly) I met a fellow in a tandem, in the Haymarket, so like you in every particular, that I hailed him at once. The puppy disowned me—affected to cut a joke—and drove off. Never was I more taken off my stilts! I came down directly, with four post-horses, to tell your tutor, to tell the master, to tell all the college that I would have nothing more to do with you; that I would be responsible for your debts no longer; to inclose you fifty pounds, and disown you for ever." "My dear sir, how singular!" "Singular! I wonder at perjury no longer, for my part. I would have gone into any court of justice, and have taken my oath it was you.

I never saw such a likeness. Your father and the fellow's mother must have been acquainted, or I'm mistaken. The air, the height, the voice; all but the manner, and, damme, that was *not* your's. No, no; you never would have treated your old uncle so." "How rejoiced I am, that——" "Rejoiced! so am I. I would not but have been undeceived for a thousand guineas. Nothing but seeing you here so quiet, so studious, surrounded by problems, would have convinced me. Ecod! I can't tell you how I was startled. I had been told some queer stories, to be sure, about your Cambridge etiquette. I heard that two Cambridge men, one of St. John's, the other of Trinity, had met on the top of Mount Vesuvius; and that, though they knew each other by sight and reputation, yet never having been formally introduced, like two simpletons, they looked at each other in silence, and left the mountain separately, and without speaking:—and that cracked fellow-commoner, Meadows, had shown me a caricature taken from the life, representing a Cambridge man drowning, and another gownsman standing on the brink, exclaiming, 'Oh, that I had had the honour of being introduced to that man, that I might have taken the liberty of saving him!' But, d——n it, thought I, he never would carry it so far with his own uncle! I never heard your father was a gay man," continued he, musing; "yet, as you sit in that light, the likeness is——" I moved instantly. "But its impossible, you know, its impossible. Come, my dear fellow, come; I must get some dinner. Who could

he be? Never were two people so alike."

We dined at the inn, and spent the evening together; and instead of the fifty, *the last fifty*, he generously gave me a draft for three times the amount. He left Cambridge the next morning, and his last words were, as he ordered his carriage, "My brother *was* a handsome man; and there *was* a Lady Somebody, who, the world said, was partial to him. She *may* have a son—Most surprising likeness;—God bless you! Read hard, you young dog: remember.—Like as two brothers!" I never saw him again.

His death, which happened a few months afterwards, in consequence of his being *bit* in a bet, contracted when he was a "little elevated," left me the heir to his fine estate; I wish I could add, to his many and noble virtues. I do not attempt to palliate deception—it is always criminal—but, I am sure, no severity, no reprimand, no reproaches, would have had half the effect which his kindness, his confidence, and his generosity, wrought on me,—it reformed me thoroughly, and at once. I did not see London again till I had graduated: and if my degree was unaccompanied by brilliant honours, it did not disgrace my uncle's liberality or his name. Many years have elapsed since our last interview; but I never reflect on it without pain and pleasure,—pain, that our last interview on earth should have been marked by the grossest deception;—and pleasure, that the serious reflections it awakened, cured me for ever of all wish to deceive, and made the open and straight-forward path of life, that of

AN OLD STUDENT.

A SOUTH AMERICAN COMPLIMENT.

PICTURE OF ENGLAND.

England is truly the queen of isles, the empire and citadel of Neptune; and, at the same time, the Peru of Europe, the kingdom of Bacchus, the school of Epicurus, the academy of Venus, the country of Mars, the residence of Minerva, the purgatory of the friends of tyranny, and, in a word, the Paradise of liberty. Her fair sex are very handsome; valour is natural to the males, but carried to an excess, which makes it approach to brutality. Their talents are as great as those of any other people, perhaps greater. *There*, it may be justly said, has Fortune scattered her gifts with an unsparing hand. The English idiom is a mixture of all that is spoken in Europe, but it has more energy, and is more copious than any other. In a word, it appears that this nation wants nothing to complete her felicity, but to know the secret of enjoying it. The natural inquietude of the people, and their excessive zeal for their privileges and liberties, has often plunged her into all the horrors of civil war, which has at times carried her to the brink of the precipice.

D.

Curious particulars relating to JEFFREY HUDSON, *the famous Dwarf, whose picture is now at St. James's Palace, where he is drawn holding a dog by a string.*

He was born at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, in 1619, and about the age of seven or eight, being then but eighteen inches high,

was retained in the service of the Duke of Buckingham, who resided at Burleigh on the Hill. Soon after the marriage of Charles I., the king and queen being entertained at Burleigh, little Jeffrey was served up to table in a cold pye, and presented by the duchess to the queen, who kept him as her dwarf. From seven years of age till thirty, he shot up to three feet nine inches, and there fixed. Jeffrey became a considerable part of the entertainment at Court. Sir William Davenant wrote a poem called *Jefferisdus*, or a battle between him and a turkey-cock; and in 1638, was published a very small book, called the "New Year's Gift," presented at court from the Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus, (commonly called little Jeffrey,) her majesty's servant, and written by Microphilus, with a little print of Jeffrey prefixed. Before this period, Jeffrey was employed on a negociation of great importance. He was sent to France, to fetch a midwife for the queen, and on his return with this gentlewoman, and her majesty's dancing-master, and many rich presents to the queen, from her mother, Mary de Medicis, he was taken by the Dunkirkers. Jeffrey, thus made of consequence, grew to think himself really so. He had borne, with little temper, the teasing of courtiers and domestics, and had many squabbles with the king's gigantic porter. At last, being provoked by Mr. Crofts, a young gentleman of family, a challenge ensued, and Mr. Crofts coming to the rendezvous, armed only with a squirt, the little creature was so enraged, that a real duel ensued; and the appointment being on horseback with pistols, to put them more on

a level, Jeffrey, at the first fire, shot his antagonist dead. This happened in France, whither he had attended his mistress, in the troubles. He was again taken prisoner by a Turkish rover, and sold into Barbary. He probably did not remain long in slavery, for at the beginning of the civil war, he was made a captain of the royal army; and in 1664 attended the queen to France, where he remained till the Restoration. At last, upon suspicion of his being privy to the popish plot, he was taken up in 1682, and confined in the Gate-house, Westminster, where he ended his life, in the sixty-third year of his age.

(This is the same Jeffrey Hudson who is introduced into "Peveril of the Peak.")—*Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.*

POET'S CORNER.

— "neque est ignobile carmen."
VIR.

THE BRIDAL BED.

THIS beautiful dirge is from a collection of old ballads, published by Thomas Evans. It has no pretensions to the antiquity to which it lays claim, beyond what it derives from an orthography embarrassed with a profusion of letters, and regularly *exchaungynge* the *i* for the *y* in the participle, which is, for farther dignity, graced uniformly with a final *e*. These injudicious marks of imitation, which can no more render a modern ballad like an ancient, than a decoction of wall-nuts can convert the features of an European into those of an Asiatic, have been rejected. There

are good grounds for supposing, that the following stanzas (for we have not given the whole poem) flowed from the pen of a poet, to whom neither his own nor this generation has been altogether just. We mean William Julius Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*.

It was a maid of low degree
Sat on her true love's grave,
And with her tears most piteously
The green turf she did lave.
She strew'd the flow'rs, she pluck'd the weed,
And show'rs of tears she shed:
"Sweet turf," she cried, "by fate decreed
To be my bridal bed!"

"I've set thee, flow'r, for that the flow'r
Of manhood lieth there;
And water'd thee with plenteous show'r
Of many a briny tear."
And still she cried, "Oh, stay, my love,
My true love, stay for me!
Stay till I've deck'd thy bridal bed,
And I will follow thee."

"Sweet turf! thy green more green appears,
Tears make thy verdure grow;
Then still I'll water thee with tears
That thus profusely flow.
Oh! stay for me, departed youth,
My true love stay for me!
Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee."

"This is the flow'ry wreath he wove
To deck his bride, dear youth!
And this the ring with which my love
To me did pledge his troth;
And this dear ring I was to keep,
And with it to be wed—
But here, alas! I sigh and weep,
To deck my bridal bed."

A blithsome knight came riding by,
And, as the bright moon shone,
He saw her on the green turf lie,
And heard her piteous moan;
For loud she cried, "Oh, stay, my love,
My true love stay for me!
Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee."

"Be calm, fair maid," the knight replied,

Thou art too young to die;
But go with me, and be my bride,
And leave the old to sigh."
But still she cried, "Oh, stay, my love,
My true love, stay for me!
Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee."

"Oh! leave," he cried, "this grief so cold,
And leave this dread despair;
And thou shalt flaunt in robes of gold,
A lady rich and fair.
Thou shalt have halls and castles fair,
And when, sweet maid! we wed,
O thou shalt have much costly gear
To deck thy bridal bed!"

"Oh hold thy peace, thou cruel knight,
Nor urge me to despair.
With thee my truth I will not plight,
For all thy proffers fair.
But I will die with my own true love—
My true love stay for me!
Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee."

"Thy halls and castles I despise,
This turf is all I crave;
For all my hopes, and all my joys,
Lie buried in this grave.
I want not gold, nor costly gear,
Now my true love is dead;
But with fading flow'r and scalding tear
I deck my bridal bed."

"Oh, be my bride, thou weeping fair!
Oh! be my bride, I pray;
And I will build a tomb most rare,
Where thy true love shall lay."
But still, with tears, she cried, "my love,

My true love stay for me!
Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee."

"My love needs not a tomb so rare;
In a green grave we'll lie;
Our carved works—these flowrets fair;
Our canopy—the sky.
Now go, sir knight, now go thy ways;
Full soon I shall be dead—
And then return, in some few days,
And deck my bridal bed."

"And strew the flow'r, and pluck the thorn,
And cleanse the turf, I pray:
So may some hand thy turf adorn,
When thou in grave shall lay."

But stay, O thou, whom dear I love!
My true love, stay for me!
Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee."

The following stanzas are said to have been written on a blank leaf of the Pleasures of Memory. They present a most affecting reverse of the picture, and fearfully exhibit the desolate state of a wounded spirit, awakened to a sense of its future condition, whilst unsupported by the consolations of religion.

Pleasure's of Memory!—Oh, supremely blest!
And justly proud, beyond a poet's praise,
If the pure confines of thy tranquil breast
Contain, indeed, the subject of thy lays!

By me how envied—for, to me,
The herald still of misery,
Memory makes her influence known
By sighs, and tears, and grief alone:

I greet her as the fiend to whom belong
The vulture's ravening beak, the
raven's fun'ral song.

She tells of time mispent, of comfort lost;

Of fair occasions gone for ever by;
Of hopes too fondly nurs'd, too rudely cross'd;

Of many a cause to wish, yet fear to die.

For what, except th' instinctive fear

Lest she survive, detains me here,
When "all the life of life" is fled?

What, but the deep inherent dread
Lest she, beyond the grave, resume her reign,

And realize the hell that priests and beldams feign?

SONNET.

My sweet Floretta, come to the green woods,
Whose age, like thine, is young and beautiful;
For there are flowers, as fair as thee, to cull;
And violets that breathe thy breath; and buds
Red as thy lips, and sweet as thy soul's sighs;
And rills that run as silvery as thy speech;
And joys that, without pain, love's hands may reach;
And leaves, and birds, and songs, and sunny skies;
The bee who sings yet is industrious,
Calls us away to the green woods again,
As Robin's horn drew forth his merry men
To sports, and beechen spears, and twanging bows;
And panting chace of bounding doe and deer;
—Then hie for yellow meads!—the pleasures dwell not here.

ANONYMOUS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The First Volume will be completed at the Twenty-sixth Number, which will be published with a Title-page and Index.

Latiorn is thanked for his communications.

Exit's remarks are well worthy attention—but our course is one we cannot now depart from.

We are obliged to a constant reader for his lines on a young lady's ill-luck in the last lottery.

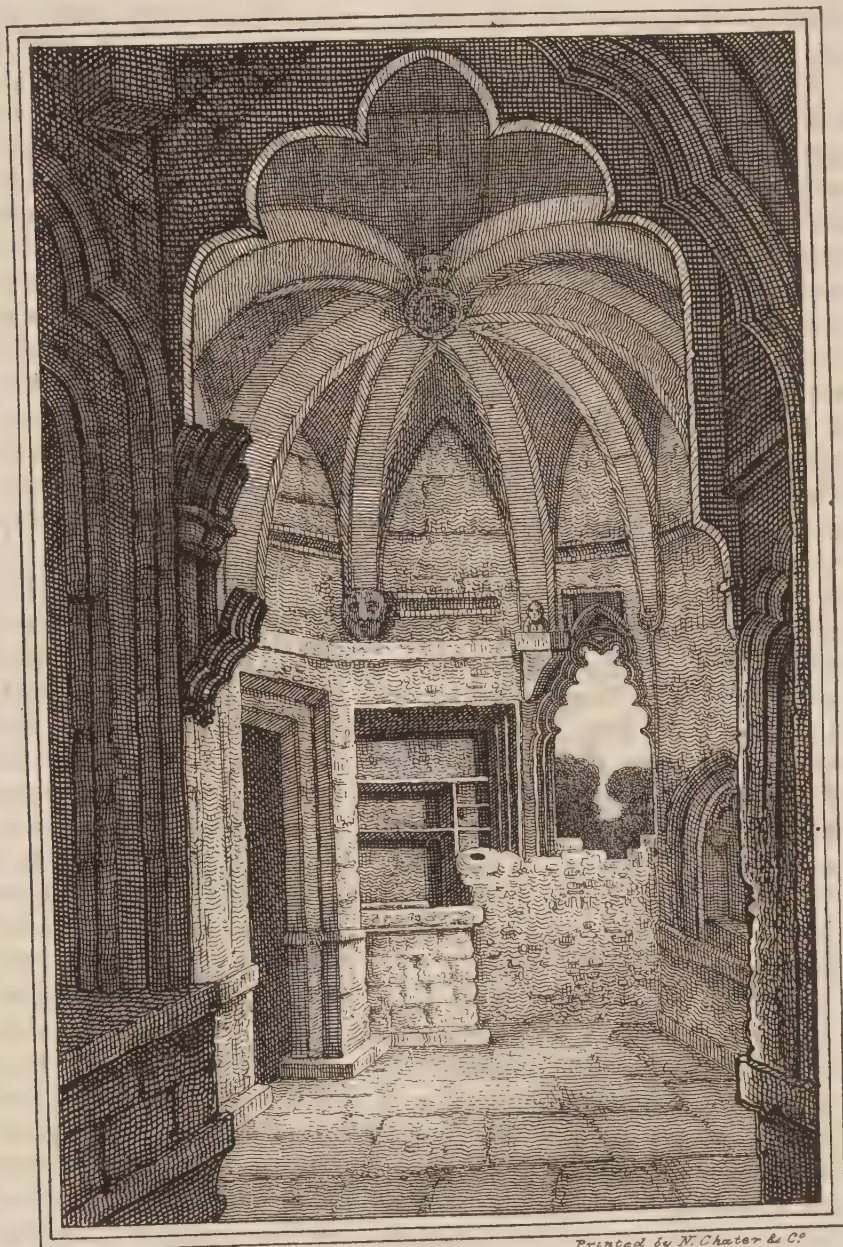
As we are so near the commencement of a fresh volume, W. will oblige us, perhaps, by deferring his future communications till we have the opportunity of presenting his papers in a regular succession.

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THE FREEBOOTER.

Ex raptō vivens.

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Drawn on Stone by I. Baker.

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THE CHAPEL, BROUGHAM CASTLE, WESTMORLAND.

HISTORY has not recorded the builder of this castle, nor handed down to us the time when it

was erected; but its style of architecture, and particularly that of the keep, indubitably pronounces

it, Norman. It is situated on the banks of the river Eimot, vulgarly pronounced Yeoman. Its remains shew it was once a strong, extensive, and beautiful edifice. The chief entrance is through a number of arches by the river side.

The following agreeable description of it is given in a publication, entitled, "An Excursion to the Lakes." "We quitted the high road in order to pass by Brougham Castle, a spacious ruin, situate on the banks of the river Yeoman. That we might enjoy the prospect to advantage, we crossed over the river, and made a sweep round the mill, which stands almost opposite to Brougham, from whence a view opened upon us delightfully. The mill with its streams lay on the foreground to the left; a beautiful and shining canal, formed by the river Yeoman, margined with shrubs, lay spreading to the right; in front, the streams which fell over the wear made a foaming cascade;—immediately on the opposite bank of the channel arises Brougham Castle. Three square towers projecting, but yet connected with the buildings, form the front; from thence on either side, a little wing falls back some paces; to the north-east a thick grove of planes and ashes block up the passage, and the gateway; to the south-west the walls stretch out to a considerable distance along a fine grassy plane of pasture ground, terminated by a tower, one of the outposts of the castle. In the centre of the building arises a lofty square tower, frowning in Gothic strength and gloomy pomp. The shattered turrets which had formed the angles, and the hanging gallery, which had

communicated with each, are grown with shrubs and waving brambles. The sunbeams which struck each gasping loup, and bending window, discovered the inward devastation and ruin; and touched the whole with admirable colouring and beauty. To grace the landscape, several groups of cattle were dispersed on the pasture; and through the tufts of ash-trees, which were irregularly dispersed on the back ground, distant mountains were seen skirting the horizon. The lower apartment in the principal tower is still remaining entire, being covered with a vaulted roof of stone, consisting of eight arches, which, as they spring from the side-walls, are supported by, and terminate in, a pillar in the centre."

Brougham was the lordship and castle of the Viponts, included in the Barony of Appleby and Burgh, given to Robert de Vipont by King John, in the 4th year of his reign, from whose family, after a few descents, it passed by the heir general to that of the Cliffords; and they enjoyed it for several generations. For though Brougham and divers of their estates occur as in possession of Guy Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, and others, about the 7th of Edward the Second, yet they held them not in their own right, but as guardians to Roger de Clifford, then in his minority, who had them restored to him when he became of age. To him succeeded his brother Robert. He entertained Robert de Baliol, king of Scotland, at his castle, who came hither to enjoy the pleasure of hunting. How this manor became alienated, does not appear; but that it was, seems evident from this

circumstance: when the lady Anne Clifford endowed her almshouse at Appleby, she (it is said) purchased this manor to settle upon it. This place stands upon the Roman military way called the Maiden-way, just upon the confines of Cumberland, and is thought to be the old Broconiacum (written sometimes Brovonacii, Brovocom, and in the Notitia, Broconiacum) mentioned in Antoninus' Itinerary; which is rendered almost certain, not only from its distance from Veteræa and Burgh, but from the several Roman coins, altars, and other antiquities, which have at times been found there.

The company of the Defensores had their abode here, as the Notitia expressly tells us; but age has consumed the castle, and other Norman buildings, which, added to the similarity in the names, might have confirmed this supposition.

The account of this castle here added, is given from Burn and Nicholls, in their antiquities of Westmorland.

The castle of Brougham, separate from and independent of the manor, has all along been held by the Veteriponts, Cliffords, and their descendants.

The first Roger, lord Clifford, built the greatest part of the castle; over the inner door of which he placed this inscription, "This made Roger."

Roger de Clifford, great grandson of the said Roger, built the greater part of this castle next unto the east, where he caused his own arms, together with this of his wife Maud Beauchamp, daughter of the earl of Warwick, to be cut in stone. There is a pond which bears her name to this day.

Francis, earl of Cumberland, entertained king James the First at this castle on the 6, 7, and 8th of August, in 1617, on his return from his last progress into Scotland.

The said castle having been desolated during the civil wars, Anne, countess of Pembroke, repaired the same, and caused the following memorial thereof to be cut in stone capital letters: "This Brougham Castle was repaired by the ladie Anne Clifford, countesse dowager of Pembroke, Dorsett and Montgomery, baronesse Clifford, Westmorland and Vesie, ladie of honour of Skipton in Craven, and high sheriffesse by inheritance of the countie of Westmorland, in the years 1651 and 1652, after it had layen ruinous ever since August, 1617, when King James lay in it for a time in his journie out of Scotland towards London, until this time.—Isaiah, chap. lviii. verse 12. God's name be praised."

Since her time this castle has partly gone to decay, and partly been demolished by the owners, and now lies totally in ruins.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

EGYPT.

Continued from No. 25.

Though the clouds, which sometimes float over the level plain of Egypt never deposit a quantity of rain sufficient to fertilize the soil, yet in a different form, they produce a luxuriant vegetation. Gliding over the flat country, from the surface of which they are repelled by the current of rarified air, they are accumulated by the westerly winds on the

lofty mountains of Abyssinia, where, refrigerated and condensed, they form the tropical rains, and descending with the Nile, inundate the plain of Egypt.—Upon this periodical inundation depends not only the annual fertilization of the soil, but the physical and political existence of the country. Were it not for this regular supply of water, only a very small quantity of land could be cultivated; and the failure of this source of fertility, would quickly convert the rich valley of Egypt into a desert, marked only by its more horrid desolation. From the waters of the Nile, the soil not only imbibes the quantity of moisture necessary for vegetation, but is richly manured by the sediment which they deposit. Hence the veneration of the Egyptians for "*the sacred river*," "which is blest in the morning, and favoured of heaven at night, which rises and falls according to the course of the sun and moon;" hence their extravagant praises of its beauty, and their enthusiasm, which in every age has degenerated into a species of religious adoration. A European, however, will not compare the thick and muddy waters of the Nile to the limpid streams of his native country; nor will he who has seen the majestic rivers of the East be impressed with the grandeur of the greatest stream in northern Africa. When the inundation subsides, the greatest breadth of the river of Egypt, is about 2000 feet, and its motion exceeds not three miles in an hour. The inundation commences about the 17th of June; the waters which gradually rise, overflow their banks

in the middle of August; they attain their utmost height in September, and from the end of that month gradually subside to the following solstice. The commencement of the inundation is extremely regular, but the period of its duration is more capricious, and the waters sometimes subside before the ground be thoroughly soaked.

After the annual inundation, the soil of Egypt is covered with a stratum of pure black mould of different degrees of density, proportional to the column of water by which it is deposited. This mould, or rather slime, is of an adhesive and unctuous quality, has a strong affinity for water, and suffers contraction in the fire. By desiccation in the air, its colour is gradually changed from black to a yellowish brown. When subjected to chemical analysis, it is found to consist chiefly of alumine or pure clay, with a small quantity of silex; but the proportion of these ingredients vary according to the place where the slime is collected. In the immediate vicinity of the Nile, it contains a considerable quantity of sileicious sand, which, being most ponderous, is soonest deposited. This mud is so tenacious, that a considerable intermixture of sand increases its fertility; and hence the soil derives some advantage from the rapid winds of the south, which convey the sand in immense clouds from the desert, to mingle with the slime of the Nile. As the waters of the river recede, the cultivation of the ground commences. If it has imbibed the requisite moisture, the process of agriculture is neither difficult nor tedious. The seed

is scattered over the soft mould, and vegetation proceeds with extreme rapidity. To the activity of vegetation, the air, which is strongly impregnated with saline particles, contributes in an eminent degree. If the ground has been only partially inundated, recourse is had to the process of irrigation, by which many species of vegetables may be raised even in the dry season. Winter, or the cold season, extends from the end of November, to the end of January. Spring commences about the beginning of February, when the fruit trees begin to blossom, and the atmosphere becomes gradually warmer. The period of summer is from the middle of June to the end of September; during the greatest part of which time the heat continues regular, the fields when not watered are parched like a desert, and no green leaf is seen which is not produced by irrigation. Autumn, which may be considered as a continuation of summer, commences about the middle of October, when the intense heat begins to decrease, the leaves fall, and the Nile retires to its channel; and it continues to the end of November, when the country resembles a beautiful meadow, diversified with lively colours.

Such are the principal phenomena which characterize the climate of Egypt, a country in the very atmosphere of which nature seems to have adopted new and singular arrangements. In this country, distinguished by an uncommon regularity of the seasons, and of all the changes which a climate presents, these atmospherical phenomena were first investigated with philosophical accuracy. But

though the observations of the ancient philosophers of Thebes and Memphis, engraved on immense masses of granite, have defied the ravages of time and the still more destructive hand of man, we can only view the characters with regret, and lament that a wise and learned nation may perish, before the monuments of their existence pass away.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Description of the effects of a Hurricane at Lucknow. From Lord Valentia's Travels.

THIS evening, the heat being very oppressive, I was sitting in my apartment on the terrace-roof of the house, when a sudden gloom and distant thunder induced me to go out on the terrace. The wind, which had been easterly, was now perfectly lulled. A very dark blue cloud arose from the west, and at length covered half the sky. The thunder was not loud, and the air was perfectly still. The birds were flying very high, and making a terrible screaming. At length a dark brown cloud appeared on the western horizon, and came on with considerable rapidity. The whole town of Lucknow, with its numerous minars, was between me and the cloud, and the elevation of my terrace gave me an excellent opportunity of observing it. When at about the distance of a mile, it had all the appearance of a smoke from a vast fire, volume rolling after volume in wild confusion, at the same time raising itself high in the air. As it ap-

proached, it had a dingy red appearance, and by concealing the most distant minars from my view, convinced me that it was sand borne along by a whirlwind. The air with us continued perfectly still; the clouds of sand had a defined exterior; nor did the wind a moment precede it. It came on with a rushing sound, and at length reached us with such violence, as to oblige me to take shelter in my eastern viranda. Even there the dust was driven with a force that prevented me from keeping my eyes open. The darkness became every moment greater, and at length it was black as night. It might well be called palpable darkness; for the wind now changing a little to the southward, brought on the storm with ten-fold violence, and nearly smothered us with dust. It blew so violently, that the noise of the thunder was frequently drowned by the whistling of the wind in the trees and buildings. The total darkness lasted about ten minutes, when at length it gradually gave way to a terrifically red, but dingy light, which I, at first, attributed to a fire in the town. The rain now poured down in torrents. In about an hour from its commencement, the sky began to clear, the *tufaun* went off to the eastward, and the wind which had been before south, returned to that quarter. The air was perfectly cool, and free from dust. Although all my windows and doors had been kept closed, and there were tattys on the outside, yet the sand was so penetrating, that it had covered my bed and furniture with a complete coat of dust.

This was one of the most tremendous hurricanes that had ever

been beheld at Lucknow. The long drought had pulverized so much of the country, and so completely annihilated vegetation in the sandy plains, that the *tufaun* brought with it more sand than usual, and to that alone must be attributed the perfect darkness. It was the most magnificent and awful sight I ever beheld. Not even excepting a storm at sea. The wind in both cases was of equal violence, but neither the billows of the ocean nor the sense of danger, affected my mind so much as this unnatural darkness.

THE MISCELLANY.

“Rebus et ordine dispar.”—HOK.

SINGULAR LOCAL CUSTOMS.

In some parts of Gloucestershire, at the approach of the evening on the vigil of the Twelfth-Day, the farmers with their servants meet together, and about six o'clock walk out to a field where wheat is growing. In the highest part of the ground, twelve small fires, and one large one, are lighted up. The attendants, headed by the master of the family, pledge the company in old cyder, which circulates freely on those occasions. A circle is formed round the large fire, when a general shout and hallowing takes place, which you have answered from all the adjacent villages. Sometimes fifty or sixty of these fires may all be seen at once. This being finished, the company return home, where the good housewife and her maids are preparing a good supper. A large cake is always provided with a hole in the middle. After supper,

the company all attend the bailiff (or head of the oxen) to the wain house, where the following particulars are observed. The master, at the head of his friends, fills the cup, generally of strong ale, and stands opposite to the first or finest of his oxen. The men pledge him in a curious toast, the company follow his example with all the other oxen, addressing each by his name. This being finished, the large cake is produced, and with much ceremony put on the horn of the first ox, through the hole above mentioned. The ox is then tickled to make him toss his head: if he throws the cake behind, then it is the perquisite of the mistress; if before, the bailiff himself claims the prize. The company then return to the house, the doors of which they find locked, nor will they be opened until some joyous songs are sung. On their gaining admittance a scene of mirth and jollity ensues, and which lasts the greatest part of the night.

A superstitious notion prevails in the western parts of Devonshire that at twelve o'clock at night on Christmas eve, the oxen in the stalls are always found on their knees as in an attitude of devotion, and that since the alteration of the old style they continue to do this only on the eve of old Christmas day. An honest country man being on the edge of St. Stephen's Down near Launceston, Cornwall informed me that he once, with some others, made a trial of the truth of the practice, and watching several oxen in their stalls at the above time, at twelve o'clock at night, they observed

the two oldest oxen only fall upon their knees, and, as he expressed it in the idiom of the country, *make a cruel moan like Christian creatures.*

GAMING.

Damnosa senem juvat alea, ludi et hæres.

JUV.

If gaming does an aged sire entice,
Then my young master swiftly learns
the vice,
And shakes, in hanging sleeves, the box
and dice.

DRYDEN.

SIR,

IT is a remark of some philosophers, that there is a malignity in human nature, which urges every man to depress him who is already sinking. The gamester is a character, at which the artillery of the legislature has been long levelled: the practice of his profession has been rendered extremely difficult, and the instruments of it have been destroyed wherever they could be found; he has been persecuted by justices, constable, and watchmen; he has languished in Newgate and toiled in Bridewell. Under this accumulated distress, he is not the object of pity, but contempt; every mouth is opened against him; he is cursed by the mechanic and the trader, derided by wits, and hooted by the mob. In defence of this injured character, which I have long borne, and of which I am not yet ashamed, permit me to appear in your paper.

In the first place, sir, the gamester is a gentleman: and though he has been insulted by beggars and cits, the polite world is still in his interest; and he has still friends at Westminster, from the grey-headed general to the beardless senator. With the character

of a gentleman, there is but one vice which is now believed to be wholly incompatible; and such is the malice of our enemies, that we have been degraded by the imputation of it; and our ruling passion is said to be avarice.

But can he be avaricious, who trusts his whole property to chance; who immediately circulates what he wins, with a liberality, that has been censured by others as profusion? Can avarice be his motive to play, who, with twenty thousand pounds in the funds, sits down with a man, whose whole estate he knows to be in his pocket, and to amount to no more than ten pieces? As the love of money appears uncontestedly not to govern one of those persons, it cannot be proved to govern the other: the charge of avarice is, indeed, so ridiculous and absurd, that I am ashamed of an attempt to confute it.

It has been said, that we are strangers to reciprocal felicity, and that the happiness of one gamester is produced by the misery of another; the pain of him who loses being always proportioned to the pleasure of the winner. But this is only the cavil of popular prejudices: if I am happy, what is it to me who is miserable? Every man, whatever he may pretend, is concerned only for himself; and might, consistently with right reason, cut any other man's throat, if he could escape punishment, and secure to himself any advantage by the fact.

There is, however, another charge, which I shall not obviate as an imputation of profaneness, but of folly. It is said we utter the most horrid oaths and imprecations; that we invoke beings whom we do not believe to exist,

and denounce curses that can never be fulfilled. This has, indeed, been practised at our assemblies; but by those only who are novices in the profession; for among other advantages that arise from gaming, is such a silent acquiescence in the will of fortune, as would do honour to a stoic; or, at least, a calm philosophical immutability of countenance, by which all that passes in the bosom is concealed.

This acquisition, it must be confessed, requires some parts, and long practice, but there have been many illustrious examples of it among us. A gentleman, my particular friend, who had the honour to be many years an eminent gamester, being without money, committed a robbery upon the highway, to procure another stake, that he might return to his profession. It happened, unfortunately, that he was taken; and though he had great interest with some persons who shall be nameless, yet he was convicted, and hanged. This gentleman's ill-luck continued all the while he was in jail; so that he was compelled to dispose of his body to the surgeons, and lost the money to a friend who visited him in his cell, the night before his execution. He appeared, however, next morning with great composure; no reflection on the past, no anticipation of the future, caused him once to change countenance during his passage to the gallows; and though he was about to receive death from a greasy scoundrel, whom he knew once to have been a butcher, yet he swore but two oaths in the cart, and was so indifferent to what should afterwards befall him, that he bravely refused to say Amen to the prayers.

If by your communication of these hints, the clamours of slander shall be silenced, and the true character of a gamester shall be more generally known,—I have secrets which may be communicated, *entre nous*—and the next dead set—you understand me—I am a man of honour, and you may command,

Sir, yours, &c.

TIM COGDIE.

LETTER

FROM

Σοφος Πολυφαγος.

SIR,

IT has ever been a favourite opinion of mine that there is nothing, however inconsiderable, from which morality may not be derived. If the stories of my nurse may be believed, I have often appeared totally wrapped up in reflections on my rattle, and sat whole hours in profound meditation on a saucepan of pap.

An ingenious friend of mine, whose opinions are remarkably congenial with my own, who exercises the laudable profession of a tailor, called upon me a few days ago with a bundle of papers in his hand; which he informed me were tracts, poems, dissertations, tragedies, &c. of his own composition. I own I was at first preparing to rebuke my friend for quitting the more honourable employment of cutting out coats and breeches, for that of stitching together a parcel of rhimes, or *cabbaging* materials for a dissertation. In short I began seriously to expostulate with him on his temerity, and to recall his exertions from the pen to the needle. My good friend, smiling with a look of compas-

sion for my ignorance, informed me, "that these two instruments mutually assisted each other; that the same pieces of cloth furnished him with materials for a new coat, and a new composition, and that, in short, he stitched as an author, and wrote as a tailor." I was a good deal surprised at this account, till upon looking over my friend's manuscripts, I found among many others, the following titles; "*A Treatise on Sewing, with a Comparison between a Pair of Shears and a Lord Chancellor.*" "*Tayloring considered in a moral and philosophical light.*" "*The Plot Discovered, or Hell in an uproar,*" a tragedy. "*View of Men and Manners, as taken from a Taylor's Board.*" "*Directions for Cutting out,*" a didactic poem; and a variety of others of the same nature. What a blessing, Mr. Editor, would it be for this country, if every body would imitate the example of this gentleman; and make either their pleasures, or their business, subservient to nobler pursuits. We might then expect a generation of poetical green-grocers, metaphysical cork-cutters, and philosophical tallow-chandlers. We should then all be like the gamester, who to the surprise of a large congregation, brought into church a pack of cards instead of a prayer book; and on being reprimanded, proved that the cards, in the light he considered them, answered every purpose of the liturgy. For if the haberdasher, when rolling up his small wares, would consider them in an astronomical view, and the cheesemonger, when surrounded by *Stilton and double Gloucester*, regard his goods as subjects for philosophy; there would be nothing wanting to render the for-

mer a *Newton* and the latter a *Socrates*.

For my own part, sir, I have not the happiness of exercising any of the trades in question, and therefore cannot myself apply them to the purposes of morality. But you must know, sir, the chief delight of my life is—*good eating*; nor am I ashamed to own myself a *GLUTTON*; since I can at the same time boast that I am a moralizing one. As I swallow with remarkable expedition, I have usually done dinner before the rest of the company; and in order to fill up the vacant time, amuse myself with observing the manœuvres of some one who still continues eating. * An inexperienced person can have no idea of the fund of knowledge and improvement which such speculation affords; nor can they at all conceive the many useful lessons and rules for my future conduct, which I collect, merely from observing the knife and fork ranging from one part of the plate to the other; industriously collecting the different substances, and piling up the fat on the meat, the sallad on the fat, the gravy on the sallad, and the salt on the gravy. When I see this delicious pyramid descend the throat, it reminds me of a poet, who heaps tropes upon episodes, similes upon tropes, and catastrophes on similes; and at last sees the whole fabric destroyed by the tooth of the critic. If the unfaithful fork happens to let go his cargo, just as the mouth is opening for its prey, what a melancholy picture does this accident present, of the uncertainty and vicissitude of all human affairs! How strongly does it bring to my mind that trite but excellent maxim of πολλὰ μέλαζυ πέλει κυλικὸς καὶ χεῖλος ἀκρὸν,

“many things happen between the cup and the lip?” By this means, Mr. Editor, you perceive that my fondness for eating is of eminent advantage to my mind and morals; since the same ingredients afford wholesome food to my stomach, and wholesome reflections to my heart.

If this letter should meet with a favourable reception, I will, in a short time, send you a very elaborate dissertation on carving, which was composed “*intercivo tempore*,” that is, between the first and second course.

I remain,
Your most devoted servant,
Σοφὸς Πολυφαγὸς.

GAZETTE VERY EXTRAORDINARY.

BY VERY SPECIAL AUTHORITY.

Extract of a Letter from Brigadier General Flea to the Rt. Hon. Bed-Marshall, Lord Torment, Commander in Chief of all His Majesty's biting forces.

HEAD QUARTERS,
Aug. 1, 18 .

My Lord,

IN consequence of the last advices I received from your Lordship, recommending a general attack upon the province of Fat-sides with the troops under my command, I applied myself to get such intelligence of the force and situation of the enemy as might effectually enable me to carry into execution his majesty's orders: and by the information I received, and through the vigor and execution of my little army. I am happy to send you word, that we have now for many hours had the whole province of Fat-sides at our mercy and disposal.

Having learnt from my scouts that the entire force and command of the province was concentrated in Fort-Head, I determined to confine all my operations to the carrying that point; in which, after some losses and considerable fatigue, we happily succeeded. On the morning of the 26th I summoned a council of war, and laid before them the plan your Lordship had suggested, and it was fixed to begin our march as soon as we should have got together such troops as could be spared from other quarters. I therefore dispatched Lieut. Col. Hopper, to the Blue Drawing Room for the Tiney* Rangers, and Betsy Rovers, who accordingly joined me on the evening of the 27th. I was lucky enough also to prevail on General Gnat to supply me with two Regiments of Hummers and Stingers to act under me as auxiliaries, and having impressed them all with high ideas of glory from the undertaking, on the night of the 28th we began our march, ascending the heights of Bed-Post with astonishing rapidity; we had a pretty thick quilt, two blankets, and a large extent of sheet to pass before we could attain any situation from which we could attack the enemy. We however accomplished the march without any material accident, except that Lieut. Col. Hopper's Regiment were a little impeded in their way across the blankets, getting entangled in the underwood, so as not to join us till after we had begun our attack on Fort Head. After a long ascent, in the course of which we passed Bolster Ridges, we first gained a sight of Fort Head from the heights of Mount Pillow at about $\frac{1}{4}$ past one in the morning.

* Tiney & Betsy, two favorite spaniels.

We now drew up our forces determining to send out a detachment to reconnoitre. Col. Creepmouse was accordingly dispatched on this service who returned to us about 20 m. before 2, bringing with him two stragglers belonging to the enemy, whom he met with as he was passing Mount Shoulder, and who gave us a most encouraging account of the state of the garrison.

It appeared that there were seven entrances to the fort, three of which, namely, two Eye-Gates, and Gate-Mouth are always shut in times of quiet and tranquillity, and before one in the morning:—that Gates-Nostrils at the base of Nose Promontory remain open for the ingress and egress of the Light Breathers who pass to and fro perpetually during the night, for the relief of the garrison; that these troops might easily be subdued if we should happen to be discovered by them, being of little force: for except in times of trouble when the garrison sends out large detachments of sighs and sobs by these passages, there is nothing formidable to alarm an enemy. The two Ear-Gates we understood though open as well as Gates-Nostrils, were guarded by the Night Cap Borderers, so that we could not hope to effect a lodgment through them. Our two prisoners offered to conduct us to Nose-Promontory from the heights of which they told us we might command Gates-Eyes and Gate-Mouth. Our purpose was to gain possession of this promontory, and therefore after the flats called Forehead and Cheeks, we began to ascend the steeps of Nose-Promontory to the right. In doing this we were to pass directly over the two Nostril-Gates where there was danger of alarm-

ing the Breathers. I am sorry to say our first attempt was frustrated by the impetuosity of Lieut. Tickler, who just as we had gained the summit, having incautiously strayed to the very entrance of the right Nostril-Gate alarmed the garrison, who were no sooner awakened than they fired a general discharge of Sneeze, which caused much confusion in our ranks and obliged us to retreat to Cheek-flats. While we were in this situation we were alarmed with a very uncommon noise which seemed to shake the ground on which we stood. We afterwards learnt that this was a particular signal used by the enemy in times of disquietude and uneasiness, and which they call a great Grunt. It was now proposed to make some diversion that might draw the attention of the enemy from the Promontory, in case of alarm. Luckily at this moment, we were joined by some squadrons of Pinchers under the command of Brigadier General Earwig, who readily undertook an attack upon the Ear-Gates, while we endeavoured to gain possession of the Nose. We had soon afterwards reason to think, by the motions of the enemy, that General Earwig had begun his attack, for we could distinguish some of the enemy's Finger and Thumb troops speeding away in that direction: in the mean time we perceived a great movement in the garrison, and we saw Gate-Mouth open, and heard a command given, first to the Deuce and then to the Devil to take us all. We now lay under arms for many minutes in perfect silence, expecting every moment to see those Regiments of Deuces and Devils advancing upon us; by great good luck however, these orders were not obeyed, and in a

short time all became still again. I now prepared to make a second attempt on Nose-Promontory having first given orders to Gen. Gnat, in case of alarm to dispatch his light troops in all directions, with injunctions to sound their horns in order to divert the attention of the enemy. I had afterwards occasion to see this precaution was of great use; for as soon as the enemy began to move, General Gnat so well obeyed my directions, that they were thrown into inconceivable confusion, and being deceived by the sound of the horns, which these flying troops use, (which really are most perplexing) wasted all their strength and patience in vain and fruitless efforts. It is not easy to describe the agitation of the enemy at this time; by the cries of the garrison we could understand their distress, and had reason to think they were ill supported by some of their allies, on whom they had depended, particularly the Devil and the Deuce-Regiments, spoken of above, for we could now hear them exclaiming with one voice, Oh! the Devil, and Oh! the Devil, what can we do? In the mean time we proceeded up the Promontory, and for some way passed quite unmolested, 'till Lieutenant Tickler brought us again into a dilemma by his rashness; for instead of marching round a pimple that fell in our way, he endeavoured to pass directly over it, when we were suddenly attacked both in front and rear by the whole body of the enemy's Finger and Thumb forces, supported by a heavy train of nail artillery. We were now in the utmost danger. The enemy mowed down our ranks without mercy, and we

should undoubtedly have been all destroyed, had not General Earwig at this moment effected a lodgment in the right ear, while Captain Bite'em, in a masterly manner, passing rapidly over Mount Shoulder with his detachment, attacked Point Elbow. The enemy thus assaulted in different places, was obliged to abandon Nose-Promontory, which we were now at liberty to take possession of without molestation. This was an important point, and facilitated greatly our capture of the Fort, for we had now got possession of the only heights on which the enemy could erect Spectacles, which might have enabled them to discover all our motions and operations. The whole province was now in movement, General Earwig had totally routed the covering army of Nets and Night Caps; General Gnat had wearied the enemy by delusive shifts, and Captain Bite'em played his part so well, at point Elbow, that the enemy were obliged to keep five Regiments of their Prime Scratchers there the whole time. I now offered Lieutenant Tickler the post of Honour, namely that of entering the Fort through one of the Nostril-Gates. I had two Pinchers with me, and one Stinger; I had likewise been joined by a party of Spiders from the heights above the Fort—these I offered to accompany him; he was likewise to be attended by fifty prime Fleas from my own Regiment. He readily undertook the enterprise, but it is with the deepest concern I have to relate, that though the enterprise itself succeeded to the total surrender of the Fort, the gallant conductor of it lost his life be-

fore they arrived at Gate-Nostril; for going unadvisedly to the entrance of Gate-Mouth, which happened to be open for the passage of a squadron of the enemies' Sighs and Groans, they let down the Ivory Portcullis on him, and snapped him in two in the middle. Thus perished a most gallant officer, who wanted nothing to complete his character as a Biter but a little steadiness. The parties having proceeded, after the fate of their leader, under the command of Captain Inflammatory of the Stingers, completely effected a lodgement in the left Nostril. The enemy were now nearly driven to a state of distraction: their whole magazine of patience was exhausted, and at this moment Captain Repose with the whole corps de reserve of Rest and Comfort, entirely quitted the garrison and surrendered to the besiegers, nothing was left but a few broken Regiments of Sighs, Sobs, and Groans. At this moment intelligence was brought to the Fort, that the Thumb and Finger troops were so exhausted with fatigue, as to be compelled to lay down their arms. This determined the garrison to surrender, and Generals Distress and Despair sent out to signify their submission. It was now impossible to restrain the impetuosity of our troops—they rushed into every crack and corner of Fort Head, and in an instant our red colours were displayed every where, and the enemy totally gave themselves up to our mercy. I took possession of the Fort at a quarter past four in the morning, and before six the whole Province had surrendered. Thus, my Lord, we have succeeded in attaining the

object pointed out to us in your Lordship's letter, and I can only say I hope His Majesty may never be without an army as alert in his service as the troops I have had the honour to command. I am happy to add our loss is not so considerable as might be expected. About 300 rank and file have fallen, and a good many are wounded. Of officers, besides Lieutenant Tickler, we have only lost Ensign Nimble and my Regimental Captain Creep-mouse, whom we lost among the Eyebrow Thickets, and Cornet Buzz of General Gnat's Hummers, who was crushed to pieces by a handful of the enemies forces as he was sounding his horn upon Point Chin. Your Lordship will not expect any long list of stores taken considering the able defence of the garrison; indeed we have found little in the Head of the smallest worth; except some strange whims, a pretty large quantity of caprice, some odd notions, and a magazine two-thirds full of folly, there is nothing worth mentioning: having had but a small stock of wit originally, you will not wonder to hear every grain was exhausted.

As there is plenty of provision for our troops where we are, I shall not think of moving from hence 'till I receive further directions from your Lordship, in the mean time I have sent the Tiney Rangers and Betsey Rovers back to their old quarters, and to-morrow General Gnat quits me, whose troops have suffered in health from never having been before engaged in winter campaign. I beg leave to recommend to your Lordship's notice the bearer of these dispatches Captain Popabout, one of my aid-de-camps on the ex-

pedition, and to whose great activity much of our success was owing.

I have the honour to be
Your Lordship's
Obedient humble servant,
TOBY FLEA.

To the Right Honourable
Lord Torment, &c. &c.

CHARACTER OF A FAIR & HAPPY MILK MAID.

By Sir Thomas Overbury.

[Sir Thomas Overbury was a gentleman of good family born at Compton Scorefu in Warwickshire, in 1581. He was educated at Oxford. He became a great favourite in the court of King James the first, but soon fell a sacrifice to the jealousy of the infamous Earl of Somerset, who caused him to be poisoned in the tower, in the 88th year of his age. Those concerned in the murder were afterwards brought to justice.]

He was the author of "The Wife" and other poems; and of characters, from which the following is an extract. He was reputed one of the most accomplished men of his time.]

A fair and happy milk maid is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than out-sides of tissue; for though she

be not arrayed in the spoils of the silk worm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, by lying long in bed, spoil both her complexions and conditions; nature hath taught her, too immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises therefore with chanticlere, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glore, or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labour and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind to do well. She bestows her next years wages at next fair, and in chusing her garments, counts no bravery in the world, like decency. The garden and beehive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones, yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not galled with ensuing idle cogi-

tations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste that she dare tell them, only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the spring time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding sheet.

POET'S CORNER.

———"neque est ignobile carmen."
 VIR.

The following, poem entitled 'Careless Content,' is inserted among the posthumous works of Byrom; but it is so perfectly in the manner of Elizabeth's age, that we can hardly believe it to be an imitation, but are almost disposed to think that Byrom had transcribed it from some old author, and that the transcript being found among his papers, was printed among his works.

I am content, I do not care,
 Wag as it will the world for me;
 When fuss and fret was all my fare,
 It got no ground as I could see:
 So when away my caring went,
 I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks, and less of thought,
 I strive to make my matters meet;
 To seek what ancient sages sought,
 Physic and food in sour and sweet:
 To take what passes in good part,
 And keep the *hiccups* from the heart.

With good and gentle humour'd hearts,
 I choose to chat where'er I come,
 Whate'er the subject be that starts;
 But if I get among the glum,
 I hold my tongue, to tell the truth,
 And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or
 pain;
 For fortune's favour or her frown;
 For lack or glut, for loss or gain,
 I never dodge, nor up nor down,
 But swing what way the ship shall
 swim,
 Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,
 Nor trace the turn of every tide;
 If simple sense will not succeed,
 I make no bustling, but abide:
 For shining wealth, or searing woe,
 I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,
 Of they're i'th' wrong, and we're i'th'
 right,
 I shun the rancours, and the routs,
 And, wishing well to every wight,
 Whatever turn the matter takes,
 I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
 None of the folks should flout me
 —faint;
 If wanted welcome be withdrawn,
 I cook no kind of a complaint:
 With none dispos'd to disagree,
 But like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule
 How all my betters should behave;
 But fame shall find me no man's fool,
 Nor to a set of men a slave;
 I love a friendship free and frank,
 And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,
 I never loose where'er I link;
 Tho' if a business budges by,
 I talk thereon just as I think;
 My word, my wish, my heart, my
 hand,
 Still on a side together stand.

If names or notions make a noise,
 Whatever hap the question hath,
 The point impartially I poise,
 And read and write, but without
 wrath;
 For should I burn, or break my
 brains,
 Pray who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbour as myself;
 Myself like him to, by his leave;
 Nor to his pleasure, power, or pelf,
 Come I to crouch, as I conceive;
 Dame nature doubtless has design'd
 A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,
 Mood it and brood it in your breast;
 Or if you ween for worldly stirs,
 That man does right to mar his rest,
 Let him be cleft, and debonair,
 I am content, I do not care.

Notice to Correspondents.

We beg to refer our readers to the
 Printer's name at the foot of our pre-
 sent Number.

The Index, with an Ornamental
 Title-page, will be published on Satur-
 day next.

X. will not suit us.

The plate which G. H. wishes us
 to give of "Famous Rocking Stones,"
 is not suited to the plans we have in
 view for future illustrations.

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